

Duquesne Monthly

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No. I.

The Things of the Waters.

(Written on the Beach.)

UPON the waters—many a ship that rolls
Before the winds and waves in stately pride,
Up-rooted sea-weed, human forms and souls,—
These are the things that o'er the ocean ride:
Yet, tho' they find their watery paths o'er thee,
They cannot rule thee—O thou tameless Sea!

Within the waters—weeds, the waves in wrath
Have torn from their own caverns, living things,
And dead from many ghastly wrecks, it hath,
And wild and mighty monsters forth it brings:
And yet, thy children cannot weaken thee,
As thou dost nourish them—unmeasured Sea!

Beneath the waters—sands, and rocks, and caves,
And whitening bones, and pearls and glittering gems,
And craggy chambers that the coral paves,
And sea-flowers, cherished on their slender stems:
Yet—these add naught to thine own treasury
Of priceless, native wealth—O royal Sea!

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Duquesne Monthly

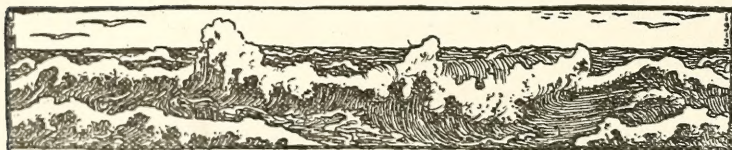
Around the waters—rocks and deserts vast,
And green and fertile shores, and halls and towers,
And woods where never human foot hath passed,
And quiet banks, bestrewn with summer flowers,
And rivers, rolling all themselves to thee:
And yet—thou heed'st them not—O thou proud Sea!

Above the waters—the pure azure sky,
And richly-tinted clouds, and roving wind,
And fair and many-colored birds, that fly
Across thy wastes a newer home to find—
Bright insects, humming o'er thee in their glee:
Yet none of these can curb thee—boisterous Sea!

And none of these control thee—though the moon
Can bid thy tides flow and return again;
The sun, too, in the glory of his noon,
Can drink thy waters up, thou boundless main!
Yet—when a storm is passing over thee,
They cannot stop thy furious rage—wild Sea!

But—there is One who hath the power to stay
Thee in thy surging madness;—He, whose hand
Did form, can force thee, Ocean, to obey
His slightest bidding! When He does command
Thy billows to their homes, then—thou must be
Calm'd, as His breath goes o'er thee—conquered Sea!

P. A. M.



The Author of "Der Freyschuetz." *

“THE day of the first performance of ‘Der Freyschuetz’, as Weber’s biographer, F. W. Jahns, remarks, was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. He draws a parallel between the emancipation of Germany from the domination of Napoleon, brought about by that battle, and the release of German operatic art from its bondage to Italian and French influences, effected by Weber’s opera. The comparison is not inept. From the appearance of ‘Der Freyschuetz’ dates the first decisive triumph of the romantic movement in German music and the enthusiastic acceptance by the German people of a form of art peculiarly its own, based on its own nature and characteristics and corresponding to its own native ideals in music and in poetry. Weber’s opera is an expression of motives that are closest to the German heart; its music is saturated with the spirit of the German folk-song. The popularity of ‘Der Freyschuetz’ has been, and still is in Germany, unapproached by that of any other opera, and the very fact that it has never taken so great or so lasting a hold upon any other people goes to confirm Wagner’s assertion that it is ‘the most German of all operas.’ Its subject is derived from one of those immemorial folk-tales whose origin reaches back to the twilight of the race. It interprets the simple life, the naive and hearty feelings, the sylvan joys of huntsmen and villagers. Its setting is of the woods and the chase, and the mysterious and uncanny recesses and ravines where strange and supernatural things go on with the assistance of lurking powers of evil; in all of which Germans at all periods have taken their highest delight.”—ALDRICH.

In 1821, the newly-erected Royal Opera at Berlin was opened with “Der Freyschuetz”. The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which we shall never cease to regard as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised Weber’s name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and everywhere with the same success. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general

* [Some time ago there appeared in one of our Catholic Papers of the East a series of very interesting articles upon our great Catholic Composers, and, particularly, upon Carl Mario Von Weber. The present article is intended to supplement the one just mentioned, and is taken chiefly from some of the Correspondence of the great Master himself, not generally known.]

enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos", never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

"Dance and Provencal song, and vintage mirth" breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first representation in Vienna (10th Oct., 1823) sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his "Euryanthe", he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Freyschuetz". His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would to God," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards—"Would to God that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday!" Meantime a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within, began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre, London. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the North of Germany (where his Freyschuetz was played in 1823) to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic, but beautiful and touching comic, Epos. He received the first act of Planche's manuscript in December, 1824, and forthwith began his labors, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step

towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr. Planche's ephemeral verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering-place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his *Euryanthe* there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the "*Frey-schuetz*", the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labors at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realize something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had, indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him.

On the 2nd of March he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of being required to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as everything would be managed for him. On the 6th he writes to his wife from London:

"God be thanked! here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage, drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four

in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning, through this inexpressibly beautiful country: meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which from a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others the largest ship of the line, of 148 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where everything that could add to his comfort, or soothe his illness, had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his study from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five—then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly; and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (*Oberon*), I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the *Oberon* is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one; for eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the 3rd (of March) a vile spasmodic attack returned before I left Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come. But be it as God wills.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we went to Covent Garden, where *Rob Roy*, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, "*Weber! Weber is here!*"—and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamor of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the *Freyschuetz* was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately,

soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honor. And now, my dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely; Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors; and I really cannot see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices, and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of Oberon."

The final production of the drama, however, was attended with more difficulty than he had anticipated. He had the usual prejudices to overcome, particular singers to conciliate, alterations to make, and repeated rehearsals to superintend, before he could inspire the performers with the proper spirit of the piece.

"Braham," says he, in another of his confidential letters to his wife, (29th March, 1826) "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I could not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle. * * * So, the battle is over, that is to say, half the scene. To-morrow shall the Turks roar, the French shout for joy, the warriors cry out victory!"

The battle was, indeed, nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. He records his triumph with a mixture of humility, gratitude, affection, and piety.

12th April, 1826.

"My best beloved Caroline! Through God's grace and assistance, I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the triumph is indescribable. God alone be thanked for it! When I entered the orchestra, the whole of the house, which was filled to overflowing, rose up, and I was saluted with huzzas, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which I thought would never have done. They insisted on encoring the overture. Every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause. * * * So much for this night, dear life. From your heartily tired husband, who, however, could not sleep in peace until he had communicated to you this new blessing of Heaven. Good-night."

But his joy was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his traveling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes which we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone.

17th April, 1826.

"To-day is enough to be the death of any one. A thick, dark yellow fog overhangs the sky, so that one can hardly see in the house without candles. The sun stands powerless, like a ruddy point, in the clouds. No: there is no living in this climate. The longing I feel for Hosterwitz, and the clear air, is indescribable. But patience,—patience,—one day rolls on after another; two months are already over. I have formed an acquaintance with Dr. Kind, a nephew of our own Kind. He is determined to make me well. God help me, that will never happen to me in this life. I have lost all hope in physicians and their art. Repose is my best doctor, and henceforth it shall be my sole object to obtain it. * * * To-morrow is the first representation of my (so-called) rival's opera, 'Aladdin'. I am very curious to see it. Bishop is a man of talent, though of no peculiar invention. I wish him every success. There is room enough for all of us in the world."

30th May.

"Dearest Lina, excuse the shortness and hurry of this. I

have so many things on hand, writing is painful to me—my hands tremble so. Already, too, impatience begins to awaken in me. You will not receive many more letters from me. Address your answer not to London, but to Frankfort—*poste restante*. You are surprised? Yes, I don't go by Paris. What should I do there—I cannot move—I cannot speak—all business I must give up for years. Then better, better, the straight way to my home—by Calais, Brussels, Cologne, and Coblenz, up the Rhine to Frankfort—a delightful journey. Though I must travel slowly, rest sometimes half a day, I think in a fortnight, by the end of June, I shall be in your arms."

"If God will, we shall leave this on 12th June, if Heaven will vouchsafe me a little strength. Well, all will go better if we are once on the way, once out of this wretched climate. I embrace you from my heart, my dear ones—ever your loving father Charles."

This letter, the last but one he ever wrote, shows the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavors to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th of June he was to be present at the Freyschuetz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London forever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England, was dated the second of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavors to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

"As this letter will need no answer, it will be short enough. Need no answer! Think of that! Furstenau has given up the idea of his concert, so perhaps we shall be with you in two days sooner—huzza! God bless you all and keep you well! Oh, were I only among you! I kiss you in thought, dear mother. Love me also, and think always of your Charles, who loves you above all."

On Friday the 3rd of June, he felt so ill, that the idea of his attending at the representation of "*Der Freyschuetz*" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.



The Burglar.

“SAY, Jim, I wish we had brought another fellow along with us on this hunting trip,” exclaimed Frank Stanley suddenly, as they were locking up their bungalow on the eve of their second day in the woods.

“Why, Red, I thought I heard you say, before we started, that the smaller the number the slimmer the chances for a quarrel.”

“Yes, but—but, you know—you see,” he stammered, “that was before we spent the first night here.”

“Getting cold feet? Growing gooseflesh? Come now, Frank, old man, you don’t need to be afraid in this place. The very idea! Why, we are nine miles from a flag station.”

“But the last paper we had, said that a gang of train robbers was thought to be hiding around here.”

“It’s a lot a bunch of train robbers would want with you.”

“I know, but this silence is so ominous that it makes one shiver, and the screech-owls, along with that whining, half-savage cat, only make it more terrifying. B-r-r-r-r!”

“Oh, for goodness’ sake, shut up and cover your red head up to-night, so you won’t hear anything.”

“Red hair? Red hair? I think it’s as—— There goes one of those screech-owls again! They seem to make a noise like a person that’s caught in a fire.”

“Oh, forget it! I thought I told you to cover your head and go to sleep.”

Twenty minutes’ silence. Jim snores.

“Jim! *Jim!* gu-gu- get up, *quick*. Somebody is in the next room. The noise they made just woke me up.”

“Aw, get back to bed and lemme sleep.”

“B-but they’re in the kitchen.”

“What! Somebody in the kitchen? Get my gun quick, before they get a chance to steal anything.”

“Here it is. Let’s go easy, Jim, and try to take them by surprise, so they can’t get the drop on us.”

“Here, quick, give me the key for this lock.”

Jim stumbled, in the darkness, over luggage, boxes, fishing tackle, furniture, till he reached the door, where he fumbled for

the lock, struggled with the handle, and grew frantic in his terror and impatience. Meanwhile a terrific hub-bub was going on on the other side of the door. The clang of the forge, the Anvil Chorus, Pandemonium, and Hallow-e'en, rolled into one, could not have surpassed its glorious harmony.

"He's smashing up all our canned goods," sputtered Jim. "He's spilling our jam and spoiling our pickles! Let me at him! Where's the key of this door?"

"Key? Why, *you* had the key last. I remember handing it to you."

"What? Did you give me the key?"

"Yes, early—— Great guns! did you hear that scream?"

"Quick! Stand back, till I shoot the lock off."

Frank produced his electric flash-light. "Pshaw! It's open, Jim."

They burst in, only to see a figure crash through the window, carrying away part of the sash, and leaving a gaping hole, through which the full moon grinned at the frightened lads.

Without inspecting the kitchen, which, at first glance, was found to be in surprisingly good order, they hurried out—by the door—after the fugitive. A trail of blood, easily followed in the moonlight, led to a nearby grove. Once they reached the grove, it was impossible to pursue any further. They stopped—looked—listened. A faint moan came from under a clump of bushes.

"There he is," cried Frank. "Look out—he has something shining—it's a gun. Shoot quick, or he'll get us!"

"Zing!"

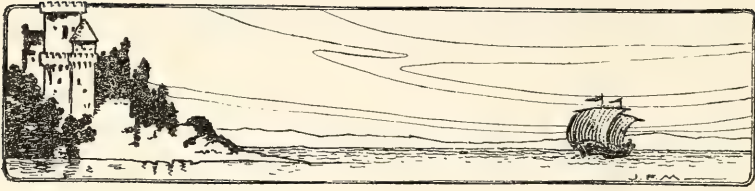
"Wo—ow—ow!"

"Show your light, Frank. I've got him. . . . Well, I'll be—— Did you ever?"

Jim pulled out from under the bushes—the *old cat*, her head held firmly imprisoned in a discarded salmon-can, bleeding, but still very much alive.

JOHN T. LITTLE,

Fourth High.



The European War.

ONE hundred years ago Napoleon ranged the greatest army of the age against all Europe, in his cherished ambition of breaking England's supremacy on the sea. With the battle of Königgrätz, in 1866, ended the war which Prussia began to unify Germany. Forty-four years ago Prussia went to war with France for Alsace and Lorraine and for the dominant position in Europe. To-day with the declaration of war, the world turns back to Trafalgar, to Waterloo, to Königgrätz and the battles of the Franco-Prussian War. These same battles are being fought again. Nothing has been permanently settled. The principles are much the same, only the names and battlefields are slightly different and but a few miles apart. A vivid picture of glory, heroism, death, ruin, waste and futility remains.

And what, may we say, is the cause of this world-conflict? Is there a good, clear, inevitable reason? No Napoleon or Bismark moulds the fate of the nations. No invincible horde advances out of Asia. Nor is it an explanation to say that this king or that emperor wants war. It is not a war of dynasties or military leaders. Perhaps we might say that questions of trade and markets play an important part in the drama. In many respects this is true,—but this is a war of peoples, and not of interests. Commercial expansion, desire for territory, military spirit and the self-assertion of great nations may overcome the checks of Parliaments, of statesmen and Hague Conferences. But none of them could have brought about the fearful conditions of the World's Greatest War. The strongest and determining reason for the war is the growth of racial antipathies. The political boundaries of Eastern Europe cut across older and more persistent divisions of race, language and religion, as the world at last has realized.

Europe is the mosaic of races. And though in most countries the race elements have amalgamated or ceased to conflict with one another, yet the antipathy between many of the races has

grown very bitter, making clashes between nations well-nigh inevitable.

Race antipathy, then, is the reason for the fearful wreck and ruin that is sweeping Europe like a tidal wave. But there is a commercial side also. Each nation had marked out the course its ambition coveted. As a result, the courses zigzagged over each other. Thus states the *World's Work*:

"The Kaiser's government believes in the Pan-Germanism which means the following: German influence extending through the Balkans to the Aegean Sea, Germany in control of the Dutch and Belgian harbors; a further development of the German colonial empire; the maintenance of the divine right of kings, and German supremacy on the sea. Russia, too, has a constructive programme. Some day Russia hopes to reach the open sea on the Scandinavian peninsula, to gain access to the Mediterranean either by ownership or control of the Balkans, and to open to herself the Black Sea by the possession of Constantinople. Nor has she given up hope of an open port on the Pacific and the control of Manchuria. Moreover, Russia, even more than Germany, is the stronghold of autocracy. Russian and German ambition clash vitally only in the Balkans. In contrast, however, England has chiefly a defensive attitude. She is 'Mistress of the Sea' and her empire encircles the globe. She would like to maintain the balance of power as it is. German possession of Belgium and Holland ports, she feels, would be a menace; neither would she welcome Russia, her present ally, in Norway or Sweden. She does not want a Russian or German naval base at Constantinople to threaten her Mediterranean supremacy. Southern Manchuria is blocked from the Russian advance in the Far East by England's alliance with Japan. Moreover, England believes very little in the autocracy of either Germany or Russia. But, though Russia is still the same Russia in aims,—against which Kipling warned England when he wrote, 'Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that walks like a man,'—it is not the same Russia in activity. Germany, not Russia, threatens the balance of power which England cherishes, since the Russo-Japanese War.

"With one great exception France is also content with what she has and is busy with development. The one great exception to the contentment of France, has been the German possession of Alsace-Lorraine.

"Germany's aims, therefore, come into vital conflict with the aims of Russia, France and England. Germany's ambition have isolated her from the rest of Europe except Austria. England and Russia oppose Austria, for they feel that she is playing the German war game in the Balkans. Italy, too, has added to a historic animosity a dislike of Austria's Balkan policy, for Italy itself wants not only the ports of Albania, but also the Austrian ports of Trieste, Pola and Tiume, and the head of the Adriatic.

"Such are the conflicting national ambitions which have for a decade kept Europe talking of the war which is now upon us."

The war cloud has not swept down upon Europe without playing havoc with disinterested countries. Although the United States is free from blame in the present conflict, the Nation has already paid a heavy toll because of the war. Business felt the recoil everywhere owing to the demand for gold for export, and an endeavor by European investors to realize on American securities at any price, thus compelling the stock exchanges to shut down. Foreign trade was practically brought to a standstill. The sea-borne traffic of the world has been carried in a fleet of approximately 31,000 vessels, two-thirds of which belong to the warring nations. Rather than expose themselves on the high seas they prefer to lie at anchor in some friendly port. A still more serious aspect of the situation is that the nations at war are our best customers: 44 per cent. of all our trade is with the nations now at war. Again the purchasing power of these nations has been reduced to the lowest possible figure, and it will continue at the minimum for a long time after peace has been declared. Some industries will be affected, no doubt, and many will be thrown out of work, while the cost of living will increase, and the Government, deprived of customs and duties, may be obliged to levy a war tax.

Europe supplies the United States with a large per cent. of its sugar. Before the war was a week old, sugar advanced a cent per pound on the prospects of a shortage. This is only one of the many foodstuffs that began to climb. Many chemicals, drugs, and innumerable other manufactured goods are imported wholly from the war zone. Another serious result of the war will be to shut off the supply of foreign capital. Within the next few years the railroads alone need billions, if they are to be developed on a scale that will allow the country to grow. But after such a titanic struggle, Europe will be bankrupt. There is no lack

of ways in which to collect from America the penalty of Europe's great war.

Still, every cloud has a silver lining, and even this sombre cloud is streaked. The warring millions must be fed and clothed. They must raise money to buy the necessities of life and to a large extent must buy from us. Also the rest of the world must turn to us for manufactured goods, which they formerly purchased from the belligerent peoples. Last year a little more than half our foreign trade was with nations not directly concerned in the war. We have now a chance to obtain the bulk of the trade which Europe had formerly enjoyed with these nations. Some of our ablest financiers now assert that the present situation is the Nation's great opportunity. If we but have the wisdom to grasp it, we can become the leaders of the world in industry, commerce and finance.

One good effect of the present situation will be to compel us to finance our own ventures, since we can get no capital from Europe. Another effect will be to cut off immigration. This, however, will not be a serious drawback, because there is labor enough here to meet the demand, though the restriction of cheap labor will check the wasteful development of natural resources. The United States will be compelled to provide its own merchant marine, so that we may no longer depend on foreign ships to get our products to market. Finally, we shall have to manufacture our own cotton instead of sending so large a portion of it abroad.

These are some of the effects of the war upon the United States as seen by far-seeing men. Just how they will work and affect the Nation is yet to be seen. It is to be hoped that we may profit by the "ill wind" that is by no means beneficial to Europe.

What will be the result of the great war that threatens the face of the Old World, we can only surmise. Who will be victorious, what boundaries changed, can only be told when the gentle dove of Peace rests once more upon the hilt of the sheathed sword, and when the hand that lashed the air with the reeking sabre, falters, holds the pen that signs a treaty which, we fondly hope, will be final.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

A Splinter of Steel.

[In which we out-Conan Conan.]

“**A** HA, Watson! So the mail-man has been here!”
“How do you arrive at that, Sherlock? You did not see him leave the house.”

“No, my dear Watson, but if you will look more closely, you will perceive on my new Axminster rug, a dozen minute stains of mud. The mud has a peculiar reddish color which is to be found only at the Mail-Carrier’s Entrance of our recently erected Post-Office.”

“Marvelous, Sherlock.”

“Tut, tut, Watson; ’twas mere deduction.”

Sherlock Holmes, then removing his street coat and donning a house-robe, took his small hypodermic syringe and, carefully rolling up his sleeve, thrust the needle home, and, with a sigh of relief, emptied the cocaine solution into his system. He then turned and inquired, “Was there a letter for me?— Ah! Thank you, Watson.”

He took the letter; and, glancing searchingly at the envelope for a brief moment, said casually,

“I see that this letter was mailed by a married man, an old sailor with blond hair—none other than Police Commissioner Jones.”

“Nonsense, Holmes, this is mere rubbish.”

“My dear Watson, this is deduction, for do I not see on this much creased envelope, a few blond hairs? The creases on the envelope show that it was a married man who carried it in his pocket a long time before mailing. I know the sender is a man, from three tobacco stains on this corner of the envelope. He has moreover served some time in the Navy, for the tobacco is of a brand known as “Sailor’s Delight.” Apart from other considerations, I infer that he is married from the fact that several blond hairs, plucked out by the roots, are stuck under the flap of the letter. No one answering this description uses the Government’s ‘Official Business’ envelope except Commissioner Jones.”

“Marvelous!”

“But Watson, Listen!”

“‘My dear Mr. Holmes:

I am completely at a loss to bring that baffling Blunder-Buss case to a conclusion. Will you please step

around to Number 345 Mud Street to confer with me?

Yours in haste,

Police Commissioner Jones.'

"Aha, Watson! So our friend Jones is up a tree over this trifling case. Well, we shall see what we shall see."

* * *

As we stood inside the sumptuous but now partially wrecked house brought into prominence in the famous Blunder-Buss case, Holmes was speaking leisurely, while not seeming to notice anything,—not even the flaxen-haired, nervous little plain-clothes man that had conducted us thither.

"You see, Watson, motives for crime are either mercenary or otherwise.

"Evidently the motives for this outrage were not purely mercenary, for we find on the dining-table of old Professor Blunder-Buss, a five-pound piece of Schweitzer cheese. The price of this cheese has advanced so rapidly during this present War that now there are but two pieces in existence. The other is in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, America. No, Watson, the motive could not have been mercenary. Now Mr. Jones, have you any suspects as yet?"

Jones—for the pale little man was no other than he—now spoke, but with very little of his customary assurance.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, a certain W. O. Denhead, by profession a tutor of medical students, has given himself up. He says he is afraid that, since he and old Blunder-Buss had a quarrel, he might be suspected of the outrage. His alibi does not cover the hour of the crime. Everybody clamors for his conviction. The Bench thinks he is guilty."

"Now, Mr. Jones, don't be quite so precipitate. Please give me the details of the case."

"Well, Mr. Holmes," proceeded Jones, "the particulars are as follows: Old Blunder-Buss and the young tutor had quarreled over the explanation of the fact that when one leg of a man is short the other leg is longer. Old Blunder-Buss held that it was according to the laws of nature, but young Denhead maintained that it was the indirect working of the law of compensation.* Blunder-Buss held him up to unmerciful censure in his commentaries, and Denhead is said to have menaced Blunder-Buss with all sorts of harm. He even threatened to steal Blunder-

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—The Police Commissioner's version is quite reliable except where he goes beyond his depth in technicalities.

Buss' precious cheese. However, things had been very quiet in the neighborhood until night before last, when a loud explosion was heard in these apartments. Policeman Bobby was aroused from a very sound sleep at Mulcahey's Saloon and broke open the door of these chambers. What a sight met his gaze! Blunder-Buss was lying on the floor in a swoon. He was removed to a hospital and has not yet regained consciousness. The only clues we have of the perpetrator of the outrage are the marks of a violent explosion which has torn off the roof and the fact that Blunder-Buss' watch has stopped at 7:45 P. M."

"What period of time does Denhead's alibi cover?" asked Holmes.

"From 6:15 A. M. to 7:00 P. M.," answered Jones.

"Aha! then there is a chance that we may have the villain in our hands! Where was the young man at 7:45?"

"He said he believes he was preparing a lecture at that time, but he has no one to corroborate his statement," replied Jones. "His watch is in 'hock'."

"Where was he at 8:45?"

"Dining with the French Ambassador, who has just arrived from a conference at Petrograd."

"Who verified the truth of Denhead's statement?"

"The Ambassador himself."

Holmes mused awhile and finally, happening to glance at the floor, he exclaimed,

"Aha, Watson! What is that under your foot?"

He stooped and picked up a small black glittering lump, passed a pocket-file over it, touched it with a drop of acid from a phial, and gave it one long eager glance through a microscope.

"It is a piece of Krupp steel," exclaimed Holmes. "Gentlemen, my case is complete. I demand that you release W. O. Denhead from custody!"

"But, my dear Mr. Holmes—"

"Nonsense, Sherlock—"

"Silence! It was not any affair of Denhead's, for, although the French Ambassador's watch proclaimed the hour of his dinner to be 8:45 P. M., it was really an hour earlier, since the Ambassador had just landed and had not had time to adjust his chronometer to our western time. Therefore, the young man's alibi in reality covers the period from 6:15 A. M. until 7:45 P. M.

"You remember that a German Zeppelin flight over London was rumored, do you not, Watson?"

"Most assuredly, Sherlock."

"Well, you see in my hand a piece of Krupp steel from an aeroplane bomb. This at once confirms the rumor, and exonerates Denhead. It was an aeroplane bomb which injured Professor Blunder-Buss and wrecked his house.

"If Denhead had not threatened to injure Blunder-Buss, the Zeppelin which flew over London would have been blamed for the explosion. But, since he really had menaced the Professor, the papers put a silly two and two together and laid the outrage at the door of the tutor.

"Gentlemen! Denhead is vindicated! My reputation is upheld! And, last but not least, you may congratulate me!"

EDWARD SULLIVAN,

Fourth High.



The Moth.

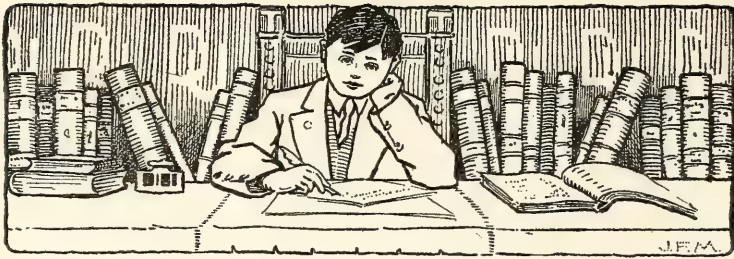
BRIGHT in my dreams Life's candle gleams
And beckons me with luring beams.
This light replete with pleasures sweet
My goal will be, a gay retreat.

'Cross spreading plain, o'er bounding main,
Delights terrene I yearn to gain;
On mountain high, in heaven's blue sky,
Life's joyous essence I descry.

And now, behold! I, mortal bold,
My selfish, thoughtless plans unfold:
I'll urge my ship, from Life I'll sip,
My cup in Pleasure's urn I'll dip.

Thus moth-like, ran the thoughts of man,
And round the flame his flight began.
While yet he sings he's sing'd his wings!
His song an empty echo rings!

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Making A Start.

LI FE seems to be a series of beginnings and changes. Everything undertaken must first have its beginning, whether it be of the greatest importance or of the most trifling moment. Everything begun must later have its variations and vicissitudes, which oftentimes are so striking and so momentous as to take on the aspect of new beginnings. The scholastic year has commenced. For the majority of us, this reopening is but the start of a new lap in our race; for the newcomers, it is the entrance on a phase of their education so different from those that preceded, as to constitute—to continue the figure—another race, on other lists, for other laurels.

Among the changes that go hand in hand with the annual reopening is that which affects the staff of the college periodical. In the various schools we again witness that which is as inevitable as the changes of the tints on the Autumn leaves, Nature's own act of sympathy and concurrence. But it is not the remodeling of the staff in itself, but rather the significance of the change that is worthy of note. It means that those who have been eliminated by graduation have passed one of the important milestones in their careers; and to those who follow in their places, the fact is brought home that one more step has been taken towards the goal that has been the end and aim of the years of study. Thus it is, since it now affects us, that we look upon the change in a more serious mood than heretofore when we gave a mere passing glance to what seemed a matter of course.

But a more important change, in many respects, is that which comes to those beginning their college course.

As in former years a great number of new faces greeted our eyes on the first day; and surely to every beginner it was a day

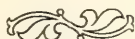
full of meaning, one of the great events that come but once in life,—that day when they launched out upon a sea of experiences so new, and of situations so unfamiliar.

A good beginning is of paramount importance, for upon it depends the success of the entire voyage. This is the time for all those who find themselves embarked on untried waters to choose out the proper channel in which to steer their course; for it is by far easier to attain the desired end by following a prescribed path than by depending for guidance upon the whimsical winds of destiny.

In a certain sense we are all beginners, since our lives are but a succession of beginnings. Let us then strive to do our best in our various capacities, so that, although

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
We will do more—deserve it."

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Our Late Holy Father.

THE death of His Holiness Pius X. cast a shadow of deepest grief over the whole Christian world. In the passing of the late Vicar of Christ from the chair of St. Peter to his appointed place amongst the elect, the Church Triumphant greets a saint, his duty nobly done, and the Church Militant suffers an incalculable loss, and mourns a well-beloved pastor, whose life was to every one an inspiration. Despite the fact of his advanced age, and although we realized that his remaining years would be few in number, nevertheless the news of his death came as a sudden shock. His wearied frame has been entombed; only the peasant clay remains. Another Pontiff has gone; the *ignis ardens* has blazed forth, burned blue and flickered out. Heart-broken at the fearful progress of the war, whose havoc he had no power to stay, he laid down his burdens in sorrow and anguish. That venerable old man, kneeling at the last before the throne of the Prince of Peace in supplication for the distracted peoples of Europe, is a picture which should never fade from the memory of his children.

Sprung from the people, Pius X. loved and understood them as only a parish priest can. He remained ever the simple and humble man, as step by step he rose from his lowly village home to the See of Mantua, to the Patriarchate of Venice and to the

Throne of St. Peter. The purple garb of the bishop, the red robes of the Cardinal and the white vestments of him who wears the Triple Crown and signs with the Seal of the Fisherman, all left him with the same artless humility and the same love for his early associations. Those hands that were raised in benediction over all the faithful, once worked on the fields in the daily toil of a peasant in the little Italian village.

The elevation of this peasant Pope to the See of St. Peter, the most ancient and most venerable throne in the world, is a striking illustration of the democratic side of the Catholic Church. The story of the Popes who have risen from obscurity and poverty to the Fisherman's Throne is one of the marvels of history. Down along the list of Popes we find that the Church, whenever she was free and independent, chose her chief Pontiff without reference to his station of life. Men have occupied the Throne who were shepherds in their youth, and men who were blood relations of kings and emperors. The highest place in the Church has never been the inherent privilege of the great of the land. Nobility of soul, intellectuality, piety and goodness of heart, have always been regarded as the requisite qualifications. If the advantage of high rank happened to be united to these, the Church did not therefore reject the candidate. There were times when those who had won the ear of "the great of the land" were needed as well as those who had won the hearts of the lowly.

The life of Pius X. as Pope was but the continuation in the holy purpose which he had set before him in his early youth—"to restore all things in Christ." When he ascended the Throne, there were those who feared for him in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties and entanglements. How needless were such fears is now a matter of history. Animated with undaunted sincerity and holy zeal, he worked with one purpose in mind, and that was to serve the Master whose earthly Vicar he was. He found that the glittering tiara of gold and precious stones was the outward covering of a crown of thorns. Many perilous times there were during his Pontificate. The Pontiff's vigilant eye saw all the dangers and found remedies for them. The troubles in France, in Spain and in Portugal brought pain and sorrow to his heart, but with an iron hand he crushed that heresy of heresies—the spirit of Modernism. In his encyclicals he emphasized the building up of a pious and zealous priesthood, urged the frequent reception of Holy Communion and insisted that even the very little children be given the Bread of Life soon after they had reached the age of reason. The establishment of the

Biblical Commission, the famous *Motu Proprio* on Church music, the reform of the Breviary, and the first step in the codification of the Canon Law, are some of the very practical points embodied in his encyclicals. Pius X. was a loyal advocate of peace and concord among nations, and what a poignant grief there was in the fact that he must close his eyes upon a warring world! His dying appeal to the warring nations, like the prayer of Our Lord over Jerusalem, is a document that should move the most obdurate. His heart wrung with the bitterest sorrow, he implored all Christendom to turn with all earnestness to Christ, the Prince of Peace, and the most powerful Mediator between God and man. May this last wish of so loved a Father be speedily accomplished!

LEO A. McCrory, '15.

Exchanges.

THE exchange editor, we imagine, must have nine lives, like the proverbial representative of the feline species. Every "knock" from a well-meaning though acrimonious literary friend takes the "ex-man's" breath away and reduces his stock of lives by one. In the course of the year such "knocks" are bound to come, and that means just so many lives less. Nevertheless, with still a few lives left, we are again on deck to greet all our friends and to wish them success for the year.

As we renew our grasp on the helm of this department in an attempt to steer our ship clear of Scylla and Charybdis for another year, it does not seem necessary to lay down any particular rules, as we would surely break them. Besides, those who have done us the honor to read our reviews and criticisms of exchanges are sufficiently acquainted with our policy; and new readers will soon find us out. We shall pet no one; neither do we intend to establish a reputation as "champion crank." We shall continue to adhere to the golden mean.

Many comments could be made on the exchanges that have accumulated during our lay-off, but with one superior sweep of the hand we brush the entire stack from our table. They are for the most part commencement numbers from last June, and so we bury them "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown". This is a new academic year, and new work is ahead of us. Let us forget the past, its burdens and grievances, and begin the new with greetings of welcome.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

On September 8th, feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, classes were resumed in the College, High School, Commercial, Scientific and Preparatory departments.

Opening Day At the Solemn High Mass which inaugurated the session of 1914-'15, Rev.

Eugene J. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., was Celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. Joseph A. Pobleschek, C. S. Sp., as Deacon, and Rev. Edward B. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., as Sub-deacon. After Mass the students assembled in the Auditorium, where all were welcomed in the name of the Faculty by the Very Reverend President.

Last year's students returned in excellent numbers, and the enrollment of new boys shows a considerable increase over former years. It was gratifying to note

Enrollment that many of our new arrivals are sons of the "old boys".

The boarders are as numerous as ever, hailing from many points in the Middle Atlantic and Central States, as well as from the Emerald Isle. It is noteworthy that

Boarders considerable musical talent of a high order is present among the new arrivals. Francis Kleyle, of Monaca, Edward Sullivan, of Du Bois, and Andrew Walta, of East End, are violinists of no mean ability. Mr. Sullivan plays the cornet with equal facility. James B. Lynch, of Brownsville, is a talented pianist; James Howard, of Duquesne, and Maurice Searle, of Du Bois, are promising vocalists; and Patrick Sweeney, of the County Donegal, Ireland, has a repertoire of Irish dances scarcely second to that of "Harp" McIntyre.

It is needless to say that the musicians named above will furnish some excellent material for the University orchestra, which performed so meritoriously at the concerts and entertainments last year.

Orchestra Under the direction of Professor C. B. Weis, it promises to be more successful and of a higher standard than in previous years.

The Faculty will feel the loss, during the coming year, of three able fathers, who leave the University as teachers, and associate themselves with other fields of labor.

Rev. Joseph A. Baumgartner, C. S. Sp., since 1908, has been professor of classics, modern languages and mathematics, and almost uninterruptedly the manager of the deservedly famous Minims.

The members of the philosophy class regret exceedingly the departure of their professor, Rev. Edward B. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., who has been honored by his superiors with the important charge of Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood in the United States. We feel assured that his well-known energy, zeal and persuasive address will be an asset for the success of this truly apostolic work.

Early in the summer, Rev. F. X. Roehrig, C. S. Sp., was appointed assistant to Rev. John Otten, C. S. Sp., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Sharpsburg. He takes up the work of our former treasurer, Rev. Henry J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., who, in turn, has been assigned to the pastorate of the Sacred Heart Church, Morrilton, Arkansas. In his work in connection with the flourishing Lyceum of St. Mary's, Father Roehrig's experience as Faculty manager of our several 'Varsity teams, will stand him in good stead.

These three fathers are graduates of the institution; three others, also Alumni, now assume their charges. They are Rev. Eugene J. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., Rev. Charles B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., and Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp. To Father Rossenbach has been assigned the philosophy class, and to Fathers McGuigan and Hannigan classics and English.

Mr. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., B. A. of Marquette University, is professor of classics and assistant disciplinarian.

The services of Mr. William H. Kelly have been secured for the Commercial Department. The scholarship and experience of this veteran professor will be of inestimable advantage to our business classes. Graduated from St. Joseph's Normal College, Ammendale, Md., and Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md., Mr. Kelly has taught with marked success in commercial schools in Richmond, Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. M. Vincent Carter graduated from the Pottsville High School, Naval Academy Prep. and Catholic University Science, and completed second year law in Fordham University. He has

charge of mathematics in the first year science and arithmetic in the first preparatory.

Mr. Robert F. Carter also graduated from the Pottsville High School and from the Medico-Chirurgical College of Pharmacy. He is now teaching Chemistry, Physics and Biology.

Mr. Joseph A. Burns, B. A., '14, has returned to his *Alma Mater* in the capacity of teacher of English and mathematics. He is enrolled as student of the first year's law classes.

During the month of July, the Rev. Dr. Dewe, of the Faculty, gave a series of lectures on Economics in the rooms of the Law School, Pittsburgh, and also at Greensburg.

Summer Lectures These courses were given under the auspices of the Diocesan Labor Commission, of which the Rev. lecturer is president. Both series were attended by a large and enthusiastic following, including members of the clergy and of the various professions.

A rejuvenated building greeted the students on their return. The whole of the third and fourth floors has been redecorated.

Improvements In many of the class rooms, new desks have replaced those on which many a former student furtively engraved his monogram. The lighting system has been improved throughout the building.

The Month's Mind Requiem High Mass for the late much-beloved Pontiff Pius X, was celebrated on Wednesday morning, September 23rd. The celebrant, Very Rev.

Month's Mind M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., was assisted by Rev. Joseph A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., as deacon, **for the Late** and Rev. Charles B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., as sub-deacon. Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., **Holy Father** directed the singing, while Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, D. Lit., presided at the organ.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

LAW SCHOOL

On Monday, September 28, the fourth annual term of the Law School was formally opened. Classes were immediately organized and the work for the year begun.

Opening The complete success attained by the first graduate class, '14, has given a wonderful impetus to the incoming candidates.

Rev. P. A. McDermott has begun his interesting lectures on Jurisprudence with the first year class, on Tuesday afternoons. The members of this same class are being also initiated into the mysteries of Blackstone under the tutelage of Mr. Laughlin, the Vice-Dean, and Mr. Lacey.

The new quarters in the Vandergrift Building on Fourth Avenue are very fine. The rooms are large and well ventilated and the location is ideal.

At the closing exercises of Duquesne University, in Memorial hall, in June last, the first class of youthful law students who had successfully terminated their legal studies in the new Law School were given their LL. B. The hope was expressed on that occasion that they would all be successful in passing the State board examinations admitting them to practise at the bar. The hope, or rather prophecy, has been fully realized, for word came September 25 that every one of the young barristers who entered the Law School of Duquesne University and presented himself for examination before the State board, has passed the supreme test.

This is certainly a great honor for the Duquesne University Law School, and for its first batch of graduates. It also reflects decided credit upon the erudite and painstaking Faculty of the School, at whose head is the learned dean, Judge Joseph M. Swearingen. But to those who were familiar with the serious and persevering work of the students themselves, their regular attendance, their unwearied application, their daily and nightly presence in the splendid and complete law library placed at their disposal by the University, this gratifying result has not come as a surprise. The following are the names of the ten successful young candidates, who have thus brought credit upon themselves and honor upon their *Alma Mater*:

John R. Clark, Francis B. Cohan, Thomas F. Dougherty, Paul J. Friday, Henry J. Gelm, Oscar G. Meyer, Frederick W. Ries, Jr., Henry J. Thomas, A. Wolf, A. I. Zieger.

Three young men of the same class who had not registered in time three years ago, will be ready for the next State examination, which will take place in December.

The success attendant upon the first graduate class in the outcome of its examinations before the State Board, was of such an exceptional character, that the idea of a Banquet to commemorate that initial crown-

Banquet

ing of our Law Faculty's labors naturally suggested itself. No sooner did the suggestion take definite form than the invitations were issued; and, although the notice was necessarily a brief one, practically the entire Faculty, as well as the members of the class itself, faithfully responded, and made their appearance in the dining room of the main University building on the Bluff, Tuesday evening, September 29.

The Very Rev. President of the University presided, and was surrounded, at the principal table, by the Senior members of the Faculty, including the Honorable Dean, their Honors Judge Reid and Judge Way, the Vice-Dean, J. E. Laughlin, Esq., and Messrs. Bane, Scull, Stambaugh and Robinson.

After the material portion of the evening's feast had been dispatched, in a manner that would have appealed to the pride of any "Chef", the Rev. President stood up to explain the *ratio ultima* of the festive gathering. He dwelt naturally upon the extreme satisfaction which the Faculty of the University had experienced when it was learned that the entire class had safely answered to the final test of State examination. But he was sure that a still keener gratification was enjoyed by the young graduates themselves and their late professors; so he would call upon the latter to give utterance to what they felt on this happy occasion. He called, therefore, upon the Hon. Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, to tell us how it felt to be the dean of a successful class of this sort.

In responding, the Hon. Dean assured all present that he had never felt happier in his life than when he heard from the last of the candidates to whom official notice had been sent, that every single one had passed. He had prepared himself to be satisfied with a percentage of good results on the part of the class, some of whom had been handicapped for various reasons in the course of their preparation. But when it turned out to be one hundred per cent. of success, why then, he could not humanly speaking feel anything else than supremely gratified. He would always retain with the deepest pleasure the remembrance of the admirable spirit that had characterized both Faculty and class respectively, as well as the mutual co-operation that had assured such efficient work and such a successful issue. No class of young men could possibly study more earnestly and more perseveringly; and if they continued to pursue their legal career with the same spirit of application, he augured well for their future eminence at the Bar. They must not, however, forget that till

now they have but learned rather how to study, than to be accomplished lawyers—they must now devote themselves anew to the more profound and more detailed study of the principles and practice of their chosen profession. He wished them every success, and assured them that he would watch with the closest interest every step of their onward march to the goal of ultimate eminence and prosperity.

On behalf of the class, Mr. F. W. Ries, Jr., as the senior, was called upon to express their feelings—and he did so in the happiest possible vein. His language was very sincere and deeply impressive. Mr. John E. Laughlin, the Vice-Dean, also spoke, and gave some very sound advice to the future practioners, cautioning them especially against expecting any mercy or indulgence from their late professors, when the latter were seated on the bench. On the other hand, however, they would have the privilege and duty of expounding the law, even to His Honor, Judge Reid, who had taught them the intricacies and rules of pleading and practice. To this insinuation the latter immediately responded in a humorous strain that reassured the younger members of the Bar, soon to be admitted to practice.

Following Judge Reid, and, in the same spirit of congratulation and legitimate pride in the youthful candidates' success, brief speeches were made by Judge Way, Mr. John C. Bane, Mr. Scull, Father P. A. McDermott, and, on the part of the class, Mr. Paul Friday. Nor were the absent ones forgotten, especially those who had, in the anticipation of successful examination, taken unto themselves a helpmeet for their future career, namely, Messrs. Gelm and Clarke, who were then in the happy enjoyment of their honeymoon.

SCHOOL OF FINANCE, ACCOUNTING AND COMMERCE

On Friday evening, September 25, the School of Finance, Commerce and Accounting, was solemnly and publicly opened, with appropriate exercises, in the Assembly

An Auspicious Rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, Keenan
Opening Building, which had been kindly placed at
our disposal through the instrumentality of

Colonel T. J. Keenan. Quite a large number of young men gathered there, chiefly to listen to the detailed explanation of the new and interesting programme of studies for the coming year,

promised by Mr. Walker, Dean of the School. They represented almost every branch of commerce, manufacturing and industry, to be found in this great city, and in their earnest, intelligent faces could be seen reflected the keen spirit of ambition and determination for higher things and more efficient methods, that augurs well for the success of the new school. The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., President of the University, took the chair promptly at 8:15 P. M., while beside him on the platform were Mr. W. H. Walker, Dean of the School, and Mr. J. Rogers Flannery, president of the Vanadium Company, who had consented to address the young men assembled, on the subject of "Our Opportunities for Trade with South America."

Another treat, in the shape of a brief address, by Colonel Keenan, on the Consequences of the European War in relation to American Commerce and Industry, had been promised. But the distinguished gentleman was unavoidably absent, to the great regret of his expectant audience.

The Very Rev. President extended a welcome to all present, in the name of the University Faculty, and especially in the name of the Faculty of the School of Accounts,

<p>Father Hehir's Remarks</p>	<p>Finance and Commerce. He then spoke in substance as follows:</p>
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"Last October we inaugurated this Department. During the year it had an enrollment of some seventy students. Most of them were business men who wished to perfect their knowledge so as to solve the great problems that daily present themselves in the commercial world. The University intends to develop this Department. New courses are added for the evening sessions, and sessions are held in the forenoon and afternoon, to give an opportunity to young men, during their leisure hours, to attend lectures delivered by competent and experienced professors.

"This Department is an extension of the Commercial and Business Course, which has existed in the College and University since 1878, and which has been conducted with success from the beginning. Graduates of our Commercial Course conduct business, or are connected with hundreds of business houses in this and other cities. To them we gave a general education, in all the branches usually taught in commercial schools. In addition we give them special courses in Civil Government, Commercial Law, Business Practice, higher English and Rhetoric, Elocution and Public Speaking. We always discountenanced the deceptive

system of so-called business colleges, which sell diplomas and scholarships, and turn out book-keepers by the score, after five or six months. This we consider a deception to parents, an injustice to young men and an insult to business methods. All true educators believe in the necessity of a broad general education at the beginning; then comes specialization, according to the states of life young men embrace. This holds true for all the professions, and it holds true, especially in our age and country, for business men.

"One of the many missions of a university is to offer post-graduate courses for elective studies, for research and specialization. This is the purpose of the Department we are interested in this evening. Its great object is to specialize in all the subjects that men need in business to-day, in order to train, equip and form leaders in the business world, men like those who are going to address you this evening, Colonel T. J. Keenan and Mr. John R. Flannery,—men who have been successful in business, and who prove themselves so useful to the community and city in which they reside."

To this brief but cordial introduction Mr. Flannery responded by at once entering upon an address, whose language and tone reflected the enthusiasm and inspiration of

Mr. Flannery's

Address

the gentleman himself, who, though in the flower of youthful manhood, has risen to such eminence in the business world, not only within the sphere of his native city, but throughout the length and breadth of the country. We should in vain hope to succeed in giving any satisfactory or adequate summary of this masterly speech, which was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience of young men present, to whom it especially appealed. So, for the instruction and profit of our readers, we propose to give the entire address in our next number, contenting ourselves just now, on account of the exigencies of space in our first number of the year, with remarking that it contains a clear analysis of the peculiar conditions that confront American manufacturers and business men, in their competition with Europe for the enormous foreign trade of South America, as well as a complete description of the means we must employ to remedy this situation, and capture those vast and important markets. He wound up by a powerful appeal to the young men present, and in fact to all the young men of this great industrial centre, to seize upon, and profit of, the wonderfully opportune

and abundant facilities, placed at their disposal by this new School of Finance and Commerce, for acquiring the knowledge and the efficiency that will enable them to be leaders in the movement now inaugurated for the greatest expansion that our trade has ever known.

Mr. W. H. Walker, Dean of the School, then took the floor, and dwelt in a very brief but lucid manner upon the purposes and importance of the School of Finance.

Mr. Walker "The purpose of the School of Commerce," he said, "is to give young business men, and young men preparing for business, a thorough training in business principles and practice, so that they may do more efficient work and secure a greater return from their efforts. Certain dominant practices prevail throughout all business, which are based upon a thorough knowledge of its principles and history, and which no man can afford to disregard. Beyond this general field lie many special and important branches of industry which require careful study on the part of those who would master their calling and advance to leadership. Long experience, and long records in the successes and failures of the past, enable the University through its expert instructors to present the essential knowledge required for special careers. The student is able to acquire in the classes of this School a thorough, practical and concise knowledge of business procedure such as cannot be had outside the University, except by long years of tedious study and grinding experience. The man who learns merely by observation and home reading, or who depends upon his daily experience for improvement, is dissipating his energies and wasting his opportunities; for a much better and more thorough knowledge can be gained in the University with the expenditure of but a fraction of the energy and time thus consumed.

"University training cannot wholly take the place of practical experience, because each business concern has its details of routine, policy and product which must be mastered. But that fact does not lessen the necessity for a sound knowledge of business; it only emphasizes the requirement. The man who builds his success upon the detail or routine of a single business is building his castle on quick-sand. He is hopelessly lost outside his specialty and is dependent upon the success of one concern, or the whim of one employer, for his future.

"The Department of Accounts, Finance and Commerce is fast growing to large proportions, because the more ambitious young business men observe the truth which these facts teach, and the danger of too great specialization without a sufficiently broad, fundamental training.

"The immense size and extreme subdivision of modern industry have brought about this condition gradually and almost unnoticed by the average man. We are constantly pointing out the danger of over-specialization, for it is the true function of the University to first give a training in the broad principles and general practices of business, and then, upon this foundation, to give thorough instruction in the principal special lines of endeavor in which its graduates will establish their careers. To all young business men we urge and recommend a preparation of this kind, and will steadfastly resist the tendency to specialize without adequate general business training."

Before the meeting dispersed a large number of the young men present registered with the Dean for one or other of the various courses.

Alumni.

○ UR one regret at the beginning of each new school year, is the absence of many faces with which we were familiar and which we deeply loved. The graduation exercises sever our connection with a number of companions who shared our joys and sorrows, and usher them into a new sphere of existence, where we may rarely, if ever, see them. They have gone out to do their share of the world's work, and we feel confident that, with their training and well-grounded principles of righteous living and noble endeavor, they will do that work well with advantage to themselves and credit to their *Alma Mater*. They have gone, but they will not be forgotten. We shall follow their careers with interest, and will find pleasure in noting in these columns the record of their achievements.

REV. JOHN LUNDERGAN, C. S. Sp., '09, was recently ordained to the priesthood in the Holy Ghost Seminary near South Norwalk, Conn. He celebrated his first Mass in his native church, Indianapolis, early in July. Rev. William A. Maher, well known to many of our alumni as a zealous and painstaking professor, preached on the occasion, and expressed the pleasure he ex-

perienced in then seeing on the altar the young Levite whom, under Heaven, he had been instrumental in sending to the Holy Ghost Order. Father Lundergan is now stationed as assistant to our former very popular and efficient professor, REV. THOMAS WRENN, C. S. Sp., '99, in St. Peter Claver's Church, Philadelphia.

FATHER WRENN has recently succeeded, as pastor of St. Peter Claver's, REV. LAWRENCE E. FARRELL, C. S. Sp., '93, who, for the second time in recent years, has assumed the direction of that splendid institution, St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys.

REV. D. J. FITZGIBBON, C. S. Sp., '84, who has guided the destines of "the Home" for the past twenty-one years, with slight interruptions, has gone to Rock Castle, Va., to labor as a missionary among the colored people, and act as chaplain to St. Emma Industrial and Agricultural College for Colored Boys, and to the Institute of St. Francis de Sales for Colored Girls. His predecessor at these posts, REV. WILLIAM F. STADELMAN, C. S. Sp., '92, has been appointed director of the apostolics at Holy Ghost College, Cornwells, Pa.

FROM the position of professor of Moral Theology at the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn., REV. SIGISMUND RYDLEWSKI, C. S. Sp., '89, has been transferred to the pastorate of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Pittsburgh.

REV. ALPHONSUS D. GAVIN, C. S. Sp., '93, until recently a professor at Cornwells, is now assistant pastor at St. Mark's Church, 138th Street, New York.

THE onerous duties of Master of Novices at Ferndale, Connecticut, have fallen to the lot of the REV. JAMES A. RILEY, C. S. Sp., '01. Since his ordination, Father Riley has been treasurer and sub-director at Holy Ghost College, Cornwells.

AFTER occupying for two years the chair of Dogmatic Theology at the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn., REV. AMOS P. JOHNS, C. S. Sp., '08, has been sent as assistant to REV. JOSEPH CALLAHAN, C. S. Sp., '93, pastor of Notre Dame Church, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

THE return of FATHERS HANNIGAN and ROSSENBACH to their *Alma Mater*, as members of the Faculty has been mentioned elsewhere in the pages of the MONTHLY. REV. PAUL SZTUKA, C. S. Sp., '09, ordained with them, has been retained at the

seminary as professor of Canon Law; and REV. FATHERS PATRICK A. DOOLEY, C. S. Sp., '09, and JOSEPH FITZPATRICK, C. S. Sp., members of the same class, have been sent to Trinidad, B. W. I., where the Holy Ghost Fathers have a college and missions.

WE were inexpressibly shocked to hear of the sudden death of REV. MICHAEL E. BOYCE, '84, of New Richmond, Wis., in the month of August. Father Boyce met death in a railroad accident. He was a kind, lovable, scholarly gentleman, and taught in this institution for some time after his ordination. He also spent some years in the African missions. *R. I. P.*

WE have heard with unalloyed pleasure that MR. THOMAS J. DEHEY has received his M. D. degree from Columbus University, and has begun the practice of his profession in South Bend, Ind. Dr. Dehey's thoroughness and conscientious discharge of all his duties, for which he is eminently equipped, will secure for him an extensive and well-merited patronage. Some time ago we congratulated Dr. Dehey on his marriage. We now wish to congratulate Mrs. Dehey most heartily on the happy completion of a valued literary effort entitled "Religious Orders Of Women In The United States."

The purpose of this contribution to ecclesiastical literature is "to tell of our Sisters, their monasteries, their convents, their schools, that we may know the homes, the novitiates, wherein the teachers of our children are learning their lessons in religious life and pedagogical work, wherein the nurses in our hospitals, day-nurseries, orphanages and other missions are preparing themselves for their life-work in the Master's vineyard." The purpose of the writer has been admirably realized. The history and life-work of the various Orders are comprehensively yet concisely treated. The book itself is a triumph of the publisher's art; it is handsomely bound, profusely illustrated and clearly printed on paper of excellent quality. We have no doubt that, with the grace of God, it will be instrumental in fostering vocations, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation throughout the United States.

J. R. CAMPBELL, B. Sc., a contemporary of Dr. Dehey, is chief chemist in the laboratories of the H. C. Frick Coke Co., Everson, Pa.

DURING the summer months several of our graduates have sought happiness in matrimonial alliances. We have received invitations to the weddings of the following: John A. Newell,

Joseph L. McGovern, Gustave A. Wandrisco, Samuel J. Heimbuecher, Henry J. Gelm and John R. Clark. To each we extend our cordial felicitations, and we wish them every happiness.

JOHN E. KANE, '90, former president of the Alumni Association, was elected national treasurer of the Real Estate Men's Association, at the convention held in Pittsburgh in July. He is also secretary and treasurer of the Turtle Creek Improvement Co., with offices in the Commonwealth Building, Fourth Avenue.

CARROLL V. HALLERAN, '04, is in charge of the Foreign Department of the Ohio Valley Bank, North Side. He has become quite a linguist, speaking seven foreign languages fluently. Mr. Halleran has also been for a long time organist of the Church of the Annunciation.

EUGENE HALLEY, '04, is the leader of the Gayety Theatre Orchestra. He will be remembered by many of the Alumni as a first violinist in our own Orchestra, and at that time was looked on as a boy phenomenon.

CHARLES F. MCCRORY, Ex-'16, is with the Union Switch and Signal Co., at Swissvale. CHARLES CLIFFORD, '14, has a position as stenographer with the same Company.

JOHN CAIN, '10, holds an important position in the offices of the National Tube Co.

AMBROSE FEENEY, '12, is a student of law in the St. Louis University, and has now completed the first year.

WILLIAM J. KOEHLER, '12, has finished two of his four years' apprenticeship with Heeren Bros., the well-known opticians.

RAY A. SIEDLE, '12, is now in the offices of the Pgh. Real Estate Trust Co., assistant to JOHN L. WALSH, '85, of Crafton, a former foot-ball star, and till recently president of the Alumni.

GEORGE COLUMBUS, '09, has become favorably known as a real estate agent of considerable ability.

SAMUEL HEIMBUECHER, '08, one of the recent benedicks, is auditor of the Federal Enameling and stamping Co., of McKees Rocks. He is looking forward to a promotion in the near future.

WILLIAM C. FIELDING, '15.

Duquesnicula.

Spt-spt-spt-t-t-t—whirr-r-r-r! Hello! (*voce phonographico*).

Why, what's that?

The Duquesnicula machine is started.

Goodness sakes! Is *he* in again?

No, there's a new record on—the other one is broken.

Now, fellows, put back your hammers, and give this one a chance. It takes nerve to do it, but we have some in reserve. Now for a flashy entrance. Cock-a-doodle-doo! Trumpets!

"Harp" McIntyre was a little late arriving.

"How are you?" said some one to him. "It's a long time since I saw your smiling countenance."

"Yes," returned Mac, "but it will cloud up in a little while, because I think it is going to rain. Since I landed in Pittsburgh, I can feel the change in my pocket."

"Harp" dodged a brick successfully.

There is no use trying, you can't keep a good man down. Even Satolli Smith occasionally comes to the front. He was telling Davies how he whiled away his time—of which he has an abundance. "I went into a nickelodeon, and saw one of those confounded wild west pictures again!" "Why, don't you like them?" "No, the horses raised so much dust I couldn't see the pictures."

Satolli is expected to recover.

I had never remarked that so many young men wear black hats, until some one asked me the explanation of the custom. Of course I was nonplussed and didn't give any answer. But Paul O'Donnell came to the rescue and said, "Because their brains are dead, departed, defunct, you poor lump of sauerkraut!"

Needless to add, I thanked him effusively for the information. He is back to work again, after losing thirteen pounds in the interval.

My record has run its course. I thank you. Rah! Rah!

RAY J. BAUM, '18.

OUR ADVICE TO THE NEW STUDENTS.

When in the course of scholastic events, it becomes necessary for you to grace our portals with your refreshing presence, it devolves on us as a duty, or rather as pleasure, to engineer you

onto the track of conduct that stretches forth through many a league of smiling country, to the verdant fields and luxuriant groves, where the fruits of knowledge are garnered, and the seeds of future success are sown. [I pause to take breath.]

The first thing to do is—can the glad rags and patent tango trippers. Remember that other people walk on your feet here besides yourself, and the gloss on your pumps gently fades away in the space of about two days. Overalls are appropriate for general wear, and if you play soccer foot-ball, a coat of mail might not be injudiciously worn. By the way: just a little hint: before playing the game take out a life and accident insurance. Hazing is not in vogue in this seat of learning, for the noon-time free-for-all battle-royal on the campus adequately takes its place.

Handball is also of great and manifold benefit for the new student. It raises blisters on your starboard whip, thereby releasing you for a time from the obligation of doing your exercises. Before playing the game, practice the 100-yard dash, or the high hurdles. They will come in handy quite often.

After you have acquired the knack of snapping the ball over the wall, your speed will enable you to reach the side door in time to see the pill roll sweetly into the sewer, when otherwise you would not be able to see it at all. Perhaps you are troubled by rubbing your hand along the wall or floor so that friction and loss of some skin result. Do not be discouraged; keep up the practice until the skin is removed; then, no cuticle remaining to come off, you will not have to go through the inevitable ordeal. Maybe you will be cured of the game. Then again, by playing with McIntyre, Klein, Foley and Baum for a few games, you will have an idea how the German soldier feels while under fire. This will also give you good training in dodging bullets, in case you ever go to war. Nowhere are the laws of Physics or the Philosophy of History better exemplified.

It is a good stunt to crack jokes with your professor before class begins, but painful experience has taught us to be rather chary of doing so *after* class begins.

If you are a stranger in the city, and get lost, follow your nose up Sixth Avenue till you meet Fifth Avenue coming to meet you; tilt the aforesaid physiognomic protuberance to the south-south-east, and upon your vision will burst the unparalleled

assemblage of classic halls from which unhappily you have haply strayed. Or, you may ascend the inclined plane to Mt. Washington's historic crest, and from that point of vantage you can felicitously descry the lodestone that attracts you. Then take a taxi. Or again: Take a Penna. train through the tunnel as far as the morgue.

Remark: Do not try to climb the Bluff from Second Avenue at the Panhandle tracks. It is not so easy as going down that way.

You may have been born on April first, but do not imagine that every day is Hallow-en. Others have indulged such imaginings—to their sorrow.

It is useless to attempt to get out on the plea of sickness. Two well-stocked medicine chests are at your disposal—and their contents will be used on you to advantage.

Now that we have chiropractically told you new students all that comes to our mind at present on the matter of foreknowledge, we trust that you will benefit by it.

In the early part of the month we gave notice to new students that we would have an information bureau for their enlightenment. We answer any and all questions bearing on school matters and otherwise, and some that don't. Heart balm is our specialty.

Dear Ed.: What is the best cure for homesickness?

Ans. A flying tackle, followed by two weeks in the hospital. For a while you will not think of home at all.

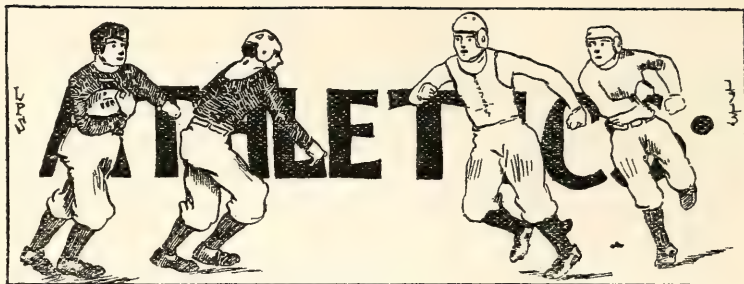
Dear Ed.: Please tell me the practical use of learning Roman Numerals.—Prep.

Ans. Principally to tell the time on clocks. Otherwise you would have to ask someone.

Dear Ed.: Why was the elocution lesson called "Reading Class" in Third High?—Innocence A. Broad.

Ans. It was more appropriate. Most of the boys in the rear seats have been bringing *their* favorite "classic" authors during this period. Some of them are "classy", all right.

JOHN L. DOBBINS, '16.



FOOTBALL.

A GOOD start, it has been truly said, often spells victory. We can therefore confidently look forward to the best football season Duquesne has ever had. The three teams—'Varsity, Freshmen, and Academics—lost no time in organizing and getting down to training; the schedules were ready early; and the Students' Athletic Association began looking after the publicity end from the first day of school.

THE 'VARSITY.

Last Autumn the 'Varsity made a notable record, and gained the recognition we desired in this part of the State. We looked forward to the fall of 1914 to produce a champion team. Now, let us say it without hesitation, we have it. Coach Budd, who is again with us, thinks so, and so does the Faculty Manager, Father McGuigan. The squad was out for practice on the very day of the opening, and practically every day since. There was no need to urge the men on—rather it was necessary to moderate their zeal. At the present writing the condition they are in leaves nothing to be desired. The following students are available for the 'Varsity squad: Brennan, Burns, Callahan, Carter, Considine, Damratowski, Donovan, Falkenstein, Flatley, Gillis, Heisel, Howard, Kelley, Madden, Maloney, McCaffrey, McGuire, Morrissey, Mosti, Nyce, O'Malley, Pierotti, Ringel, Shortley (Captain), Wolak. Eight of these men played last year with the 'Varsity teams, and the others have had plenty of experience on various high school elevens in and around Pittsburgh. Several of those named are at present nursing sore shoulders and other early season injuries, but will soon be back in the game.

Father McGuigan, Faculty Manager, needs no introduction to Pittsburgh sportdom. In days not so long gone by, he contributed notably, in the various lines of sport, to the victories that

brought glory to the Red and Blue. His enthusiasm for athletics, nowise abated by time, will be a spur and a stay, not only to the 'Varsity team, but to all the students in all branches of the manly arts.

William C. Heimbuecher, the tireless Student Manager, announces the following schedule, which, it will be readily seen, includes some of the best college teams in this section:

October 3, Thiel College, at Home.

October 10, St. Francis College, at Loretto.

October 17, West Virginia University, at Morgantown.

October 24, Marietta College, at Marietta.

October 29, California Normal, at Home.

November 3, Geneva College, at Beaver Falls.

November 7, Indiana Normal, at Home.

November 14, Allegheny College, at Meadville.

November 21, Bellefonte Academy, at Home.

November 26, (Game pending).

A confidential chat.—Now, boys, we have the material, a good schedule, a fine coach. We want your moral support; we want your pecuniary support, also, to some slight degree. We know you are loyal, *but we want your loyalty to come out in the open. Every student should assist at the games at home, and cheer the team.* Many of you can go to those that are played abroad: if you can, you ought, and we are sure you will.

JAMES L. LAVELLE, '15.

THE FRESHMAN TEAM.

The call for candidates was answered with gratifying results. Coach Carter, formerly of Fordham, began to put the men through a thorough and scientific drill. It is needless to say that the team has responded to his coaching. The raw material, as well as the seasoned, has been developed into a wonderful machine. Besides drills in falling on the ball, tackling and running the ends, Coach Carter has ground the open style of play into his men. He has taught them all the tricks of foot-ball, and each man has been given separate attention.

The first scrimmage showed that the work of the coach was effective. We are now predicting a season even more successful than ever before..

The following candidates appear most likely for positions: Ackermann, Bechtold, Blattner, Butrym, Crandall, Davies, Dren-gacz, Gallagher, Jones, Lavelle, McCloskey, McKinnon, Maginn, Murphy, O'Brien, Reilly, Rieley, Shanahan, Sullivan, Szepe, Tracy, Urban. From such abundance of material will emerge a team capable of defending the honor of the school.

Father Hannigan holds the managerial reins of this aggregation, and under his experienced and watchful eye it will soon be producing substantial results. The Student Manager, Jerome D. Hannan, has left nothing undone that would add to the team's chances for success. A hard schedule has been arranged, and takes in some of the strongest Freshman teams in this section.

The players will always go on the field to win, but there are times in each game when one team or the other is slipping. Lend them a bracer, boys, and, when the Freshies begin to slip, be there to cheer them on: when they are piling up the points let them know that we appreciate it.

MICHAEL J. SHORTLEY.

ACADEMICS.

The Minims, the peerless Minims, will again be in the field this Fall, but not as Minims, for they have outgrown that title by which they had familiarized themselves to all football players and readers of sporting columns within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. Henceforward they will aspire to fame as the Duquesne Academics, until, in the near future, they will bring wreaths of glory to their *Alma Mater* as its honored 'Varsity team. Invariably last year they were out-weighed by their opponents, but never once were they scored against, whilst they ran up the magnificent total of 449 points.

We are justified in auguring for them a most brilliant season; they have practically the same line-up with most reliable substitutes to fall back upon; Leonard Kane is their captain; and that past-master of strategy, Paul McGraw, will run the plays from his old quarter-back position; the firm, yet aggressive, line will present this formidable array of time-tried though boyish veterans: J. Connelly, C.; O'Shea, R. G.; O'Connor, L. G.; McMurdo, R. T.; T. Nee, L. T.; Loxterman, R. E.; Obruba, L. E.; the backs, McGillick, Kane, and T. Connelly, will be there with all their quondam dash, speedy running, masked plays, and sturdy toes. There is no dearth of capable substitutes. Gregory,

D. Nee, J. Mosti, J. Anton and Magarrall will be called upon as occasion demands, and will surely measure up to the standard set them by the regulars.

The whole team has had daily practice under skillful management, and will endeavor to equal, for it cannot surpass, last year's most enviable and proud achievement.

H. J. MOTT.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

HAND-BALL finds its multitude of devotees, as of yore. Sunny, cloudy, misty and rainy weather alike, find the alleys filled, and the waiting list crowded. Not only the students, but many of their professors also, engage in this lively and invigorating sport.

BASKET-BALL, now firmly entrenched in the affections of all, will, this winter again, occupy the honored place it acquired last year. The schedule for the 'Varsity team is almost complete, and the men are only waiting for the opening of the season.

TRACK. Last year's track-teams have returned, and will be augmented by many promising adepts in track and field work.

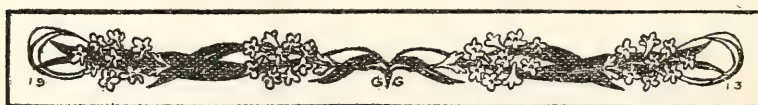
THE athletic ability and experience of Marcus V. Brennan will be an asset of importance to the students during their recreation hours. Mr. Brennan owes much of his training to the National Turn Verein; he was for three years a member of the Irish-American A. A. of New York, and represented his home town, Newark, N. J., at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

THE presence of Charley Madden on the 'Varsity team, as our most promising candidate for Tackle, calls to mind an interesting piece of verse relating to his younger brother "Chick", and his fellow "stars" of last year's Elkins, W. Va., champion High School basket-ball team. The clever little piece was written by one of the enthusiastic teachers of the Elkins High School. It may be said here, *en passant*, that Charley, who is only 6 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. tall is already fore-ordained, by nature and by native talent to be the Center of the 'Varsity Basket-Ball Team. "Chick" will also enter college at the close of his high school course.

"THE WINNERS"

To see that smile upon his face—a smile 'bout nine by 'eleven,
 You'd surely think Coach Jackson has his ticket punched f'r heaven.
 Of course, we know he's aimin' f'r the good celestial city;
 But that is not the reason for his smile, nor for this ditty.
 You see, the good Professor is on basket-ball quite cranky,
 An' he has the born persistence of a Massachusetts Yankee;
 So when the season started for the nineteen fourteen playin'
 He said "We'll land that Championship; I know what I'm a-sayin'."
 He called the boys together, Leslie, Radcliffe and Chick Madden,
 "Dutch" Wimer, Harry Whetsell—every one a "yaller good un;"
 He told them how the land lay, and just how the cat was hopping,
 They must play from start to finish, and never think of stopping.
 Have you ever seen 'em playin'? They're a husky bunch of laddies,
 With the bull dog pluck and courage of their great, great, great granddaddies.
 You remember how these daddies licked the haughty British Lion,
 By pluck and perseverance. Well our high school lads kep' tryin',
 With steady nerve and watchful eye. And now that they're the winners,
 They're like a kid with red top boots—a happy bunch o' sinners.
 As game by game the laddies won, the contest grew more thrilling.
 So when the final fight came on, the boys was more than willin'.
 Last Saturday they hied 'em to the County that's called Upshur,
 And when they came back home that night, they brought that lovin' cup, sir
 They hitched the hosses to the tongue of Parmesano's wagon,
 And druv the streets an hour or so a-boastin' and a-braggin'.
 And then on Monday mornin' they got so enthusiastic,
 That the high school could not hold 'em by measure, mild or drastic,
 So the high school lads and lassies started out the town paradin',
 A-shoutin' and a cheerin' an' the snow and slush a wadin',
 The lovin' cup was carried by the referee—Joe Nallen,
 He yelled like he'd been drinkin' Welch's grape juice by the gallon,
 In fact I am inclined to think the whole town has gone crazy,
 About that high school ball team—but then it is a daisy—
 A clean bunch of young fellows from "Chick" Madden to Capt. Leslie,
 I have no doubt they'd win with ease from D. & E. or Wesley,
 We're proud that Elkins has such lads, with brawn and brain and muscle;
 They've got the proper spirit and they'll give the world a tussle.
 The game of life—in it, my boys, play clean and true and steady,
 You don't know when it may be called—be ever, always ready.

J. F. MOYE.



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Contrast.

SPRING with her magic is making
Tender young buds and leaves;
Gently their colors commingling,
Deftly their texture she weaves.

Fall with his torch is kindling
Ripening woods and grass:
Golden and brown they're changing;
Sadly away they pass.

Glory and myst'ry encompass
Life's dawning and its close:
ONE knoweth all—and in Him
Untroubled hearts repose.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.





Proverbs.

PROVERBS, we are told, existed before books. Aristotle refers to them as "remnants, which on account of their shortness and correctness, have been saved out of the wreck and ruin of ancient philosophy." Bacon defines them as "the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation," and Earl Russell as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." A more complete definition is that of "a short sentence often repeated, expressing a well known truth or a common fact, ascertained by experience or observation, a maxim of wisdom, an adage, an apothegm."

A true proverb has five chief qualities. It is short, plain, true, universal and long current in common speech.

The last phrase, "long current in common speech," serves to differentiate the proverb from the multitude of happy expressions in literature which have never become permanently fixed in popular usage. "Patience in a monument" is a happy phrase, often quoted by literary men, but it is not a proverb; whereas, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is a proverb. Frequent but not essential characteristics of proverbs, are alliteration, rhyme and rhythmic balance. Often, one of them, sometimes two, and occasionally all three, are present. Thus, "Where there is a will there is a way," contains alliteration; "birds of a feather flock together," has both rhyme and rhythm; and "out of sight and out of mind" pleases by its rhythmic balance.

We find also great numbers of so-called proverbs that have been brought into print by ill-informed persons, that contain, instead of moral truths, mere whimsical absurdities, poisonous darts and questionable allusions. Unfortunately many such striking but false or meaningless sayings have been misquoted from famous men. Witness the phrase, "War is hell," ascribed to

General Sherman. What the great campaigner really said was that war, indeed, is terrible, but it is a necessary evil.

True proverbs have assisted greatly in handing down popular philosophy from remote ages, and have contributed to the intellectual advancement and ethical culture of the world. In fact, the great object in each of the proverbs is to enforce a moral principle in words so few that they may be easily learned, and so curiously selected and arranged that they may strike the attention instantaneously and imprint themselves in the memory. Surely the constant memory of such proverbs as the following can not do otherwise than tend towards intellectual advancement and better morals.

"Learning makes a man fit company for himself."

"Knowledge is power."

"Duty before pleasure."

"Honesty is the best policy."

"Honor is nobler than gold."

"Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together."

"Industry is the parent of virtue."

"Idleness is the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools."

The lengthy paraphrases of certain authors show us to advantage the wholesome wisdom, striking truth and sane principle contained in the condensed form of a proverb.

Thus the proverb, "Things lost are valued most," is expanded by Shakespeare in the following verse, in which he shows the amount of truth and wisdom couched in so few words:

"So falls out

That which we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whilst it was ours."

We also find the proverb, "Afflictions are the best blessings in disguise," thus beautifully paraphrased by Longfellow:

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions,

Assume this dark disguise."

"Proverbs," says the learned Bishop Spalding, "are the wheat which remains after a whole world of talk and writing has sifted through innumerable minds. They are the fine essence of literature, true embodiments of the experience of life, and they most abound in the most vital books. They are the forms of speech all the great teachers have loved; the mould in which the people have most gladly received and most abidingly held the great moral truths. Mothers tell them to their children, poets put them in the mouths of their heroes, and the devil may quote them for his purpose."

The Bishop also shows the value of learning even one genuine proverb when he says, "True readers—they who tear the heart out of the book—are ready to go through a volume, if there is but hope of finding in it a single genuine thought or the mere suggestion, even, of a truth which has some fresh application to life."

The peculiar value of proverbs, and their special adaptability to human nature, is very aptly illustrated by a cursory glance over the Holy Scriptures. Several of the sacred books are nothing but collections of proverbs—proverbs in which the divine wisdom shines forth with wondrous clarity. In the psalms, the historical books, the prophecies, apothegms and proverbial expressions are not infrequent. The proverb was, we may reverently say, a favorite form of imparting truth with the Great Teacher Himself. What are the Beatitudes and the Counsels but proverbs? And His followers, the Saints, have left us, in their "maxims", a precious treasury of "golden sands."

To come back to the thought of Bishop Spalding: In this age of superfluous reading, it would be well for us to read not merely for the sake of entertainment—rational and praiseworthy though that motive may be—but rather to delve deep into good books, to search out, and ponder, and assimilate, the enduring wisdom, the elevating sentiments, and the ennobling truths, contained, and as it were compressed, in the proverbs scattered over their pages.

PHILIP N. BUCHMAN, '17.



The Incriminating Kerchief.

I HAD been "cub" reporter on the *Ledger* staff for six months and was impatiently awaiting an opportunity to write up an important case, when at last the desired appointment came. It had been a week of stirring events, among which the Newbright robbery held the first place, and all the reporters but myself were working on "big stories." And so it happened that as I entered the office on Monday, July 6, I was immediately informed that the editor wished to see me. Full of expectations, I stepped gingerly into his sanctum. Seeing his manner to be grave, I assumed a similar attitude and awaited his instructions.

"Rollins, you've been with us some six months, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, six months last Wednesday."

"And you've done only minor cases, so far?"

"Yes, though I have felt capable of handling some of the most important." I could not refrain from recommending my ability, as I was certain that my superior was debating whether or not to test it.

"Well, my boy, here's a handsome case for you. See what you can do with it." He thereupon gave me the bare statement that a robbery had been committed at Dale's Restaurant between Saturday night and Monday morning, and bade me visit the place immediately and have a good story for the afternoon edition.

Hence it was, that, a few minutes later, I found myself hurrying to the scene of the crime, confident not only of working the case to the maximum but also of discovering the criminal.

The restaurant was surrounded by a great crowd of curious people, and I had some difficulty in passing through the mob. Just as I reached the entrance, whom did I meet but Dodson, the police inspector of the district, who had made his way through the press from another direction.

"Ha, ha, Rollins, your chance at last!" he almost shouted in his boisterous manner, for though he was an extremely efficient detective, he lacked the solemn gravity that is found in the detective of the novel.

"Yes, Dodson, at last, but it's the first of a long series," I added with my youthful confidence.

By this time, we had reached the cashier's desk, around which stood a motley group of employers, reporters and policemen. As soon as we were recognized, an employe stepped over to Dodson and informed him that Mr. Dale was waiting him in the private office.

"Come along, Rollins, I want to give you a good start, and besides, you may help me with the case."

And so I found myself in company with the police inspector, standing before a wizened man with ferret-like eyes and an aquiline nose.

"You've come at last, have you? But see here, I want you alone and none of these reporters in disguise, for this is a private matter." The manner in which he grunted these few words and the sour eye he turned on me left no doubt in my mind that this was a very crabbed person with whom to deal, but I was composed when I heard my friend speak.

"He's a reporter, Mr. Dale, but he is also a man of discretion in this case."

The face of the proprietor grew somewhat pleasant at these words but it seemed impossible for him to rid himself altogether of the troubled look that overspread his countenance.

"Let me understand fully the circumstances of the case before I make a move of any kind." Dodson had now assumed his business-like air.

"Saturday being a legal holiday, all the banks were closed. The business on Saturday was especially good, so that the safe contained besides Friday's proceeds, those of Saturday also. We thought it safe to leave the money here as we have often done heretofore under the same conditions. What was my surprise then, when I was called to the 'phone early this morning and notified of the robbery. I—"

"Pardon me, but who notified you?"

"The General Superintendent, who is always the first to enter the restaurant."

"Kindly send for him."

"He has been out for half an hour, but I think he must have returned by this time."

The worried proprietor rang a bell and muttered a few words to the boy who answered. After some little delay, the superintendent was ushered into the office. He was a robust man with a clear eye and a firm mouth—self-possession, almost over-assurance, indicated by his every gesture.

"Mr.—Gibbons, meet Mr. Dodson, and—"

"Mr. Rollins," added my friend.

After hastily exchanging courtesies, we proceeded to the business in hand. My friend became a human question box and plied the superintendent with a multitude of queries, meanwhile eyeing him narrowly from time to time.

"You open the store at what hour, Mr. Gibbons?"

"Usually at seven o'clock, but this morning at six."

"Why did you open earlier than usual?"

"A sort of presentiment of evil hung over me and I could not sleep. My best plan, I thought, would be to come to work, and I acted accordingly."

"Was there any peculiar sign about the outside of the building?"

"Nothing but a few scratches around the lock on the door."

"After you entered the building, did anything strike you as strange?"

"Nothing."

"How, then, did you discover the robbery?"

"I had occasion to come to the proprietor's office for some 'time slips,' and to my consternation beheld the door of the safe hanging open."

"Did you investigate as to the amount taken?"

"Yes, the safe was entirely empty, except for some entry books."

"Did you find anything in the neighborhood of the safe that might incriminate anyone?"

"Er-er-*must* I answer?"

The wizened face of the proprietor assumed an interested look as Dodson replied,

"Yes, it is of the highest importance."

"Well, I found a handkerchief."

"Have you got it with you?"

"I have."

He thereupon produced a soiled handkerchief. Mr. Dodson examined the handkerchief and after a few mutterings, addressed himself to the proprietor,

"Have you any lady in your employ whose initial is D?"

At this, our friend of the aquiline nose sprang from his chair and fairly shouted,

"Why, yes; Dorothy Lean."

"You seem interested. Have you any reason to suspect her?"

Dale strove to control his emotion.

"Well, yes; as I entered my office this morning I saw her stoop and pick something from the floor. She excused herself by saying she had dropped her pencil."

"Apparently, Mr. Dale, your servants have free access to your office."

"Not all. The superintendent, his assistant, and the two head-waitresses have permission to enter it—they and they only."

"Um-hum. Who is the assistant and who the head-waitresses?"

"Mr. Rogers is our assistant superintendent, Dorothy Lean and Jane Donnelly are our head-waitresses."

"Kindly send for Dorothy Lean."

In a few minutes' time, Miss Lean was standing before us.

"Miss Lean, I am told that this morning you picked something from the floor of this office. What was it?"

"I cannot tell."

"But you must."

"I cannot."

"Do you realize your position?"

"I do, but I cannot tell."

Mr. Dodson, then, dismissed her and stated that he needs

must search everyone. Mr. Dale immediately offered himself to be searched but Mr. Gibbons did so rather reluctantly.

"You are not afraid of a search, are you?"

He bit his lip.

"No, not in the least. I have nothing to fear." And so he consented.

We then searched all the employees but on only one was anything incriminating found. This was a check for fifty dollars made payable to Mr. Dale and found in one of Miss Lean's pockets. Despite this damning evidence, Mr. Dodson did not place her under arrest. I asked him why, but he put me off and told me I might find out sooner than I expected.

Here now was a peculiar case. I was bound in justice to myself and to the public to print the story as it was, but I felt that the girl was innocent. Her eye, her mouth, her whole bearing proclaimed it to me; but would the public take the same view of the case? I was sure they would not. So, unconsciously, I began to think of a way to clear her. But my way was always blocked by that condemning check. Then again I could not explain her attitude regarding her mysterious find of the morning. Was she shielding someone? It was the only explanation that I could propose to myself. Perhaps she was defending her lover. With the intention of testing my surmise, I went to the restaurant and, promising one of the waitresses that I would tell the public that she, more than anyone, was above suspicion, extracted the information that Miss Lean was engaged to Mr. Rogers, the assistant superintendent. Here then was a confirmation of my suspicions; and I began to think that what Miss Lean did discover was some article belonging to Mr. Rogers. I was about to inquire as to the character of this man, when I thought I ought to make my discovery known to the detective.

I made my way to the offices of the detective bureau and was shown into Mr. Dodson's office. I scarcely waited to take my breath, but told him my story at once. He, in turn, had news to tell me, but wished me to go to the restaurant with him first. I accompanied him, and along the way he told me that I must not speak after we had entered the dining room.

"And do not be surprised if I address you by a different name for I have a purpose in so doing," he added.

When we had entered and reached the office of the superintendent, Dodson drew me almost in front of the door, saying, in the hearing of those on the other side,

"Come here, Riley, I want to give you some fresh evidence."

I had nothing to do but obey and, though amazed by his mysterious manner, followed without a word.

"You remember that the handkerchief with the initial D seemed to incriminate Dorothy Lean; you must also know that it as easily throws suspicion on Jane Donnelly. I have found from a servant that this Miss Donnelly placed an article of some kind in the very pocket of Miss Lean's coat from which we took the check this morning. Moreover, she is infatuated with a man who has fallen in debt through gambling. As for Miss Lean's suspicious find this morning, it was nothing more nor less than her brooch, which I later found in her possession. Therefore, Riley, you must arrest Miss Donnelly as a suspicious character."

As Dodson finished, Mr. Gibbons burst out through the door exclaiming,

"She is innocent. *I am the guilty one.*"

As soon as he had grown calmer he gave us a full confession.

"I committed the robbery this morning to pay a gambling debt. However, I had taken precautions and intended to throw all the circumstantial evidence on Miss Lean. Thus, I had 'planted' her handkerchief and brooch, which she had forgotten on Saturday, in the proprietor's office and, later, 'planted' the check in her coat. I am sorry to have done such a thing, but my reputation was at stake. But when I heard my dear little friend was suspected I forgot all about my reputation to save her the disgrace of a prison."

A few minutes later he was led to the station where Dodson gave me the following account of his deductions:

"When I saw the handkerchief this morning, I began to wonder whether 'D' might not stand for Donnelly as well as for Dorothy. By bribing one of the waitresses I discovered that Miss

Donnelly was a devoted friend of Mr. Gibbons. I, therefore, looked up the latter's record and found him to be an inveterate gambler; that he had lost a cool five hundred only the previous night, and paid out almost as much this morning. I knew not whether to suspect Mr. Gibbons or Miss Donnelly, for women often commit crimes for those whom they love. To get at the truth I employed the stratagem which so mystified you, depending upon the nobler instincts in the man making themselves known. And you see I was not far from right."

As he concluded I drew out my watch. Four o'clock—too late for the afternoon edition! But what a scoop for an extra!

When I entered the editor's office twenty minutes later, I saw anger in every line of his face.

"So you failed on your first—"

I interrupted him by handing him the story complete, from start to finish.

"Fine, fine, my boy!" he shouted with ecstasy as he finished reading. "Henceforth you belong to the regular staff."

J. D. HANNAN, '16.



Leaves and Lives.

UNNUMBERED are the little leaves
That yearly graceless boughs conceal,
And fathomless the power that weaves
Tissues and veins the frosts reveal.

In Spring, when morn with bird-song rings,
They're pleasant-scented, dew-pearled green;
When Summer 'round his mantle flings,
'Gainst parching rays a precious screen.

But lo! before the earth has made
Her orbit's customary round,
This wealth of verdure low is laid,
Bereft of color, o'er the ground.

Countless, as are leaves of trees,
And powerful our souls to aid
Are graces giv'n by God's decrees:
'Tis sad, when like the leaves they fade!

These graces, like the tender green,
Adorn our poor and barren life,
Protect our soul from tempests keen
And ward away the winds of strife.

Too oft, like leaves by Autumn wind,
God's graces are by passion tossed;
Till, left a prey to blasts unkind,
Souls sway, succumb, and then are lost

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



Patriotic Poetry.

WHEN we read the history of nations it is impossible not to discern a certain predominant note throughout the whole story, at times subdued or covered, but never entirely absent except in mere matter-of-fact print, and even here it can be clearly seen between the lines. It has found expression in the art and literature of all countries, under forms and aspects as varied as they are numerous. Hence arises the danger of falling into the commonplace when treating of love of country. At this particular time, however, when almost all of Europe is engaged in a war that will no doubt decide the fate of nations, the meaning of patriotism comes home to us more vividly than ever.

It is unnecessary to delve into history to discover what a powerful influence poetry has had upon the course of events and the destiny of nations; equally well known is the potency of these words when wedded to martial music. But, in the clash of battle, when death stalks in the soldier's path, music has a greatest influence, helping to banish the fear of death, the thought of slaughter, and the misery that follows as a terrible sequel, by evoking the thought that "it is a pleasant and glorious thing to die for one's country," and at the same time helping to hide the soulessness of war by casting over all a delusive mantle of glamorous sublimity.

War
I abhor;
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife; and I forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchering without a soul.

"I care not who makes the laws of a country, if I may write its songs" was no haphazard remark; it can be attributed to no other than a wise man, one who saw clearly in history the relation of cause and effect, and especially the effect of song. It is worthy of note that the ancient bards of Ireland, Scotland and

Wales were held in no less honor by kings and princes than by the people, whose esteem almost amounted to veneration. Nor in our own stirring times are there wanting examples of the effect of patriotic poetry. Nowhere more impressively and convincingly is this illustrated than in distracted Europe, where at this very hour patriotic poetry is being sung to the accompaniment of the clash of steel, the rattle of musketry and the thundering roll of cannon. But our thoughts are always intimately bound up with the homeland, and the same inborn instinct that makes a German think of the Rhine, that causes an Englishman to hum "Rule, Britannia", induces an American to give first consideration to the "Star Spangled Banner".

It is a difficult matter to find an ideal national anthem. We meet with many citizens who claim this favor for the hymn "America", and there are persons who are so violently partisan to the "Star Spangled Banner" that one who opposes them in this belief is considered either ignorant or unpatriotic. Since, however, the army and navy have selected the latter, it becomes us to dignify it with the title of national anthem. The present year marks the centenary of its birth, and only recently, in the early part of September, the city of Baltimore fittingly commemorated the event by having a memorable week's celebration. We are familiar with the circumstances under which it was written by Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814. We can more easily imagine than realize the feelings of the writer while watching the terrific night attack upon the fort, and his joy when "by the dawn's early light" he perceived that "our flag was still there." Its words and music are filled with patriotic sentiment that never fails to elicit a ready response from the heart and voice of every true patriot.

The national anthem of England, "God Save the King", is almost universally known because its music has been adopted in the patriotic airs of so many countries, notably in our own "America". Its history is very obscure, and England herself does not lay positive claim to its origin; but it was first made known and sung as an original production by Henry Carey, author of the ballad, "Sally in Our Alley". It immediately took root as the national song, and frequent repetition has served to make it flourish and give it perennial bloom.

Strikingly similar to the air of the British national anthem is the Russian tune, "God Save the Tsar", whose history accounts for the similarity. The English air was commonly used in the

Russian army until the year 1833, when Nicholas I. commissioned Alexis Loov to write a distinctively national air. But, strange to say, he could not entirely disown a relationship to Britain's tune, for in his memoirs he admits that the English national air was his model when he composed the Russian anthem.

Unlike the Russian air, the national hymn of Belgium, "La Brabanconne", with its lively, cheerful air, presents a striking contrast to the stately dignity of "God Save the King". In view of the Belgians' recent stubborn resistance of the German invasion, one might imagine that such a song would not be in keeping with their national spirit. It is remarkable that it sprang into being at a time not calculated to inspire light-heartedness or joy. Like every true national anthem it was not made to order but was evolved from the exigency of the time, during a great crisis in the nation's history, the revolution of 1830. Both author and composer were Belgians. Jenneval, the author, wrote four stanzas, full of bitter resentment for the reigning king, love of liberty, and sad thought of the fallen heroes, among whom the author himself was to be numbered but a short time after they were written. His brother later added a stanza in his honor. Francois van Campenhant, a violinist, tenor singer, and composer, set the words to music. He did not attempt to bring out the deeper qualities of the poet's words, but made it his aim to share his enthusiasm and to produce a good marching tune. It was certainly effective in rousing patriotic sentiments, and is worthy of its place as the national tune of a brave nation.

It is well known that the French need no encouragement to sing, for their natural cheerfulness is traditional. Singing or whistling on the march is common to all armies, but amongst the French it is characteristic to sing in unison. Their songs are numerous and varied both in words and music. Some are old, some new; some survive from the late Middle Ages, while others are modern barrack-ballads. The tenth battalion of *chasseurs à pied* has its own war song:—

Dixième bataillon,
Commandant McMahon,
N'a pas peur du canon,
Non, non, non . . . , non, non, non !

It may be said that soldiers of every nation have their particular war songs, but there is always a dominant one that represents the national feeling. For France it is the "*Marseillaise*", whose power of kindling enthusiasm is felt even by those of other

nationalities. It runs almost the whole gamut of human emotions, ranging from devotion and love of country to intense hatred and unrelenting vengeance. It was written during the winter of 1792, when the nation was in great need of enthusiastic patriotism. The effect produced when first sung by its creator, Rouget de L'Isle, is well described by a writer in "Appleton's Journal": "At the first strophe the faces of his listeners turned pale; at the second, the tears fell; and, at the last, a burst of enthusiasm broke forth." It later became the hymn of terror: and to De L'Isle himself its music nearly became a death warning; for he barely escaped with his life from the hands of those whose feelings he had incited with the power of his words and music.

Shortly before the opening of the present war an immense crowd gathered before the Imperial Palace in Berlin. On the faces of all one could notice the strong lines of determination, that quality so characteristic of the Teuton. Fitful and sensational demonstrations were absent, but their patriotism was displayed in the songs of the nation: "*Die Wacht am Rhein*", "*Deutschland*", *Deutschland uber Alles*". The impression that they were ready to consecrate all to the Empire could be obtained from the words that rang strong and clear in patriotic song.

"Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,

Fest steht and treu die Wacht am Rhein"!

"*Die Wacht am Rhein*" was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. Not until 1870, however, when the Rhine boundary assumed such prominence in the war, did it become popular. Now it has a firm hold on the nation's sentiment, and is regarded as its national air, although other songs, such as "What is the German Fatherland"? and the "*Deutscher Freiheit Schlachtruf*", enjoy almost equal favor. But the "Watch on the Rhine", like our "Star Spangled Banner", has a certain government sanction that gives it a title to the name of national anthem. In the year 1871 the German government gave an annual pension of \$700 to its composer, as a tribute to his contribution to the patriotism of the nation.

Although we know the importance of patriotic poetry to the nation's welfare, nevertheless we cannot help expressing the hope that some day all appeal to warlike emotions will be unnecessary. The day of universal peace seems far distant, especially at the present time, when its fair vision is completely enveloped in the black clouds of war. It is here worthy of note that, although

Japan has given evidence that she is a foe of no mean strength, her national hymn is absolutely without the spirit of war, in remarkable contradistinction to those of our Western nations. The small but mighty Oriental people has taken an attitude hostile to the spirit of its anthem; but this spirit remains and encourages us to hope that every nation will look to peace for patriotic inspiration and substitute, as a symbol, the cooing of the gentle dove for the warlike eagle's scream. Emerson said: "The right patriotism consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantages to the benefit of humanity." When will men realize this? Not until they heed the command of the Prince of Peace, "Peace on earth to men of good will." Meanwhile our only hope lies in storming the gates of Heaven with unceasing petition.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



All On a Rustic Path.

THE squirrel scampers across the trail,
Then primly skips o'er a rustic rail.

On leafy lyre the zephyrs play
A tuneful lilting roundelay.

The daisies dally in the dell:
To whom shall they their gossip tell?

The mother-bird to her nestling sings,
And never aware what joy she brings.

And gilding all, with his big bright eye,
The sun looks down from the wind-swept sky.

But guiding all, from His mighty throne
Our God looks down to protect His own.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Irreparable Losses.

WE have heard so many shocking reports, both true and false, from the theater of war, that our sensibilities are gradually becoming dull and unresponsive; but occasionally we receive news so startling in its effect as not only to arouse us from our apathy but to call forth expressions of dismay from the vast world audience. Of such a nature was the news of the destruction of Rheims Cathedral.

The Germans themselves deplored it, according to the following official dispatch from their war office: "Rheims was in the battle-line of the French, and the Germans were obliged to bombard it. We regret the necessity, but the fire of the French came from that direction. Orders have been given to save the cathedral." The Allies, however, claim that it was wantonly destroyed merely for the satisfaction of it. Regardless of the claims of either side, the fact remains that the world of art has lost one of its treasures, a building so closely related to art and literature that it had become a part of civilization. But to the Christian world this purely material point of view is forgotten in the thought that it was built by a Catholic people, who thereby crystallized in exquisitely chiseled stone their ardent faith. How strange that the French government should be the first to raise its angry voice above the chorus of protests against this ruthless act. Their action in the matter has evoked sarcastic comment on all sides. The fact is well known that for at least a generation this same government has bitterly persecuted the Church in every possible way, and their sustained outcry of "vandalism",

is, to say the least, inconsistent with their own past conduct, for which desecration and spoliation are mild terms indeed.

But, much as this irreparable loss to the world is to be regretted, we cannot refrain from contemplating how much more regrettable is the wholesale snuffing out of human lives. Surely this is more appalling than the loss of a cathedral; and herein lies the real horror of the war.



Moulding Our Features.

HAVE you ever noticed how some boys spring into instant popularity, the moment they enter college? Ask a dozen of their followers why, without deliberation, they attached themselves to such or such a leader. Some of them are sure to answer, "He's a nice fellow;—I saw it in his face." That is the true explanation. Plain or handsome as our faces may be, day by day they record our inner lives, they tell our whole history. Infallibly, our eyes will reveal if we are true, loving, sympathetic, loyal, courageous; silently, but unmistakably, our mouth will tell whether we can smile in the face of pain and disappointment, keep our promises and our secrets, do our duty always. Our hidden thoughts and ambitions are bound to register themselves upon our countenances, in spite of all the efforts we may make to the contrary.

Now is the time for us to fill our hearts with the beauty we desire; for *we are what we will to be*.



What is Failure?

PETER REED, in the *New York Sun*, recently paid a tribute to the man who didn't succeed, which seems particularly appropriate in the early part of the school year. A portion of it we transcribe for the thoughtful perusal of our readers.

"They sing of the men who build the mills and girdle the earth with steel; who fill the hour and wield the power that molds the public weal. Honor to them that in honor do the work that the world must need; and yet in chief I hold a brief for the man who didn't succeed.

" 'Tis not to excuse the indolent; no plea for the down and out; nor specious rot condemning what the leaders are about: merely to ask in a casual way, of those who chance to read, for fairer view and kinder, too, of the man who didn't succeed. . . .

"Admitting it's true that he did not make the most of his talents ten, he won no pelf nor raised himself at the cost of his fellowmen. His hands are clean, his heart is white, his honor has been his creed. Now who are we to say that he is the man who didn't succeed?"

How many a student misdirects his energies, looking for mere rank in class or mere success in business as the ultimate end of his efforts! How many a student exults over credits obtained by cramming, when he should rather deplore an ill-formed intelligence and a warped character! How many, also, of those who are making an honest daily effort, grieve and pine and grow discouraged, when, in reality, they, more than their brilliant fellows, are getting out of their college training, what will be of most substantial utility to them in the near and distant future!



Continuing the Work.

WE have made a retreat. It has been one of those great events in our lives which we may truly term epoch-making. We tried to make it well: there is no doubt about that. We have been up on the summits, with God; but when we come down, we do not come away from Him. There is no task in life in which we do not need Him. We know how to keep near Him, or to keep Him near us. In our books, on the playground, on the streets, as well as in church, we may find Him if we will. Let us try.



Monsignor Benson.

IN chronicling the death of the well-known priest and author Mgr. Benson, we cannot better or more fittingly express the sentiments which the sad news evokes than by quoting the brief but eloquent tribute paid to the memory of the deceased by the Rev. Stephen Ward, of St. John's pro-Cathedral, Altoona, in a recent address.

He said in part: "The death of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson

has removed from the field of literature one of its monarchs of conception and execution. Since the days of the great John Henry Cardinal Newman, no one, perhaps, has exercised a more profound influence on the intellectual and spiritual life of England than Father Benson. He was, at once, novelist, historian, dramatist, essayist, orator, philosopher and theologian. Coming over as he did from Anglicanism, he realized like his great predecessor John H. Newman, the vital necessity of a Catholic thinker and writer who would fearlessly lay open the claims of the Catholic Church to a prejudiced people. Father Benson began his great work and continued it with a marvelous energy and to-day he has left behind him a monument which will proclaim his name for centuries to come."



Exchanges.

OUR friends of exchangedom compel us to serve up the annual November dish, viz., the complaint that their messages are scarce and slow in arriving. But, lest we appear captious, and in order that the dish may be relished the more, we shall season it with the plea in our friends' favor that a considerable space of time is required for acclimation, especially where the atmosphere teems with work. Permit us to suggest a remedy. A recollection of the bard's

"Turpe duci totam somno consumere noctem"

might help towards rousing dormant energies and kindling enthusiasm. So, let the staffs in charge set to work, and then watch results!

Amid the general, though explicable tardiness, one conspicuous exception has come to our notice. *The Fordham Monthly* of October is both early and good; good not only as an October number, but as a paper of general merit. The editors must be working a full swing and seem to be in "mid-season form", if the specimen at hand is to be taken as a criterion. Indeed, if our memory serves us rightly, the present *Monthly* is the best we have handled. "Tennyson's Idylls of the King" is a scholarly article that does the master of lyrics full justice. Though the author professes to trace only "the thought of the Idylls through all its

successive phases," yet he manifests a deep appreciation of Tennyson as a lyric poet: his gentle and lofty sentiments; the grace and rythm and harmony of his language; his thorough knowledge of Nature, who found in him a fit subject to receive her thousand pleasant lessons; "the beauty and richness of his imagery . . . a master-stylist, yet greatest in his very simplicity and naturalness"—these are a few of the qualities of Tennyson's poetry for which the author expresses a keen sense of appreciation in a style that recalls Francis Thompson's "Essay on Shelley" very vividly to the reader's mind. "The Stranger at the Gate" is an essay on the now almost forgotten Literacy Test. The diction is nervous and more or less oratorical. The writer delays too long in the introduction and does not enter deeply enough into the question to warrant the decided and forcible conclusions he draws.

We are glad to see the *Villa Sancta Scholastica* in a binding far different from the gaudy, glaring red one it sported last year. The new cover certainly adds to the paper's appearance. And this is not the sole change for the better that we notice in the *Villa Sancta Scholastica*, as the matter in it also shows great improvement. However, there is still one defect which the editresses have failed to remedy: their articles are so very, very short. The essay "Some Causes of the Decline of Scholasticism during the later Mediaeval Period" is a case in point. Why not have omitted the initial adjective, or substituted the definite article? To use a trite saying, this would have been killing two birds with one stone; the title would have been shortened—a result by no means undesirable—and the essay might have been lengthened. We earnestly hope that at our next meeting with the *Scholastica* we shall not be obliged to use auxiliary verbs, or to speak in pluperfect subjunctives.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



Alumni.

NOVEMBER is the month when the election returns come in. The Alumni editor is pleased to be able to give fairly complete returns regarding the careers that our '14 1914 Graduates graduates have elected for themselves.

We note with great satisfaction that, of the College graduates, HENRY A. CARLIN, HENRY M. CONNELLY, MIECYSLAS L. DRELAK, MICHAEL J. HEGERICH, EDWARD S. HEINRICH and FRANCIS J. MUELLER have entered St. Vincent's Seminary, Beatty, Pa., as first year theologians. In passing, it may be remarked that GEORGE BAUMER and MICHAEL YESKO are in the same class, having made their philosophy course at the Seminary, while their quondam classfellows made it at D. U.

JAMES A. MANLEY and PAUL A. SIKORA are also working toward their *Introibo*, the former at Belmont, N. C., the latter at Baltimore.

To complete the enumeration, we must mention those who have capitulated to the charms of Blackstone, JOHN R. O'KEEFE, who surprised no one by entering the Law School, and JOSEPH A. BURNS, who surprised some by donning the professor's toga as well as the lawyer's mantle.

Returns are not yet complete from our 1914 Commercial graduates. MICHAEL J. BOPP, OWEN B. McMANUS and JOHN A. DAMRATOWSKI have returned to the "Bluff" school to take up stenography. THOMAS P. CONNELLY, JOHN H. BRINKER, EDWARD P. LARKIN, MYRON H. WAGNER, WILLIAM J. WALLACE and VINCENT STEINKIRCHNER have profited of the opening of day courses in the downtown School of Accounting, Finance and Commerce. We must not forget to note the fact that "HAPPY FRANK" ANTON and RAYMOND A. PIEROTTI have also entered the Fourth Avenue institution.

Among those of our 1914 graduates who are laying the foundations of future business success are CLEMENT J. MUELLER, who is in the sales department of the Liquid Carbonic Co., in this city; FELIX V. KLEIN, who is book-keeper and stenographer in a large packing establishment owned by his father at Presto, Pa.; and PAUL FIDEL, who is managing his father's grocery business in Homestead, Pa.

WE chronicled last month a long list of recent weddings among the Alumni. Here is another batch of old boys who have

Hymeneal elected, as it were, to take to themselves
 helpmeets: A month or so ago, it was
 EDWARD L. KEALLY that married Miss Marie

Wimer; about the same time PATRICK BRODERICK, our popular heavy centre of 1910, took Miss Ella Sexton, of Wellsville, as his life partner; and, a little while before, it came out that JOE HENSLER and Miss Cecelia Greenawalt were united in happy wedlock; then—oh, that isn't all yet—EDWARD S. MCAFEE and Miss Agnes Staub were married; and even JOHN DOMPKA and JOHN "HARP" LYDEN have decided that single blessedness was not for them. We felicitate, collectively and severally, the members of these fortunate partnerships.

"PAT" BRODERICK is connected with the Pittsburgh Steel & Foundry Co., located in the brand new but thriving town of Midland, Pa. JOE HENSLER is a salesman for the Sell Shoe Co., on Market Street, Pittsburgh.

IN the many-sided activities of a large and important parish like that of St. Paul's Cathedral, REV. WILLIAM A. McMULLEN, '91, is more than ordinarily successful. Aside

Clerical Alumni from those numerous agencies whose object is to promote the purely spiritual interests of the parishioners; aside from institutions of a social or esthetic nature, such as the clubs and the choir—which, in their spheres, are beyond praise—the Cathedral parish is making remarkable strides along educational lines. The large modern school will, ere many months have flown, see erected beside it another handsome and serviceable building devoted to high school and lyceum purposes. Already for several years Father McMullen has conducted, within the limited space at his disposal, a very thorough academic course for the girls of the parish. In the new building, both boys and girls will receive the foundations of a good classical training.

REV. TIMOTHY A. DUNNE, '02, has been appointed by his bishop as pastor of the large and flourishing parish of St. Aloysius, East Liverpool, Ohio. Father Dunne, for the past six or seven years, has been a most efficient first assistant at St. John's, Canton. The Catholic Club, founded by him, is one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, and is equipped with a building of its own, which experts have pronounced the best club-house they have seen. Father Dunne has that gift, so useful to the priest of our day, of attracting the youth of the parish

around him. As a former editor-in-chief of the MONTHLY, Father Dunne has our most cordial congratulations and good wishes.

Another Ohio boy who has received a promotion is REV. JAMES B. GOUGH, '05, now assistant at St. Patrick's Church, Youngstown. Still another is REV. JOHN MCKEEVER, '04, who is spending his great energy and social gifts as pastor of Orrville.

REV. LADISLAUS GRYNIA, ex-'07, visited his *Alma Mater* recently. Since his ordination, a year ago, he has been assistant at St. Adalbert's Church, Bridesburg, Philadelphia.

FRANK NEILAN, '05, is going to Broad Top Mountain, near Huntington, Pa., as chief engineer for the Rock Hill Iron and Coal Company, one of the best iron mining companies in Pennsylvania. He will have a thousand men under him; but that, he tells us, is nothing compared to what he had to do in the mining camps away out in Wyoming. Needless to say, the little family goes along to Broad Top Mountain.

THEODORE McDERMOTT, '07, is a practicing pharmacist for a good while back. By the way, "Teddy" no longer deserves the opprobrious title of "Fatty".

GREGORY F. DARBY, '08, is high up in the councils of the Carnegie Steel Co. His offices are at Munhall.

CLEMENT ROEHRIG, '08, is with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

WE are in receipt of an interesting letter from JOHN E. KNIGHT, '10, who is teaching in Santa Clara County, California, the "Land of 'Isms", as he humorously styles it.

UNDER the caption, "Movies of the Heart to Be Taken in Pitt", a recent issue of the *Post* informed its readers that DR. A. P. D'ZMURA, '10, was sent abroad by our sister university to study the use of the electro-cardiograph. He has just returned, and will assist Dr. James D. Heard in using this wonderful instrument, as well as in research work and lectures.

GERHARD J. BROCKE, '10, holds an important position in the engineering and draughting department of the Bell Telephone Company.

EVER since his graduation, FRANK C. FERSCH, '11, has been with the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, in the capacity of stenographer.

WITH the Cronin Contracting Company, at New Kensington, Pa., is JOHN M. KANE, star quarterback of the 1913 'Varsity team. FRANK MIHM is also connected with the same Company. After leaving here, Frank attended the Wharton School of Commerce, Philadelphia, for several years. He is finishing up his course at Duquesne University School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

"BIG TOM" KENNY, fullback on the same team, is employed by the Baker-Smith Company, located in the Jenkins Arcade Building.

MAX ACKERMAN and FRANK "SUSE" JOYCE are studying hard at the Jefferson Medical School, Philadelphia.

ANOTHER medical student in the City of Brotherly Love is SIGISMUND MONKIEWICZ. "The Count" is a second year man at the Medico-Chi. There is a "Countess" by the way.

SEVERAL letters have been received from J. EMMETT CREAHAN, who is at the Jesuit novitiate, St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He has received the habit, and tells us that EDGAR KENNA, a former D. U. student, is a fellow-novice of his. Both are very happy in their new life—which is gratifying, but not surprising.

JAMES F. KERNAN, '17.

Obituary.

Rev. Prosper Goepfert, C. S. Sp.

REV. PROSPER GOEPFERT, C. S. Sp., died in Duquesne University, at 9:50 A. M., Sunday, October 11, fortified with the rites of holy Church. Father Goepfert was born in Alsace in April, 1842. He entered the Holy Ghost Order in 1859, and was ordained priest in Paris in 1866 by His Eminence Cardinal Chigi, Papal Nuncio at the court of Napoleon III. After making his profession and consecration to the apostolate, he was assigned to Rockwell College, County Tipperary, Ireland. During the twenty-five years he spent in the Emerald Isle, he was widely known as a tireless missionary, a saintly confessor and a teacher of distinguished merit; he was president of the college, professor of Greek, editor of *St. Joseph's*

Messenger, and the author of a popular life of the Venerable Libermann, for which the scholarly Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, wrote a most commendatory preface. From 1892 to 1900 he was engaged in parochial and missionary labors in Detroit, Mich., and also in Green Bay and Eagle River, Wis.; from 1900 to 1911, he was assistant at St. Mary's, Sharpsburg, and chaplain at Claremont. Here, as elsewhere, he was most devoted to the sick, bringing consolation and encouragement especially to small-pox patients. Early in 1911 he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never recovered. During the last three years he made his home in Duquesne University, edifying the community by his piety, humility, patience and resignation. His many amiable qualities and priestly virtues won him a host of friends amongst the clergy and laity wherever he was stationed. He died on a feast of our Blessed Lady, and thus was gratified a wish he had often expressed during life.

A Solemn High Mass of Requiem was offered up for his soul in the University chapel, on Tuesday morning, October 12. After Mass, Rev. P. A. McDermott, the celebrant, pronounced a brief eulogy of the deceased, dwelling especially on Father Goepfert's wonderful zeal as a confessor and director of souls—a whole-hearted, sympathetic zeal, which earned for him, both in Ireland and in America, the title of "the good Father Goepfert." In the afternoon the remains were taken to Sharpsburg, the last scene of his priestly labors, and laid in state in St. Mary's Church. A large number of priests, both secular and religious, took part next morning in the office of the dead, and accompanied the body to its final resting place on the hill. The Very Rev. President and Rev. Father Malloy, C. S. Sp., represented the University, and Rev. T. A. Wrenn, C. S. Sp., came on especially from Philadelphia to represent the eastern part of the Province.

May he, ere this, have entered into the reward of his labors, and may God grant to his Church and to the world other good shepherds like good Father Goepfert!



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The first week of October was devoted to the pious exercises of the Annual Retreat. Rev. Alphonsus D. Gavin, C. S. Sp., of

the class of '92, gave an interesting and inspiring series of instructions. Father Gavin's fervid eloquence, and his evident familiarity with boy-nature and boys' ways, captivated his young auditors from the start, so that, at all times, he had their eager and earnest attention. To illustrate the theme of his discourse, he frequently drew on his experiences in New York's streets and hospital wards, narrating, with vivid touches of color, some thrilling and pathetic occurrences.

Friday, October 2, was the closing day of the Retreat. At early Mass all gathered around the Holy Table, to seal, in Holy Communion, the divine work accomplished in those days of grace. After short sessions in the class-rooms, the students met in the chapel for the crowning acts of the Retreat. The customary impressive ceremony of the renovation of baptismal vows and of the pledge, and the consecration to Our Lady, followed the Retreat Master's final instruction, in which he fired his hearers with the ambition to become true knights of God, like Galahad,

Whose strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart was pure.

The Papal Blessing and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament appropriately terminated the Retreat.

Edifying indeed was the students' conduct throughout the Retreat, and it was apparent that the sanctifying work was taken seriously by the entire student body.

At the outset of the month of October, Rev. P. A. McDermott preached on the Rosary in his own instructive and persuasive manner. Every one of his hearers

Rosary Month carried away a greater regard and a more intelligent appreciation of this devotion, and a desire to avail themselves often of its benefits. Every evening during the month, the rosary and the litany were recited during

the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and the services closed with Benediction.

It is a source of great regret to Faculty and students alike, that Professor Caspar P. Koch has withdrawn as teacher of organ, piano and voice. Professor Koch, whose
Musical rank among Pittsburgh musicians is of the highest, had been a member of the Faculty for the past seven years.

Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Lit., has taken up the work of teaching organ, piano, and voice, and the results already achieved augur well for the future of the musical department. Vocal music, especially, has received a new impetus. A full choir of four voices, forty strong, has been picked, and rehearsals are held daily. The soprano element, recruited from the Preparatory Class and the First Year High School, shows especial promise, and ere long will be heard at the entertainments, in which the Glee Club, made up of the college men, has performed with such artistry for several seasons past.

Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., is in charge of the classes in Gregorian Chant. Father Malloy, while in Europe, studied the Chant under teachers trained by the Benedictines of Solesmes, who are the recognized authorities on the interpretation of the Church's age-old plain-song.

Daily classes in free-hand drawing are being conducted by Professor Edwin H. Randby, the well-known artist, whose services
the University was fortunate in securing last
Fine Arts May. Some remarkable drawings from the cast have been made, and their exhibition on the bulletin-board is attracting a great deal of attention, and creating an interest in the fine arts which is sure to produce results in time.

The class-presidents, elected at the beginning of October, are the following: Senior, Vincent S. Burke; Junior, Thomas J. McDermott; Sophomore, Philip N. Buchmann; Freshman, Joseph L. McIntyre; Fourth High, James H. Shanahan; Third High, Patrick A. Diranna; Second High A, Charles F. O'Connor; Second High B, James F. Lynn; First High A, P. C. Lauinger; First High B, William P. Reilly; Third Scientific, Egidius C. Bechtold; Second Scientific, Edward E. Curtin; First Scientific, Paul J. Kaylor; Second Commercial, John J. O'Connor; First Commercial,

Patrick Sweeney; Second Preparatory, John F. Connelly; First Preparatory, Charles E. Caldwell.

The "Students' Senate", composed of the entire college department and the presidents of the other classes, met in the Library, on October 6, to choose the officers of the Athletic Association, and fill the vacancies caused by the graduation, last June, of some of its most active members.

William C. Heimbuecher, '15, was elected President; Vincent S. Burke, '15, Vice-President; Leo A. McCrory, '15; Secretary; Michael J. Shortley, Prep. Law, Treasurer. The Advisory Board will be composed of Francis P. Anton, '16 (Accounting); James L. Lavelle, '15 (College); and Raymond A. Pierotti, '16 (Accounting).

Judging from the first meeting of the "Red Masquers" for the season '14-'15, a busy and eventful year has opened, and preparations are already under way to stage the first of a series of playlets, to be given in the course of the year. Awake, ye of the histrionic temperament! The time is ripe. Rekindle that latent flame of dramatic talent, and join the gay galaxy of mirthful Masquers.

The officers of the Club for the present year are: Leo A. McCrory, '15, President; Vincent S. Burke, '15, First Vice-President; Ray J. Baum, '18, Second Vice-President; Jerome D. Hannan, '16, Secretary; Joseph L. McIntyre, '18, Treasurer; Francis P. Anton, '16 (Accounting), Publicity Man. A committee of three was appointed to plan an entertainment for a date in the neighborhood of Thanksgiving, which will probably take the form of a Minstrel show. The Publicity Man has been very active from the start, keeping the "Red Masquers" and their doings constantly before the public.

The University, alive to the importance of the training its students should receive in public speaking, will this year, as heretofore, hold weekly concerts, at which a literary and musical programme, terminating in a debate on some live topic, will be given. The students of the College Department, and those of the Fourth Year High School and Senior Commercial will participate in the debates.

The first entertainment, held Sunday evening, October 25th, attracted a very large audience to the University Hall, and the expressions of pleasure heard on all sides at its conclusion are an assurance that future concerts will be equally well attended. We append the programme:

March	Zumar, <i>Zamecnik</i>	Orchestra
Reading	The Fall of D'Assas	C. Herbert Dyson
Violin Solo	March, in G, <i>Tolhurst</i>	Andrew T. Walta
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe		
Recitation	The Two Glasses	Cornelius Becker
Characteristic	Turkish National Dance, <i>Isenman</i>		Orchestra
Monologue	Faustus's Last Soliloquy	E. L. O'Connell
Baritone Solo	Perfect Day, <i>Bond</i>	Leo A. McCrory
March	Golden Potlatch, <i>Greenwald</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	A Pot-Pourri	Jerome D. Hannan
Bass Solo	Roll On, Thou Deep and Dark Blue Ocean, <i>Petrie</i>		
	Rev. J. F. Malloy		
Instrumental Trio	(a) Mazurka, Musique de Ballet, <i>Malling</i>		
	(b) Swedish National Air, <i>Svendsen</i>		
	Piano, James B. Lynch		
	Cello, Rev. J. A. Dewe		
	Violin, Professor C. B. Weis		
Class Song	I Want To Go Back to Michigan, <i>Berlin</i>	
	Seniors and Juniors		
Operatic Selection	Queen Elizabeth, <i>Isenman</i>	Orchestra
DEBATE	Resolved, That Party Allegiance Should Prevail in Municipal Governments		

Chairman—Leo A. McCrory

Affirmative—Vincent S. Burke and James L. Lavelle

Negative—William C. Fielding and William Heimbuecher

The debate was very spirited; and after the rebuttals, Jerome D. Hannan made a few pointed remarks. The judges decided in favor of the Affirmative.

Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniels, O. P., S. T. M., professor of dogmatic theology at Immaculate Conception College, Washington, D. C., was an October visitor at the

Visitors University. Another caller of note was Mr. Patrick Murphy, the noted mathematician, of Albany, N. Y. For over an hour this veteran expert in rapid calculation spoke to the students of the Commercial Classes,

expounding, in a wonderfully lucid and highly interesting manner, many of his "short-cuts" in working out mathematical problems.

A reverential silence pervaded the buildings on October 12 and 13; for, on returning to school on Monday, the students were

confronted by a notice on the bulletin-board
Death of announcing the death of dear old Father
Father Goepfert Goepfert, who went to his reward on Sunday morning, October 11. All day Monday a reverent file of boys reviewed the body, which lay in the southwest parlor clad in priestly vestments, and offered up their prayers for the kind and gentle old priest. During Sunday and Monday nights, the boarders formed a guard of honor.

On Tuesday a Solemn Mass of Requiem, *praesente corpore*, was sung by Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., assisted by Fathers H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp., and A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., as deacon and subdeacon.

The minor offices were very capably performed by the following: Joseph S. Szepe, Master of Ceremonies; Leo A. McCrory, Censer-Bearer; Michael J. Hinnebusch and Francis Hoffmann, Acolytes.

At 3:15 P. M. the body was borne to St. Mary's, Sharpsburg, where it lay in state till the following morning, when the obsequies were held. A more extensive notice of the venerable departed appears elsewhere in this number of the MONTHLY.

The University has organized extension courses to be conducted on Saturday forenoons from half past nine to half past eleven. These courses are intended especially for teachers. Logic, psychology, **Extension** higher grammar, analysis, rhetoric, algebra **Courses** and geometry are taught on the first and third Saturdays of the month; chemistry, physics, trigonometry, analytic geometry, book-keeping, Latin and Greek, on the second and fourth Saturdays; oratory, public speaking, dramatic art and Shakespearian interpretation, on each Saturday of the month.

Credits towards university degrees will be granted on the satisfactory completion of the courses.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

LAW SCHOOL

During the past month a notable change has been made in the programme at the Law School. The Freshman hours for class will be henceforth from six to eight, instead of from three-thirty to five-thirty P. M. As a result of this change quite a number of new students have registered for the study of Law.

The First Year work is being treated by Judge Swearingen, along with Messrs. Lacey, Laughlin, Loeffler and McCloskey.

In the Second Year, Mr. McKenna is treating Real Property, Orphans' Court and Equity. Judge Reid is lecturing on Pleading and Practice. The Honorable Dean, Judge Swearingen, is conducting the lectures on Real Property. Mr. Lacey is expounding the principles of Common Law Pleading. The Vice-Dean, Mr. Laughlin, has been handling "Greenleaf" on "Evidence". Messrs. Scull, McCloskey and Bane are lecturing respectively on Bills and Notes, Torts, and Evidence.

The following professors are lecturing in the Third Year: Judge Swearingen, Judge Way, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Stambaugh, Mr. Scull, Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Bane.

Texts on Corporations, Constitutional Law, Damages and Equity are being expounded by Messrs. Laughlin, Stambaugh, Loeffler and McKenna respectively.

The new quarters in the Vandergrift Building have been practically refitted and at present are extremely comfortable. Lockers have been installed for the use of the students and some dozens of cane-seated chairs have been purchased. The rooms are located on the fifth floor, but excellent elevator service removes any objection that might be entertained on this score.

A session of the Law Club was held recently and Mr. L. P. Gallagher was elected president. The First Year men have received invitations to join this Club, and all will, no doubt, accept. The purpose of the organization is to carry on debates and hold Moot Courts. Each man must take his turn in debating, or in acting in some capacity during the session of the Moot Court. In this way the members acquire experience in public speaking, which will be invaluable to them later on when they begin to practise before the Bar.

The first debate is scheduled for the early part of December.

Two of the class of '14 have, since graduation, been married, Messrs. H. J. Gelm and J. R. Clarke.

J. A. BURNS,
Law, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

Perhaps few students or graduates of Duquesne University realize the full extent of the services rendered by the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, located in

Broad Scope of the Vandergrift Building, in the heart of
the Work Pittsburgh's financial district. The subjects taught in the Department this year are

eighteen in number, covering the whole field of business administration. In addition to a flourishing Day School composed of ambitious and energetic young men who are preparing themselves for successful business careers, instruction is offered, in most of the subjects, to evening classes attended by nearly one hundred and fifty of the most successful young business men of the city. The thoroughly practical nature and utility of the instruction is evidenced by the tremendous growth of the School during its brief existence of fourteen months, by the character of the men who attend the classes, and by the record of promotion in business attained by its students, many of whom have received flattering advancement in spite of business depression.

It is the motto of the School that its success depends upon the practical service rendered. The very nature of the work, touching as it does the complete field of business endeavor, makes it essential for the department to be in intimate contact with the business community and with current events of economic importance. It is to fulfill this purpose that the School has added a Commercial Library, a Department of Industrial Research, and an information service upon current events and business practice. These facilities are freely and advantageously used, and are highly appreciated, by everyone engaged in the Department.

In the Commercial Library are to be found the important periodicals, financial and statistical journals, government publications, and most of the newer and more

Library important books, relating to financial, commercial and industrial subjects. Scientific

business instruction is raising the practice of modern business into the dignity of a profession depending upon sound information. Local sources of authentic business information are few, and this School aims to head the list of institutions in Pittsburgh that are equipped to serve as reliable and available sources of information.

The first requirement of every educated business man is that he shall have a thorough knowledge of the underlying principles

of business. Following this he should secure the fullest and most authentic information in the subjects touching upon his special line of endeavor. The School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce not only is able to equip the business man in both of these requirements, but goes farther than mere class-room instruction by guiding the daily reading of the student. The time of a business man is his most precious asset, from an economic standpoint; and to save him fifteen or twenty minutes each day by directing his reading into the proper channels, the School performs a service worth more than the entire cost of its course.

Every man must spend his evenings doing something. Not all of these evenings can be profitably spent in social life. How can they be better or more pleasantly spent than in attending classes in business administration conducted by Duquesne University? The expense is nominal, less in fact than would be spent during the year if the same evenings should be otherwise employed. On the other hand, the benefit derived from each evening in the School is greater than could be secured from a solid week of evening reading at home. No business man can be too well informed, and in no profession is the need for correct information more necessary, or its reward greater, than in business. The degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science from a University School of practical business is the most valuable asset a young business man can have; it is the best policy he can buy to insure his future success.

One important fact should be noted regarding business instruction as compared to instruction for law, medicine, or other professional careers. In these latter pro-

An Important Difference	fessions the student must finish his studies before he can practice, and then for many years must struggle to establish a clientele.
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His time has been mostly wasted if the studies are dropped before completion. Not so with business administration, however, as every moment spent studying may be turned to account whether a degree is secured or not, and the student may continue and increase his efficiency without interruption to business. It is incumbent upon each student and graduate of Duquesne University to spread a knowledge of the work of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, so that its facilities may be enjoyed by a still greater number of Pittsburgh's ambitious young men.



THE ' VARSITY.

AT the beginning of the season the fond hope was indulged that the wearers of the red and blue would eclipse the records of previous seasons. The hope seemed certain of realization in the initial game, in which Thiel College was completely out-classed and badly beaten. In the second game our players were victimized by an incompetent and vacillating official, and in subsequent games their opponents out-weighted them and profited to the full of the muddy condition of the grounds.

It is regrettable, that in drawing up the schedule, most of the games were arranged with formidable teams away from home. How much more encouraging would it be for our own players, and how much more satisfactory for the student body, had attractions been secured for our own gridiron, ranging from the average middle-weight team to the very strong, and giving our pig-skin chasers opportunities to develop gradually in defensive and offensive action! Victories achieved inspire confidence; plays worked out in practice and successfully tested in actual games are accomplished with greater assurance, accuracy and effectiveness when teams of heavier calibre are opposed later in the season; besides, the presence of a body of sympathetic rooters on the side lines, is no insignificant stimulant to daring enterprise and brilliant effort.

This year it was the misfortune of the management rather than a lack of wisdom, that a larger percentage of games was not played on the home grounds. The teams booked for September 26 and October 29, cancelled at a time when substitutes could not easily be procured, and we have every reason to believe, judging from their records as reported in the sporting columns of the daily papers, that, had they abided by their contracts, they would have been defeated without a supreme effort on the part of

our players, and at the same time would have given our men an opportunity of showing their worth and practising the plays in which they had been ably coached.

On October 3, in the only game played on our grounds to date, the visitors from Thiel College were overwhelmingly defeated. Our men were so strong on the defensive that their goal line was never endangered. Captain Shortley had recourse to open play; forward passes and blocked kicks netted several touchdowns, Shortley, Brennan, Heisel, Ringel, Northey and Pierotti figuring to most advantage. The final score was 60 to 0 in our favor. Touchdowns were made by Brennan, Shortley, Heisel, Ringel and Northey. Heisel kicked six goals from touchdowns.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE, 7—DUQUESNE, 0.

The second game of the season was played with St. Francis's College, at Loretto, Pa., on October 10. Both teams seemed pretty evenly matched, but the tide was turned in favor of St. Francis and much to the disgust of the visitors by the referee, who first decided that the touchdown made by the mountaineers was illegal owing to holding in the line, and then, under pressure, thought proper to reverse his decision. The disputed touchdown and the goal eventuating from it were the only scores of the game.

WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, 37—DUQUESNE, 0.

On October the 17th, the 'Varsity journeyed to Morgantown, W. Va., to tackle the University of West Virginia. Two circumstances militated strongly against us: the greatly superior weight of the opponents, and the extremely muddy condition of the grounds which favored the line-plunging tactics of the home team. Moreover, Coach Zeigler kept the men in his lines ever fresh by making as many as eighteen substitutions, Captain Davis, alone, being allowed to play the entire game. Our representatives played a most plucky game, time and again stopping the rushes of the heavy back field, and not unfrequently carrying the ball deep into West Virginian territory, Heisel and Gillis being responsible for long runs of 40 and 60 yards, respectively. The treatment accorded the visitors on and off the field to play elicited unstinted commendation and congratulations.

MARIETTA COLLEGE, 26—DUQUESNE, 7.

At Marietta, Ohio, we sustained another defeat. Fumbles by the 'Varsity played an important part in increasing the Collegians' points and in keeping ours down; the fatigue of the long journey and the greater weight of the home team were also factors in the respective scores. The game was played on October the 24th, and, as indicated above, resulted in a defeat, let us hope the last, for our team. Maloney's touchdown and Heisel's goal netted us seven points. The officials proved perfectly satisfactory to both sides.

FRESHMAN TEAM.

The team has already rounded into shape, and, though a great deal of practice is still necessary, the men have become thoroughly acquainted with the signals and the style of play.

When the candidates who were to compose the team had been finally selected, a meeting was held to elect a captain. Their choice fell on one who is not only a star player but an efficient leader as well, Gallagher.

Besides the captain, there are many others whose work is especially worthy of mention. Drengacz, at full-back, is strong in every department, be it kicking, passing, tackling or running. Murphy and Jones, too, have done good work in end runs. Butrym receives passes most capably, while Bechtold at guard, and Riley at tackle shine on the line. Reilly, at quarter-back, is at the same time an excellent individual player and a good general. His punting is especially worthy of notice. The other men have contributed greatly by their team-work to place the aggregation on its present satisfactory standing.

The scrimmage drills are constantly exposing the small errors which are quickly eliminated, and the prospects of the team, with a continuation of this system, are certainly very bright. Coach Carter is wearing a gratified smile, for, though it has cost him much labor, he has produced a fine machine from the almost entirely raw material he had at hand.

The schedule, too, is a very promising one:

October 10, Duquesne H. S., Abroad.

October 15, McCleary H. S., at Home.

October 17, Cornell ex-High, at Home.

October 20, Beltzhoover H. S., at Home.
October 24, Dowling Scholastics, at Home.
October 27, Duff's College, at Home.
October 31, O'Hara H. S., at Home.
November 7, Open, Abroad.
November 10, St. Mary's H. S., at Home.
November 14, Duquesne H. S., at Home.
November 17, Open, at Home.
November 21, Jeannette H. S., Abroad.
November 26, Open, Abroad.

The Freshmen had a very inauspicious beginning on a muddy field at Duquesne, Pa., being defeated by the High School team, 18-0. Reilly, Drengacz and Jones played a star game, but were unable to get the forward working on account of the condition of the field.

They came back with a vengeance, however, and took over McCleary High to the tune of 34-0. Shanahan made a long run of fifty yards for a touchdown; Drengacz shone with the passes, and Reilly's kicking was wonderful.

Touchdowns—Drengacz, Jones 2, Shanahan, Reilly.

Goals from Touchdown—Reilly 4.

The Freshmen made a good stand against the heavy Cornell ex-High, holding them to a score of 19-0. The Freshies put up their best game to date on that occasion.

The Beltzhoover High School met defeat by a score of 3-0. The opponents were very heavy, and though the Freshmen were several times on their five-yard line, they were unable to pierce the defense for a touchdown. It took Reilly's toe to win the game with a field goal in the last quarter.

GRAFNER BROS.

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Dickens and Burns—A Parallel.

THE Christmas spirit,—that human sympathy, helpful kindness, sweet home-feeling and infectious cheer to which no one can be wholly impervious at this blessed season,—is so characteristic of the writings of Scotland's most pathetic poet and England's most popular novelist, that a comparison between them is not at all inappropriate at Yuletide. The author of the Christmas Carol is so saturated with this spirit that one might say it was always Christmas in his heart; and if Burns does not often mention "the birth-day of the Lord", he seldom forgets the cheer and the kindness that mark its annual return. What appeal to Christian charity could be stronger than these lines from "A Winter Night", a poem which Carlyle said "is worth several homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of Mercy itself":

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost;
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows. . . .
"O ye who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think for a moment on his wretched fate
Whom friends and fortune quite disown! . . .
"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! . . .
"But deep this truth impressed my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God."

But to proceed with our parallel. Poverty is regarded in some quarters, even in our own day, as a temporal punishment for sin, a direct visitation of God's wrath on mortals in the flesh. But we would not wish to say so much; it is rather the result of our own intellectual and physical deficiencies. Only thus far can it be considered the work of God, and we would, therefore, hold that poverty is an affliction only indirectly due to sin. Nowhere can the intellectual and physical cause of poverty be found better illustrated than in the parentage of Dickens and Burns. Both, as we know, were born amidst poor surroundings; the father of Burns, however, was poor, as Burns himself says, on account of his hasty, rebellious spirit, a spirit that chafed in subjection, a spirit full of yearning for the past days of Scottish nationality to the exclusion of present conditions and problems: on the contrary, John Dickens seems to have been a man who lacked initiative, who wished and waited, not through a lazy spirit, to be sure, but because he believed that the world owed him his subsistence and was bound to supply it without any effort on his part. The poverty of these men resulted from themselves, though along different channels. It was, therefore, on account of the peculiar traits of their parents that Robert Burns and Charles Dickens, both destined to be literary lights of their time, were born in poverty and reared in environments that left a similar impress on their literary endeavors.

Burns, in his poetic spirit, encompassed with his ardent temper the truths and beauties of Nature. He seemed, as it were, to be able to condense a mighty landscape into the smallest picture in his imagination, ready to be summoned at a moment's notice. Surprising it must be to most of us how well he grasped every essential detail and painted it on his mental canvas. Ah! what a picture, too beautiful for expression, must have been transferred to his imagination! How disappointed must he have been that he had but cruel cold words in which to dress it and to present it to the world. These, however, he tried to mold and combine together in such an inspiring manner that an idea of his soul's fair concept might be given to humanity. And who can say that he has failed? The simplest words, with the Scottish twang have been transformed by him into sentences of angelic sweetness. His works were ever composed while he was warmed and transported with "A spark o' nature's fire"; and though he was always a careful reviser, a fiery love of nature is a characteristic of all his poems. This almost worshipful attitude toward

Nature finds expression in his poems dealing with the fields, the streams, and especially with members of the animal kingdom. "The Two Dogs", for example, and "To A Field Mouse", show to what extent the poet felt for the woes of those little creatures. In sorrow for turning a weak little mouse from its nest, an occurrence that would make but a fleeting impression upon most men's minds, he undertook to write an ode full of tenderness to this small inhabitant of Nature's realm. Burns loved to commune with Nature, believing, in the words of a later poet, that "to him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her several forms, she speaks a various language." He longed, therefore, to roam o'er hill and dale in the solitude of the country, listening to Nature's sermons.

Dickens resembled Burns in this respect. He, too, loved to ramble as an "Uncommercial Traveller" through the lanes of Kent, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, listening to the music of insect myriads and meditating on the lessons they taught. In these walks he found, as did Burns, the brightest material for many of his novels; and these pleasing aspects form an interesting contrast with that inspiration obtained on a tramp through "Shy Neighborhoods", where also Nature was represented, but in its abused phases. Several passages in his novels, notably in "Oliver Twist" and "Barnaby Rudge", contain almost poetic descriptions of natural landscapes; and though such descriptions are often subtle, they are that much more beautiful when fully appreciated. "In the case of Dickens the feeling for Nature is more restrained", if you will, "than in Burns, because in early life Dickens was very little alone in the country, and in youth's impressionable years less constantly under the sway of brooks and flowers."

Whoever has read Burns cannot but be convinced that he is full of passionate love for country and for his fellow-men. This, perhaps, was but a continuation of his Nature-worship. His sympathy went out to the poor, the weak and the distressed. He was ever quick to recognize beauty in humanity and to immortalize it in verse. His lyrics contain sentiments that so deeply respond to the universal feelings of man that they touch the heart of rich and poor, haughty and humble. 'Tis said that "ploughmen and dairymaids would stint themselves of clothes in order to purchase his poems." What chords of human sympathy and love he must touch, to have won the hearts of these simple men and women! These characteristics appear in all his lyrics,

many of which have become so popular that they have been set to music. Especially is this so of "Highland Mary", "To Mary in Heaven", "O, Wert Thou In The Cold Blaust" "Mary Morison" and "Auld Lang Syne". The popularity of the last in our own country is an index of the esteem in which the Scots hold all the others.

Dickens's talent for recognizing and portraying the romantic element is more hidden than that of Burns, and naturally so, for the poet has a more ardent means of expression than the novelist. However, he portrays, in a wonderful manner, romantic love in his "Tale of Two Cities". Again, Nancy's fidelity to Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist" is a striking illustration, as is the never-ceasing communion between the younger Chester and Miss Haredale. Dickens, therefore, like Burns, is an ardent admirer of the romantic, and expresses his admiration at opportune times, though, we must admit, in a more subtle manner.

Dickens and Burns were peculiarly fitted by nature for the particular department of literary endeavor that each took over. Nevertheless, early training had a great deal of influence on their vocations. As a matter of fact, neither had any tutoring. They were both self-educated men, but they were voracious readers. Nor did they read, as many do now, passively admitting the author's expressions, but they studied each book as an exercise upon which might depend their future careers. A glance at their libraries will prove that their early reading affected their later fields of endeavor. Burns was fond of Shakespeare and Pope, and gave much of his time to old English songs and ballads. Dickens, on the other hand, became most interested in the early novelists and their works, "Tom Jones", "Humphrey Clinker" and "Piregrine Pickle". Thus emerged Burns, the poet, and Dickens, the novelist.

The early poverty of the authors is manifest in their treatment of character. Here, Dickens, though a novelist, is in every way the peer of Burns, as any one may be convinced by reading and comparing "Man Was Made To Mourn" and "The Old Curiosity Shop". Dickens's sympathetic strain in the latter work does not lose its gripping potency in a comparison with the former poem of Burns.

Burns, in his treatment of humanity, waxes strong in the pathetic element. He is able to present the conditions of human nature in such mournful, yet touching strains, that it is no exaggeration to say that, in the reading of his poems, many

a strong heart has been momentarily gripped by the iron hand of grief. Dickens was not far behind Burns in this respect. The "Cheerfu' Supper" in Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night" finds a parallel in Bob Cratchet's Christmas Dinner in Dickens's "Christmas Carol".

Humor is prevalent in the writings of both authors. Here, in my opinion, Dickens surpasses Burns. Dickens's wit is keener than that of Burns and is, in fact, more extended. "Tam o' Shanter" however does not suffer by a comparison with "The Pickwick Papers".

The fiery temper of William Burns was transmitted to his son, Robert, as well as the rebellious or revolting spirit. This spirit of revolt, it is needless to say, is often expressed in his writings. Often the spirit was baffled and the "rebel could only fall back upon resignation, upon a fatalism that soured the heart and turned mirth to melancholy, upon a pessimism that closed all doors of hope for the poor with 'added proofs that man was made to mourn'." The same democratic spirit prevails in Dickens, but he rationally upholds the saner view of reformation; so that through the clouds of misery and suffering, he sees the sunshine of hope gradually filtering, to illuminate the souls of men.

As regards character drawing, Dickens is far superior to Burns, for Burns looked merely at the man, not at his status, and cared little or nothing for character portraiture. Dickens, however, is a master in this art. One of the individual traits of his characters is that they are not mere caricatures, but living, active beings. Take, for instance, the senior Willet. Who has not seen his kind in actual life—a man who ever wishes to "have the floor;" who, while knowing little, thinks he has a master mind; one who, in the narrowness of his intellect, treats his son as a child? Look at Bumble, the hypocrite, in external appearance so good, so gentle and so kind, but a rogue at heart. Look at the unreasonable Chester, in his selfishness, using the wretched Hugh for his own purposes. The simulating Pecksniff is true to his kind. The round, jolly, unassuming Pickwick is a delight and a joy to all who know him. Masterful is Dickens's portrayal of Lord Gordon, weak, timid, irresolute. And so we might take all his characters in turn, and feel that we have met them somewhere in actual life.

From the brief comparison given above we may see that between Dickens and Burns there is a remarkable parallel, though they were engaged in different lines of literary work. One com-

parison yet remains and with it we shall conclude. Each is deservedly great. Societies to promote the memory of both men have been established. Banquets are held regularly to give them honor. On a certain occasion Emerson proposed a toast in this epigram: "The Memory of Burns—I am afraid Heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say." And the same may be said of Dickens.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



Supplication.

FROM dawn to dusk day-beams
 Are black with clouds of war;
 At night in fiery night-mare dreams
 Are seen no moon, no star.

A blood-red cloak enfolds
 The bleeding heart of earth;
 Unyielding Hate, remorseless, holds
 The message of Christ's birth.

O blessed night! distil
 Upon the poisoned air
 The melting sweetness and the thrill
 Of Heaven's peaceful prayer.

O Infant King! we pray
 For a bright starry gem,
 That it make straight the happy way
 To peaceful Bethlehem.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

Bumps of a Genius.

BARTLEY BLAYSON was a genius—at least a budding one. He was likewise the son of a genius whose name would surely have become immortal had it not been for his sudden and untimely death. At that time the reputation of the paterfamilias depended upon the outcome of the Blayson triplane, an aerial craft constructed along lines of startling originality.

This invention remained for Bart, the son, to commercialize; but as it came down to him accompanied by a featherweight purse, he was forced to resort to other means of livelihood. Immediately he took to aerial racing, and in due time, under the soubriquet of the "Aerial Boy", became the recognized champion of America. To all this popularity, however, he was strangely insensible. His spare time was devoted to the perusal of such subjects as were of interest to a modern genius. His reading included, besides aeronautics, that interesting stranger, electricity. And it was Bart's pet theory to combine the wonders of the two sciences.

When making some research that a new thought had stimulated, Bart refused all intercourse with the world. Even his mail went unopened during these periods of acute concentration. While neither a misanthropist nor a misogynist, he took no notice of the world of men and women around him, and, though only twenty-eight, bade fair to become a confirmed bachelor—much to the regret of his mother, a perfectly normal woman. One day while experimenting with several pieces of highly magnetized steel and a peculiar machine of his own construction, Bart made a most astonishing discovery which enabled him to collect a considerable amount of electricity from the atmosphere. Immediately appreciating the value of this discovery, he set about perfecting it. Soon he was able to obtain enough "juice" to operate a powerful motor which was used in the shop for various purposes.

After much thoughtful deliberation, Bart decided to erect another propeller for his triplane. Unlike the present one, this fan was to work by suction, a process exactly the reverse of the old one. Accordingly, by an ingenious device he arranged the new propeller on the forward part of the aeroplane and situated the machinery in appropriate places. Bart also provided a method for equalizing the supply of electricity and a galvanometer to determine the voltage.

The night he completed the work on the aeroplane, Bart happened to pick up the evening newspaper, remarking to his mother as he did so, "Gee, I haven't seen a paper for so long that I hardly know what one looks like."

"Well I'll be switched!" was the sharp ejaculation that escaped him as his eyes rested on the head-lines. "Here's that International Aviation Meet to come off next week in St. Louis and I've been entered for the Fifty Miles Open. A handsome prize besides national and personal honor at stake," he continued, "and nearly every nation registered. Fortunately it's the last on the programme. I'll just about have time to get there, but none to test my new power, let alone patent it."

The day of the final race dawned bright and clear and gave promise of an excellent view for the spectators. The ordinary enthusiasm was intensified on account of the great rivalry displayed throughout the whole affair. On the outcome of this event would depend the awards of the entire meet, for the United States, France, and Germany, were neck and neck for first place. England and Belgium were second and third respectively, although the score was such that either of these might secure prime honors by capturing both first and second places in the crowning event. So, thousands gathered at various points of vantage to view the race, while thrifty merchants elbowed through their midst selling special aerial glasses for fabulous sums.

At a signal from the bugle corps, all the machines were brought from their hangars. Altogether there were ten aeroplanes, each of the five nations entered being represented by two. Each machine had the flag of its respective country conspicuously displayed so as to be distinguished in mid-air.

Of course the preliminary examination could not be neglected. The rapid-fire explosions and the kaleidoscope of aviators and mechanics springing hither and thither, tightening this, loosening that, and deftly adjusting slight defects in the machinery, are familiar to all. The vast array of curious spectators viewed all these arrangements attentively. They scanned the various types of air-crafts with the eyes of experts, and with all the assumption of wisdom freely criticized them. Many were the peculiarities of the different machines which came in for their share of comment. Bart's extra propeller stimulated much speculation, but only the closest observers detected the odd and seemingly useless machinery located in unobtrusive places on his triplane.

Now they were ready for the great event. The rules of the race, with which each aviator was more or less familiar, were read for the sake of greater solemnity. The racers were to sail to a certain spot some twenty-five miles to the northeast, where they would land to take aboard a supply of gasoline and other necessities. Here judges would note their arrival. Then the racers would embark on their homeward journey, the race terminating at the aerodrome.

While the minor details were being announced Bart curiously scrutinized the machine to his left. It bore the official ensign of France, and was navigated by one Lecaille, who had attained a brilliant record in Europe and was the gambling favorite in the present contest. Bart recognized the powerful 200 H. P. engine of the French ship as equivalent to his own staunch gas engine. The ailerons of the Gallic machine were such as to increase the speed but likewise the danger. This then, barring accident, would seem to give the daring Lecaille somewhat of an advantage. But then, reflected Bartley, there was his own reserve motor. True, he did not know its full worth; nevertheless he placed unbounded confidence in it. The terrible strain thereby put on his delicate rigging caused most of his anxiety.

The other aeroplane carrying "Old Glory" was some distance away, hemmed in on one side by a German and on the other by an English machine. It also had a swift engine and was under the care of a noted American aviator, who was expected to give a good account of himself.

Pop! Pop! Pop! The engines proclaimed their readiness and impatience to be off. At the signal from the bugles, ten noisy aeroplanes skimmed along the ground for a few paces, then rose gracefully into the air amid a tumultuous shout from the thousands on the stands.

Soon the planes began to separate. Some started at a comparatively low elevation to the northeast. Others, including the "Aerial Boy", the other American, and Lecaille, sought a higher one.

Those who chose the latter course soon reaped their reward for by striking a favorable current, they soon out-distanced those below.

The Frenchman now set the pace and began to draw away from the rest. Bart, keeping his engine in reserve, was content to follow at a moderate distance, but he also was forging ahead of the others. His closest rival was the second American craft—

a source of joy to Bart, in his enthusiasm *pro patria*. This data Bart ascertained simply by studying the reflective mirror arranged pendant from the pilot house so as to cover his entire rear and flank.

The ensuing maneuvers, until the first goal was attained, are common to everyone of this aerial age. Terrific dips and volplaning to different levels were indulged in almost as a matter of course. Blayson alone departed from the accepted standards for speed augmenting, when he threw the lever controlling his electrical force to half speed.

The result was instantaneous. The hitherto idle propeller whipped the air vehemently. Not an extra sound was added to the frightful din of the gasoline engines, yet Bart's triplane sprang forward as if possessed. With such violence did the air resist that it threatened to rend the ship asunder. Therefore Blayson deemed it wise to play safe and use this terrible speed only in extreme necessity.

The success of his invention placed him materially far in advance. Spiritually, it filled him with confidence and exultation.

Thus Bart made his first landing. Needless to depict the stirring scene that followed the leader's debut from the steering cabin. Bart heeded not the fickle crowd. The race was not yet won, and if fortune frowned upon him, this momentary success would later on only add to his discomfiture.

Instead he hastened the preparations so as to maintain his lead, especially since the dashing Lecaille had alighted close behind him.

As he was about to ascend, word was brought to Bart that his compatriot had met with an accident and was out of the race.

A pang of sympathy vibrated through Bart and he inquired as to the extent of injuries.

"Not serious, but the machine is out of commission," was the laconic reply.

Then his informers, composed chiefly of newspaper men, hysterical in their earnestness for an American victory, begged and pleaded, exhorted and even threatened Bart.

In a short while, the "Aerial Boy" was again in the air, homeward bound. Other vessels plowed the air-waves at varying paces behind, but each moment lessened their chances of overtaking the American.

By tacking to the south on an exceptionally strong current, and then due east to the original course, Bart greatly increased

the space from his nearest rival. They now remained, but specks on the blue back-field.

Serenely Bart flew on, happy as a lark and with the speed of an eagle.

Mile after mile reeled by. Not a competitor remaining! No need to jeopardize his chance by using his electrical motor. The race was surely his and the United States had rebuked those contemptuous foreigners. Oh, wouldn't he teach those Europeans to respect American aviators when his triplane was in condition to withstand its dual power! And thus, Bart sailed over the bounding winds engrossed in happy anticipation.

The end was approaching. Bart knew it and he scanned the distance for a glimpse of his coveted goal. There it was, some three miles before him. Bart focussed powerful binoculars upon the spot. The aviation field was in a fever of intense excitement. "American victory" readily deducted Bartley Blayson, aerial and electrical genius. And he lifted his eyes in a majestic sweep.

"Horrors! What is that?" burst tremulously from his lips as he caught sight of an object before him—an aeroplane descending in a long sweeping slant, about a mile from the finishing point and the same distance ahead of his triplane.

"Lecaille! Yes, it must be. See that tri-color banner. Outwitted!"

"Never!" groaned Bart, as despairingly he grasped the switch controlling the electric current, at the same time pointing his triplane diagonally to the aviation field.

In a moment he threw the clutch to "full speed ahead." For an instant the frail craft trembled, shivered and convulsed undecidedly. Then it shot forward or rather downward, cleaving the clear sky like a lightning-bolt earthward bound. The impact of air was frightful. It threatened to tear the pilot house away. It smashed the wind shield and snapped off the rear propeller, and still Bart flew on.

Now Bart again secured the lever. He jerked off the power. But momentum and gravity are great forces. Down went man and machine striking the earth a rude blow. Bart was hurled clear of the wreckage, a Pyrrhic victor.

Poor genius! He awoke a week later, very weak and out of sorts, and was acquainted of his victory. Almost immediately he was asked to explain his phenomenal burst of speed and the reason thereof.

The last question he answered first. "To beat out Lecaille, of course."

"But Lecaille, who happened to be your nearest competitor, was five miles away at the time. In fact we did not expect such splendid time. A Frenchman was giving an exhibition to interest the spectators, when lo, your whirlwind finish came. Your aeroplane is in chaos, but we succeeded in tracing your additional power to a peculiar machine damaged beyond recognition by the gas explosion. Suppose you explain it." The speaker was a reporter who sought to write a two-column interview.

Of course Bart would not comply with this rather bold request. But what was bothering him? "Peculiar machine . . . damaged beyond recognition." That's it! What was that peculiar machine? For the life of him, Bartley Blayson could not remember what it was like. That blow on the brain had played havoc with his memory. Oh, he would remember it in due time. And he lapsed into peaceful unconsciousness.

However, on leaving the hospital, Bart did not recall the component parts of that odd machine. That blow on the cranium seemed to have completely obliterated all knowledge of it. Moreover it reduced him to a normal personage. He began to take interest in men and women as well as in machines. Before many months, his nurse at the hospital became his bride. With the magnificent prize won at the international race, he bought a cozy cottage, where his young wife and mother were "queen and queen-mother". For their sake he refrained from aerial flights, and was content with automobiling.

One September afternoon, as he skimmed along the fine macadam on the outskirts of the town, suddenly he came upon three little tots playing in the middle of the street. To avoid crushing them he was obliged to veer sharply to the right, and the runabout was precipitated over an embankment into a marsh that bordered a little creek. Bartley himself hurtled through the air, landing on the back of his head in a heap of cast-off machinery and tin cans. He lay stunned and bewildered for some time, but gradually came to a realization of his surroundings. Something in his head snapped, and it flashed on him that an object he was gazing on was nothing less than the wrecked electric propeller of his racing triplane. His mind was once more clear about its workings. Before evening he had assembled the parts, carried them home in his undamaged auto, and set about reconstructing the machine. His second bump had re-ignited the spark of genius. Happily, it left him his lately developed human qualities.

Yuletide.

HAIL! festal time, when hearts beat high,
And welcome greets the Lord so nigh;
When seraph-song descends to earth
With tidings glad of Jesus' birth.

Celestial hosts, a myriad throng,
To Heaven's King in joyous song
Their voices raise: exultant laud
To earth descends, to Infant-God!

While "glory be to God" they sing,
This message angel-legates bring:
"Whom ye so long desired to ken
This day is come to save all men."

Descends from Him who reigns above
The Word whose birth is wondrous love!
With bosoms stirred we gladly hear
This godly song of holy cheer.

Yet, even while this song's intoned,
Behold fierce Mars in blood enthroned!
The hours of God's own natal day
We violate, and men we slay.

Compassion, love and joyous praise
Spring not from breasts that passions craze:
The peaceful dove should reign at Yule;
Yet hawks of war the heavens rule.

When Christmas cheer your breast inshrines,
When love for all your heart entwines,
Bow low, the Infant-God adore,
And peace for men from Him implore!

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

Opportunities.*

ADDRESS MADE TO DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, SEPTEMBER 25, 1914, BY J. ROGERS FLANNERY*.—Ever since large corporations and industrial combinations have become the principal elements in the conduct of business in this country as compared with smaller units in the past in the form of small capitalized companies, partnerships and individually owned interests, there has been a universal cry throughout the United States that the opportunities for the individual have decreased in proportion to the increase in large corporations. This is often given as a plausible reason for the hundreds of failures in the business careers of many men to-day, and has been repeated so often that it has become very discouraging to the young man who is starting out for the first time to battle in life's bitter struggle for existence. While there are not so many avenues to the land of success as in the past, I think I can safely say there has never been a period in the history of the United States when the demand for men to fill responsible positions has been so insistent and the call so unanswered. This, of course, refers particularly to men of experience and knowledge in specialized lines, so that it can hardly be applied to young men except as a goal to which they may attain after years of apprenticeship in active business.

Within the last twelve months, however, a new field has been opened up to the young man of this country, and the future is so alluring that it may be well to sketch briefly the peculiar situation that confronts this country to-day.

In the eyes of Europe the United States is considered a new country. It has grown by such marvelous leaps and bounds in the last fifty years that the attention and money of all our people have been concentrated on exploiting the wonderful natural wealth of the United States. Billions of dollars have been advanced by Europe to develop our mines, our industries and our railroads, until to-day we are the greatest producing nation in the world.

As a matter of fact the production of this country has increased to such a vast extent each year that we must now

*This is the practical and instructive address which was delivered by Mr. Flannery to the students of the Finance Department of the University, in the rooms of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, on the occasion of the reopening of School for the year 1914-'15, and to which we could make but a brief allusion in our last number of the MONTHLY.

look to foreign fields to take a large percentage of our products, if we wish to keep up our present rate of progress, as this country would not be able wholly to absorb or consume our enormous production. Up until three months ago this was a very serious problem, and the outlook for a large foreign trade presented many difficulties. England, France and Germany have been assiduously cultivating the business of every country and have succeeded in almost monopolizing the enormous foreign business of South America right under our nose. This aggressive campaign of our European competitors has been conducted along three separate lines, namely, advancing the necessary capital to develop the countries which they are cultivating; secondly, making a scientific study of the needs and desires of the customer; and thirdly, providing a merchant marine service.

As we are still a growing nation and a large borrower in the world's money markets, we have never paid much attention to investments in foreign countries. Practically all of the financial requirements of South America have been filled in Europe. A striking example of this might be shown in the fact that while all of Europe owns five billions of securities in the United States, England alone in 1913 owned \$3,376,000,000 in South America. It is the general understanding that the borrowing nation must buy all its requirements from the nation lending the money, but our competitors are not satisfied with this general understanding; they have specifically required that South America shall buy all of its supplies, whenever possible, from the lending nation. This is probably the greatest stumbling block that we have encountered in our efforts to increase American export trade to South America.

England and Germany, the latter more particularly, have made a very scientific study of South American needs. The type of article desired, the manner of packing same, and the terms of credit offered, are very essential items which American manufacturers overlook very often. It may be necessary to ship the material to the interior by train and by pack mule, and the package must be able to endure very rough handling, before it reaches its destination. Months sometimes intervene between the shipping and the receipt of the goods, and, therefore, long term credits are necessary.

American manufacturers have deluded themselves for some time with the idea that the cream of their products should be sold in this country and that the over-production of material

which had fallen below the specifications of the American consumer could be exported. This is particularly true of our South American, Asiatic and African export business. We do not give our Southern neighbors credit for possession of much business ability, and this has been one of the factors in the failure of repeat orders in South America for American products. As for credits we have generally arbitrarily refused to consider a long term. Is it any wonder that we have not made much headway, and that the foreign trade expansion outlook has not been particularly promising?

Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, the great War of Europe burst upon us, and to-day we are in the unique position of being the only great producing nation in the world that has not been dragged into the terrible maelstrom of war and destruction. Our only competitors, England, France and Germany, blinded by racial jealousies and wild dreams of commercial supremacy by conquest, are ruthlessly tearing down the accumulation of years and years of patient and arduous progress in commerce, art and science, and we are looking on, hesitating whether we shall step in and capture the wonderful markets which they have temporarily neglected during the present war.

Now, what must we do to secure these markets? Immediate results in the way of large exports will not be attained in South America for the simple reason that the war has paralyzed the finances of our southern neighbors. They are in a very embarrassing position just now, because Europe was their principal market for South American products; and while they naturally need an enormous lot of material, they are more interested in selling their products than in buying ours. All great improvements, such as railroads, mines, electrical power, municipal betterments, etc., have been financed in Europe, and it is pretty certain that Europe is not in a condition to lend money. All these enormous propositions in South America will be halted, and money is getting very scarce.

We must arrange to finance South America in some way so that she can do some business. Secondly, we must try to supply South America with what she wants to buy, study her needs and requests and comply with her desires whenever possible. Thirdly, we must establish a merchant marine that will undoubtedly bring about closer commercial relations. This will take a little time, but if we wish to retain the business that will surely come to us in a short time from South America, we must build a strong

foundation. A great deal of harm will be done by hundreds of salesmen who have rushed down to South America expecting immediately secure to large orders, and insisting on credit terms entirely at variance with the credit system to which South America has been accustomed. Many of our salesmen will surely be disappointed, and their disheartening stories upon returning will serve to destroy the interest which American business men are now taking in South American opportunities.

There is only one way to capture these markets, and the sooner we realize that preliminary steps must be taken, and get started, the sooner we shall obtain results.

The matter of financing the needs of our Southern neighbors and evolving a satisfactory credit system has already been taken up in this country by our largest banking institution, the National City Bank of New York, and they should be backed up and assisted in every possible way by all manufacturers who are interested in foreign trade. Their officials informed me last week that they did not figure on any profit for from three to five years, but they hoped to build a foreign exchange system that would make this country independent in the world of finance. It has been very humiliating to this country to be compelled to do practically foreign financial business through London exchange, and American bankers have been very backward in advancing this very important department.

One instance will illustrate my point. Suppose we purchased \$100,000,000 of material in South America and sold them \$50,000,000 of exports, we would pay \$100,000,000 to London and would receive \$50,000,000 for our goods from London less the cost of exchange. The other \$50,000,000 is not returned to the South American country in cash, but is used to pay for manufactured goods which have been purchased in Europe for the South American country. This is not an isolated case but is the general rule in ninety per cent. of the financial transactions that pass between this country and South America. The step taken by the National City Bank in locating banking interests in Buenos Ayres and Rio de Janeiro is the opening wedge for building up a financial system which will undoubtedly be a most important factor in bringing North and South America into closer trade relations.

The United States government is now conferring with large commercial and shipping interests, attempting to discover some method of increasing our national merchant marine, and I have

no doubt that some means will be found very shortly for taking care of all export business of this country so far as transportation is concerned. But how are we to learn their needs, satisfy their desires, and find a market in this country for their raw products unless we have hundreds of men equipped to do this work? It is practically a new study for us, and this is the field that holds such wonderful opportunities for the young man of to-day who is considering whether he shall become a professional or business man and how he can best prepare himself for his future career.

Did you ever stop to consider how ridiculously we prepare our young men for commercial life? The comparison between the very elaborate system of study that is insisted upon for entering into professional life and that laid out for the prospective young business man is so startling that it is a wonder to me that more attention has not been drawn to the necessity of amplifying our business course so that the young man may be properly fitted for his future career. Modern business requires even a broader knowledge than does a profession. A professional man only looks after matters immediately connected with his branch, whether it be law, medicine or engineering. A business man, to be a really successful business man, must not only know how to add, subtract and multiply, but in the present aggressive, close-competing and many-sided phases of modern business, he must be a combination of lawyer, engineer, business man, financier, promoter, salesman and executive. It is, therefore, very necessary to my mind that the education of a business man should be broader, and that colleges and universities should make a very thorough study of the essentials that go to make up the successful business man, so that a course of study may be laid out for him that will fit him for his work.

If we should stop for a moment and go over the big, broad and successful men of this country and even of Europe, we would be very much surprised to learn that the majority of these men had practically no education, except what might be termed the rudiments. And yet when we meet them and learn the many sides to their broad practical knowledge we are amazed to learn that they are not only keen in their own particular business, but that they have a very wide knowledge of practically every subject of interest and of value that is before us to-day. Now, how much better it would be if we could lay out a course in our colleges and universities that would give the young man at least a general knowledge of such things as industrial management,

foreign exchange, efficiency studies and other branches which would broaden his views and allow him to think for himself when he goes into active business. He would then have the foundation on which to build the characteristics of a successful business man. To-day most of it is acquired exclusively in the bitter experience of years of active service.

We are meeting to-night to inaugurate the Department of Finance and Commerce in the Duquesne University along these lines, and I am very glad to know that we have a place in this city, which is the heart of the world's industry, where young men can be prepared for business in as thorough a manner as for a profession. Our success in the future will undoubtedly depend on the preparedness of our young men to take up these new phases of modern business, and if we are wise enough to prepare this younger generation for the responsible places which they will hold in the world's commerce in the next fifty years, future generations will bless us. Every boy has latent possibilities that only need a spark of suggestion to start him in the right direction, and this Department of Finance and Commerce will undoubtedly start hundreds of our young men to thinking of the wonderful possibilities in this new field of foreign trade expansion. The opportunity is here, and all the mechanical apparatus is being made ready; by that, I mean a system of finance, a system of credits and a merchant marine. It is now up to the men who will be sent to foreign countries to expand our trade, and to the man who will direct trade in this country, to bring about the wonderful results we should see. No country in the history of the world has had such vast opportunities as we have to-day and the results will depend entirely upon the manner in which we handle the situation.

I am speaking of the opportunities for trade expansion, but I can safely generalize on all business to-day when pointing out the great necessity of establishing departments such as the one we are opening. This is still an undeveloped country in many ways and we are in what may be termed a materialistic age in the sense that more attention is being paid to the production and expansion of our natural wealth than to the arts and sciences. Therefore, let us prepare our young men along lines for which there is the greatest demand. If we paid as much attention to our future business men and inculcated into them the ethics of business as carefully as we teach the ethics of the professions, we should build up a race of business men that not only will make our

country first in the world so far as production and quality of material is concerned, but will make the American business man always stand pre-eminent as the highest in the ethics of his calling, honorable to a fault, whose word will be as good as his bond, and whose great ambition will be not only personal success but also the expansion and further growth of the doctrines that have made this country stand out resplendent, and like a beacon light, piercing the fog of war, misery and desolation that to-day obscures almost the entire civilized world. In this way we remind mankind that there is one country that believes in the common brotherhood of man, and whose government is not conducted to realize the ambitious dreams of a monarch, but is used for the welfare of all the people, all the time.



The Youth and the Babe.

"Amid the snow, upon the hay,
Long, long ago the Christ-Child lay.
The children came with gentle wiles
To speak His name and see His smiles.

"And when His feet have passed along
Their journey sweet among the throng,
The gentle Saviour yet we see
With children bravely on His knee.

"A child am I no longer, Lord:
Thy loving eye, Thy kindly word,
Sweet hours near Thee in worship spent,
Are they for me no longer meant?"

"Nay, youth, my Heart of Babe or Man
A place apart, ere time began,
For thee alone doth ever hold—
As thou hast grown, grew many-fold.

"To Bethlehem young shepherds came:
Did I condemn their coy acclaim?
Upon a youth by fortune blest
With love and ruth my suit I pressed.

"Of all the train, my chosen one
Did e'er remain the youthful John.
Never, in sooth, we two should part:
Come, gentle youth, give me thy heart!"

LUKE O'BYRNE.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Peace On Earth.

ONCE more the joyful season of Christmas is at hand, and we ask ourselves what special significance it has for the whole Christian world at the present time. Naturally we think of the regrettable discord produced by the harsh and barbarous song of battle ringing out with ever-increasing volume on the night when angelic armies sweetly sing "Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will."

How sad it is to think of the utter disregard of the heavenly message of Christmas, and how appalling is the thought of the false spirit that pervades Christian Europe! Christmas, as we know, sends its message to all, but it has different messages for everybody; it speaks to the world, and it speaks to the individual, but now we especially give ear to its universal note of gladness: "Peace on earth to men of good will."

This greatest day of the year is essentially the festival of peace. The word Christmas, although simple in itself, spells joy and gladness, and inspires charity and friendship between man and man; while it dispels from the heart the despicable feelings of hatred and envy. The true Christmas spirit imports the divine quality of love, and it is the duty of everyone to do his part in transmitting it from one to the other, regardless of the accident of place of birth. The Infant of Bethlehem came when peace reigned, and He founded His Kingdom not after the manner of a conqueror, by force, but by the strength of His intense love.

What, therefore, is the great hope that we should express during this holy season? Surely it is that peace will be restored in Europe, and that true charity will have its place in the hearts of all men. Let us encourage the true Christmas sentiment that binds all hearts together with a bond of common love, and that

makes this day the happiest of all the year. For, such hopes are not extravagant at Christmas, since "this day shall change all griefs and quarrels into love." Therefore let all exchange sincere good wishes on this day of days. A Merry Christmas to everybody!

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Christmas, a Charitable Time.

WHEN we look about us during the days of preparation for Christmas, and see the confusion and turmoil into which humanity is plunged, we can not help feeling, although it may sound pessimistic, that many do not realize the true significance of the event they celebrate. The giving of gifts which entails so much of the annual nerve-racking excitement that precedes Christmas is surely a laudable custom at the time when the wise men brought gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Child that was born at Bethlehem; nevertheless we can not escape the thought that this eddy of excitement has drawn many into its dizzy whirl, and made them oblivious to the deeper meaning and spirit of the great feast. Instead of observing this festival as a holy day, they are celebrating it as a mere holiday, a time for exchanging gifts, and expressing perfunctory good wishes.

But this is a time of good cheer, and if there are some who are guilty of such sordid commercialism, there are many more for whom Christmas has a deeper and more spiritual meaning. They alone can call this the joyful season, not merely because they know and realize that it is the birth-day of charity, but also because they observe its true spirit.

Now is the time to reach out a helping hand to the needy, and especially to the children, for it is their day, and we thereby honor its mighty Founder. "The poor we have always with us," and since our Lord Himself came into the world as one of the poorest of men, we surely please Him when we make happy these least of His little ones.

But let us not forget the grown-up children of toil. The joy of Christmas very often intensifies their sadness by its contrast with their trials and troubles, and a kind word of sympathy and encouragement may dispel their gloom. If we can not open our purse strings, we can at least open our heart.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The C. T. A. U. held its first meeting of the year on October 29. From among the one hundred and seventy present, the following officers were chosen: President,

C. T. A. U. Meeting Vincent S. Burke, Senior Class; First Vice-President, Thomas P. Nee, Junior; Second Vice-President, Joseph McIntyre, Freshman;

Recording Secretary, Leonard M. Kane, Third High; Financial Secretary, John Hughes, Third Commercial; Librarian, Paul McGraw, Third Scientific; Marshal, Michael J. Shortley, Special Class.

The first quarterly examinations were held during the first week of November. The following students procured first place in their respective classes: Senior, Joseph S.

Examinations Szepe; Junior, Jerome D. Hannan; Sophomore, Philip N. Buchman; Freshman, Joseph M. Ganter; Special Class, Casimir F. Pillart; Fourth High, James M. McCarthy; Third High, John L. Dobbins; Second High A, Raymond W. Hayes; Second High B, Frank J. Krone; First High A, Philip C. Lauinger; First High B, Leo Malinski; Second Commercial, Henry J. Berny; First Commercial, Joseph P. Sweeney; Third Scientific, Harold D. Greene; Second Scientific, Edward P. Joyce; First Scientific, Henry J. Magarrall; Second Preparatory, Anthony J. Brower; First Preparatory, James W. McGurk.

The reading of the notes was varied by the introduction of several well executed musical numbers by the orchestra; a violin solo by Francis X. Kleyle, showing a surprising mastery of technique; and a recitation, "Yes I'm guilty," by Edward T. Mooney. The four part choir, directed by Father Dewe, also made its initial appearance and gained much applause. "The Master Builder", by Adam Geibel, was rendered with a purity of tone, a precision of attack, an ensemble, and a depth of feeling that were really remarkable.

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, in a few well chosen words, complimented the students, especially those receiving

honor awards, of which there were two hundred and six, the largest number previously given being one hundred and seventy-six.

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, celebrated the feast of his patron, St. Martin of Tours, Wednesday, November 11. At the reading of notes on the previous day, the

A Delightful Very Rev. President was congratulated by
Anniversary Vincent S. Burke, President of the Senior

Class, in the name of the students, on the recurrence of his festival, and especially on the fact that he had completed thirty years of uninterrupted educational work. Mr. Burke expressed the hope that he would be blessed with many more years to guide the institution. In order that the occasion might be appropriately celebrated, he suggested that the students be granted a free afternoon. In a brief but happily worded reply, Father Hehir thanked the students for their thoughtfulness, and made them happy by granting their request.

Many of the students, who were acquainted with Rev. D. Schloesser, C. S. Sp., were deeply grieved when word of his death

came from Melrose, La., where he was in charge of St. Augustine's parish. He was
Death of
Father Schloesser formerly a professor of Latin and Greek, and was one of the most popular instructors. He

left here three years ago to take charge of what was then the new mission for negroes at Melrose. Father Schloesser was born in Alsace-Lorraine, and was ordained in Paris in 1884. He came to the United States and filled a charge at Morrilton, Arkansas. For a time he was in charge of the missions of the Chippewa Indians in northern Wisconsin. He was connected with this institution for about five years.

On Wednesday, November 11th, a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul. Rev. P. A. McDermott was celebrant.

The Very Rev. President went to Baltimore to represent the University at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, on Sunday, the 15th of November.

The Very Rev. On that occasion he met all the Alumni who
President in are studying at St. Mary's Seminary. All
Baltimore and seem to be enjoying good health.

Washington On November 16th, Father Hehir attended a meeting of the General Executive Com-

mittee of the Catholic Educational Association. The meeting was held at the Catholic University, and was presided over by Bishop Shahan. At the University our President met Rev. Theodore Szulc, who is preparing for his degree. At present Father Szulc is a busy man, attending the various lectures of his course, and working at his thesis for the doctorate.

The members of the Sophomore Class entertained a large audience on Sunday, November 15th, in the University Hall.

From every point of view the entertainment was a success. The skillful hand-balancing feats of Messrs. Hopkins and Sarandria were something in the way of a novelty and drew much applause. The debaters gave proof of having acquired a very thorough knowledge of an up-to-date subject, and discussed the pros and cons in a most illuminating fashion. The decision went by a small majority to the negative side. We subjoin the programme:

March	Love and Glory, <i>Smith</i>	Orchestra
	Professor C. B. Weis, Director	
Vocal Solo	When You Play in the Game, <i>Goodwin</i>	Jos. D. Sarandria
	Reverend J. A. Dewe, Accompanist	
Solos	(a) Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall, <i>Whitson and Williams</i>	
	(b) A Perfect Day, <i>Jacobs-Bond</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	Zachary Setting a Hen	Anthony M. Gunkle
Class Song	Policemen's Chorus, from the Pirates of Penzance, <i>Sullivan</i>	
	Freshman and Sophomore	
Piano Duet	The Witches' Flight	Mr. F. X. Williams, J. B. Lynch
Acrobatic Feats	Hand to Hand and Head to Head Balancing	
	Messrs. Hopkins and Sarandria	
Two-Step	Dengozo, <i>Lampe</i>	Orchestra
DEBATE—Resolved, That a War Tax Be Imposed		

Chairman, Walter J. Fritz

Negative, Charles J. Deasy and John J. Sullivan

Affirmative, James F. Kernan and Francis G. Streiff

On the following Sunday, November 22nd, the students of the Fourth Year High School appeared for the first time on the debating platform, and did it very creditably.

Fourth High Debate The question at issue, suggested by the quantity of anti-war talk at present flooding the magazines, was ably presented by the speakers on both sides; but, contrary to what one would expect, the decision of the judges was given to the negative side. The futility, the horror, and the frequent injustice of war, were argu-

ments that, as presented, seemed to outweigh the considerations of gratitude and patriotism advanced in support of the resolution. A distinction between country and government also seemed to affect the decision. A well-balanced programme, to which the Fourth High contributed the major portion, preceded the debate.

March	The Great Divide, <i>Maurice</i>	Orchestra
Monologue	A Solum Fac'	Howard F. Murphy
Piano Solo	Shadows on the Water, <i>Launey</i>	Aloysius C. Adler
Reading	The Circus Boy	Victor J. Sweeney
Songs	(a) You're Here and I'm Here, <i>Smith</i>	
	(b) The Sea, <i>Stratford</i>	
	James H. Shanahan, Anthony T. Sorce	
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	

"Sympathy"	Waltz Song from "The Firefly", <i>Friml</i>	Orchestra
Declamation	The Brothers	Patrick Sweeney
Soprano Solo	Angels Ever Bright and Fair, <i>Handl</i>	Andrew T. Walta
Two-Step	In the Valley of the Moon, <i>Branen</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE—Resolved, That a Citizen Is Bound to Go to War Whenever His Government Calls

Chairman, Raymond J. Poppe
 Affirmative, A. G. Gloekler and J. M. McCarthy
 Negative, J. H. Shanahan and M. J. Searle

The sanctuary of the chapel has taken on an added beauty since the lines of the high altar and those of the side altars have been accentuated with touches of gold. The practiced hand of Brother Fulbert achieved this transformation. The Brother has been decorating churches in European and missionary lands for many years.

We extend our prayerful sympathy to Raymond Pierotti in the death of his father. The boarders, in consideration of their grief-stricken companion, sent a letter of condolence, and both they and his class-mates in the School of Accounts had several Masses said for the repose of the departed.

The pious societies in which all the students are enrolled, hold their meetings at frequent intervals. Prayer and instruction render these gatherings very profitable. The officers of the various Sodalities, elected recently, are the following:

SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST—Prefect, Vincent S. Burke; First Assistant, Joseph S. Szepe; Second Assistant, Leo A. McCrory; Secretary, James L. Lavelle; Treasurer, William C. Field-

ing; Librarian, Thomas P. Nee; Standard Bearer, John A. Urlakis.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT—Prefect, James F. Kernan; First Assistant, Anthony G. Nickel; Second Assistant, William K. Morrissey; Secretary, Michael J. Shortley; Treasurer, Philip N. Buchman; Librarian, Raymond J. Baum; Standard Bearer, Francis G. Streiff.

SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY—Prefect, Henry Ringel; First Assistant, Victor Sweeney; Second Assistant, Edward T. Mooney; Secretary, Walter Hughes; Treasurer, Regis C. Hague; Librarian, Elmer Murphy; Standard Bearer, Edward Flynn.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS: FIRST DIVISION—Prefect, James H. Shanahan; First Assistant, Leonard Kane; Second Assistant, John F. Dugan; Secretary, John T. Little; Treasurer, William F. O'Malley; Librarian, John L. Dobbins; Standard Bearer, Stanislas Zaborowski.

SECOND DIVISION—Prefect, James Lynn; First Assistant, William Turley; Second Assistant, J. Bernard Lynch; Secretary, J. S. Garahan; Treasurer, William Blattner; Librarian, Charles F. O'Connor; Standard Bearer, Edward T. Egan.

THIRD DIVISION—Prefect, Charles D. Darragh; First Assistant, J. Paul Bittner; Second Assistant, William Reilly; Secretary, Clarence Leonard; Treasurer, Michael A. Hodgson; Librarian, Stanley Butrym; Standard Bearer, Philip C. Lauinger.

SODALITY OF THE CHILD JESUS—Prefect, John F. Connelly; First Assistant, James O'Neil; Second Assistant, Justin Doody; Secretary, Christian Ihmsen; Treasurer, Gerald Walsh; Librarian, James McGurk; Standard Bearer, Alexander Kohary.

Two very distinguished prelates visited the University November 17 and 18. They were Monsignor de Teil, of Paris, Director-General of the Association of the Holy Childhood, and Monsignor Tiberghien, Canon of St. John Lateran, representative of the same Society at Rome. Rev. Father Knaebel, C. S. Sp., formerly of the University Faculty, but now American Director of the Holy Childhood, escorted the Monsignori during their sojourn in the city.

The annual High Mass of Requiem for the repose of the souls of deceased Alumni, Teachers and Benefactors, was celebrated on Tuesday, November 17. In addition to the Faculty and students, many rela-

tives and friends of the deceased assisted at the Mass. The Alumni who officiated at the Mass were Rev. S. J. Rydlewski, C. S. Sp., '89, Celebrant; Rev. James R. Cox, '07, Deacon; Rev. William F. Mertz, '05, Subdeacon; and Rev. Thomas J. Dunn, '09, Master of Ceremonies.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Hugh O'Neil, of Ebensburg. It was a scholarly exposition of the doctrine of Purgatory, and a sympathetic appeal for the Holy Souls. We regret that the exigencies of space forbid our reproducing it in full.

The customary Christmas entertainment, that precedes the holidays, will this year take on a more elaborate form than usual.

The "Red Masquers" will contribute two "Xmas Show" delightful farces, "On Guard", and "The Doctor's Own Medicine". The four-part choir will be heard in several ensemble numbers, and the soprano members will sing Christmas carols. The orchestra will also be there in full strength. For the plays, a complete new stage setting will be installed, and the "Masquers" have been rehearsing daily for some time past. Come, and see who they are!

Professor C. B. Weis was largely instrumental in bringing to a successful issue the Grand Concert given by the Association of German Choir Directors in the Exposition Hall recently in aid of the orphan asylums of Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

To him was entrusted also the selection of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, whose music was so generously applauded at the national convention of German Catholic Societies, also held in the Exposition Hall.

JOHN T. LITTLE.

LAW SCHOOL

During the past month several new names have been added to the list of Freshmen. The present class is the largest enrolled during the existence of the school and may, no doubt, be attributed to the fact that our first graduates made such a wonderful record at the State Board examinations.

The change of hours in the First Year has proven very agreeable to all. During the day the bustle of business was very distracting to the students, but from six to eight P. M., Fourth Avenue is as quiet as the grave, and consequently there are no distractions.

The meetings of the Law Club have been interrupted very much by the registration of so many new students, but the regular meetings will begin this month. Mr. Leo Gallagher, '16, is President of the Club, and has been bending all his efforts to secure the admission of the new men.

Owing to the change in hours of the First Year Class, it was found necessary to discontinue the lectures on Jurisprudence as a part of the First Year's programme. The men who had attended the lectures already given were very sorry, for they had come to look upon them as a source of some interesting and otherwise unobtainable information. But this course will, after next year, be added to the programme of the Senior Class.

J. A. BURNS, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

The State of Pennsylvania has signally honored one of the members of the Faculty of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce. Last month Mr. E. A. Ford

Prof. Barnes	Barnes was notified that he had success-
Honored	fully passed the difficult examinations in
	public accountancy.

Mr. Barnes is the professor of public utility accounting. He brings to the school a ripe experience and a thorough knowledge of the topic he teaches. He has years of practical experience with the most successful local public accounting concerns including Messrs. Suffern & Son, James Grant, and is now a chief of staff specializing on public utilities and banking, with Messrs. Frank Wilbur Main & Company.

Strengthening this knowledge of the practical procedure in accounting, Mr. Barnes is well versed in the principles of pedagogy, gained as special lecturer in accounting problems at the University of Pittsburgh. His grasp of the intricacies of public utilities, his facility in elucidating the requirements of intra-state and inter-state commerce commissions, and his ability to explain simply and solve quickly the most difficult accounting problems, have made his class one of the most interesting and instructive of the evening classes.

You may count upon the School of Commerce of Duquesne University always having the best instructors. The Faculty and students are both pleased and honored by Mr. Barnes' success.



THE ' VARSITY.

IN reviewing the season just closed, which, judging by the scores, was disappointing, we do not lose heart. Every team has its "off year": Pennsylvania, Niagara, and Carlisle, for example, had much the same run of luck as had Duquesne. The November MONTHLY accounted pretty well for our ill success. In addition to a badly arranged schedule, there was the element of over-confidence in some of the players, and, in others, at certain moments, a lack of that instinct by which a man sizes up his opponents, watches their plays and formations, and takes advantage of every blunder on their part. From among the 'Varsity men now in the University, it would be easy to single out quite a number who are bound to develop into stars. With a good light team, well coached in the new game, our future career on the gridiron should be a successful one.

As we hinted above, the *points* scored by a football team do not tell its whole story. There were at least seven or eight occasions in the season just closed when the 'Varsity was within a hair's breadth of scoring, but the "breaks" went the other way. Despite poor scores, their playing was frequently of the "gilt-edged" variety. And we have to "hand it to them!"

GENEVA COLLEGE, 24—DUQUESNE, 0.

At Geneva, Pa., the 'Varsity met defeat. The score would seem to indicate that the game was an easy one for Geneva. On the contrary, their scoring on two occasions came as a stroke of good luck, for, with the ball on our own twenty-yard line, two fumbles paved the way for touchdowns. Geneva played a good consistent game, using the forward pass to advantage, and relying on a fake kick formation to advance the ball. Their backfield played a wonderful game. For the 'Varsity, Shortley, Callahan, Ringel and McClain played well; but when we did threaten Geneva's goal, a fumble marred the victorious march.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, 41—DUQUESNE, 3.

In the final game of the season at Meadville, Pa., the 'Varsity suffered its worst defeat. During two periods, the players held their own, but when Allegheny scored its first touchdown, all seemed to lose heart. Several of the players, on account of injuries, remained out of the game for two periods, during which the Meadville boys got their scoring machine in action. Callahan, Ringel and McClain played a strong defensive game, while Burns and Captain Shortley made good gains in carrying the ball. Heisel made the only score in the third quarter, when he booted the ball over the bars from the twenty-five yard line.

E. N. M.

FRESHMAN TEAM.

The Freshman team played six games during the season, four of which were victories and two, defeats. Considering the difficulties under which it labored, we are satisfied with its record. The call for candidates had brought out a nucleus of players, enthusiastic, indeed, but sadly inexperienced. Blackboard drills, and lessons in punting, lateral and forward passes, together with frequent scrimmages, all contributed to supply the lack of experience, and to promote their efficiency, so that they acquitted themselves most creditably even against considerably heavier teams.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY the Freshmen played two games, in both of which they were victorious. They defeated Duff's College by the score of 19 to 7. The fast work of Flanagan at quarter, coupled with a judicious assortment of plays, was responsible for the victory. Duff's score came as a surprise; the Freshmen fumbled, Deere secured the ball, and, true to his name, made a brilliant run of forty yards for a touchdown, easily eluding all pursuers.

The second game of the month and the last of the season was played against the Jeanette High School of Jeanette. Both teams were evenly matched, and both had recourse to the open style of play. Murphy intercepted a forward pass on the Freshies' two-yard line, and was carried over for a safety. Nothing daunted, the Freshmen quickly advanced the ball after the kick-off to the thirty-yard line, whence, with only one minute to play in the second quarter, Drengacz scored a field goal from placement. In the third quarter the Freshmen, by a series of end runs and forward passes, increased their advantage by making a

touchdown. Their lead was reduced in the fourth, when Jeanette took the pigskin over the goal line, from a pretty forward pass from the sturdy arm of the stalwart Clippinger.

Rev. Charles B. Hannigan worked untiringly for the success of the team. His experience of previous years, as player and manager, was a valuable asset in the formation and development of the candidates. Jerome D. Hannan, student manager, worked in harmony with him, arranged the schedule, attended zealously to the many details connected with his position, and encouraged the players in their practice.

Borgmann, though light, was strong at centre, and more than supplied by intelligence what he lacked in weight. He was ably supported by Urban, Sullivan and McCloskey, serving as guards. Kelly, Riley, Shanahan and Bechtold were sure and daring tackles. Butrym and Gallagher were speedy ends. Flanagan, at quarter, ran the team with excellent judgment. Jones and Maginn distinguished themselves in line plunges. Murphy was the most consistent ground gainer, and Drengacz was noted for his punting abilities.

It is to be hoped that the Freshman team will be represented by the same players next year. With the experience garnered during the last two months, they should prove a formidable aggregation.

H. J. MOTTE.

THE ACADEMICS.

We have reserved for this issue of the MONTHLY an account of the Academics' season. Readers of Pittsburgh papers, far and wide, are familiar with the history of this wonderful little aggregation. The members average seventeen years in age, and one hundred and thirty pounds in weight. Year after year they have practised together, played together, and won together, for they realize the value of team work, and submerge individual display for the greater good and the more effective results achieved by combined effort. They have been very fortunate in their football training; John P. Egan, Law, '15, originally taught them the many tricks of the game, of which he is a past master; Father McGuigan supplemented his coaching with many new plays; and Father Baumgartner and Father Pobleschek were devoted and untiring managers.

The team has proved worthy of its sponsors. The line men and the backfield were all live wires, and McGraw's was the hand that electrified them. At his touch the various combinations

were formed with due appreciation of their worth and the dazzling effect likely to be produced amongst the opponents. Not unfrequently the latter were completely mystified, quite different operations being projected from the same arrangement.

Throughout the season the Academics had recourse largely to the open game, and for several reasons, chief amongst which were the heavier weight of opponents, and the probability of greater gains by end runs and forward passes. End runs were responsible for a very considerable number of touchdowns, for our sprinters were amongst the speediest in the city, and the interference employed was of the brainiest kind; possible tacklers were brushed aside, and the ball was surrounded with an impenetrable human bulwark. The forward pass was frequently in evidence; its success was due to the perplexity amongst opponents as to what play was being formulated, and to the reliable arm and true eye at the delivery and receiving ends. Occasionally the ball changed hands five and even six times with lightning rapidity before it was hurled by Anton, Dudley Nee, or McGillick to the expectant Obruba, Kane, or McGraw, who had taken his station after wily manoeuvring far down the field, ready for a dash to the goal line.

Remarkable as were the Academics on the offensive, their defensive play was equally admirable. Opponents' tactics were quickly comprehended, and their movements were immediately anticipated. Line rushes were promptly stopped, and interference was effectively broken up. Every one was on the alert for attempted passes, and these were successfully blocked or skillfully intercepted. Though the Academics' goal line was occasionally threatened during the season, only once was it crossed, and this was the result rather of good luck on the part of the scorer than of any weakness on the part of our defense. The day was bitterly cold, the gridiron being swept by chilly winds from the Ohio river, and covered with a deep pall of crystallized snow from the previous day's fall. A forward pass was signalled. The ball slipped from the benumbed fingers of James Anton, and nestled in the waiting arms of Avalon's fleetest runner. With an open field and a good start, Young showed his heels to all pursuers, and won for himself the distinction of having accomplished what all others had failed to do,—he crossed the Academics' goal line.

The most stubbornly contested game of the season was that with Crafton High School. The boys from Crafton were some-

what heavier, well trained, and supremely confident of victory. During three quarters, the ball changed hands frequently and was booted up and down the field, the advantage resting with the Academics, but not enough to enable them to score, though the defense of Crafton was being gradually broken down. During the last few minutes of the third quarter, Obruba got his fingers on a long heave from Anton and carried the ball to Crafton's eight yard line. Dudley Nee advanced it six yards more, just as the whistle blew for the end of the period. On the first play of the final stage, Obruba skirted the end for a touchdown, and Mosti kicked goal. Not content with one goal, the Academics set their hearts on another, and they got it quickly. A long pass to Obruba, two end runs, and a line play advanced the ball to the two-yard line, whence Kane carried it over by breaking through centre.

Though the last game of the season ended in an overwhelming defeat for Mt. Pleasant High School, it was not devoid of spectacular features which appealed forcefully to the students and visitors who thronged the side lines. On Thanksgiving Day last year, on their own grounds, the same team went down to defeat before our braves by the score of 19 to 0. A year's interval necessitated very few changes in their line-up. Dan Kelly, a former Minim star, was familiar with most of our plays, and, as captain, entertained not the slightest doubt that he would lead his followers to victory over his former team-mates. But Dan's hopes were doomed to be blighted, and he returned to Mt. Pleasant a sadder if not a wiser man. The score was 109 to 0 against him. On the very first down, immediately after Mt. Pleasant's kick-off, Kane rounded left end for a run of seventy yards, and scored a touchdown after thirty-five seconds of play. Several forward passes, averaging thirty yards, were neatly handled and contributed largely to the rolling up of the big score. A quintuple pass, rapidly executed, elicited much admiration. Kane threw to Anton, Anton to McGraw, McGraw to D. Nee, D. Nee to Obruba, and Obruba to McGraw, who scored from the fifty-yard line,

Much of the credit of this and other victories was due to the exceptionally fine defensive work of T. and J. Connelly, O'Connor, O'Shea, T. Nee, Loxtermann and Mosti. McGraw, Kane, Anton, Obruba and D. Nee were particularly brilliant in carrying the ball. Crandall, Reilly, McGillick, Magarall and Nyce proved very

capable substitutes, and shared equally with the regulars the honors of the season.

Not all the games scheduled were played. Disappointments occurred too late to secure other attractions. In the seven played, the Academics made a grand total of 353 points, thus averaging slightly over 50 to a game and 9 more than last year's record. The scores:—

Academics, 39; St. Thomas's High School, 0
 Academics, 65; Rankin Crescents, 0
 Academics, 87; Woolslair High, 0
 Academics, 20; O'Hara Boys, 0
 Academics, 14; Crafton High, 0
 Academics, 19; Avalon High, 7
 Academics, 109; Mt. Pleasant High, 0.

H. J. MOTTE.

INDEPENDENTS.

Since the last issue of the MONTHLY, the Independents, a team selected from among the Junior boarders, manifested great ability on the gridiron. A nucleus from last season's team was strengthened by the arrival of several new players; the coaching of Tom Drengacz shaped these varied elements into a harmonious unit. Their numerous formations and trick plays kept their opponents guessing, while the ball was being steadily advanced. Spirited and quick on the offensive, they showed great pluck on the defensive, having the ball carried across their goal line but once.

This little team defeated their old opponents, the Epiphany Heralds, by the score of 7-6. Though out-weighted, they showed that by clever head work and speed they could withstand any rival in their class. Their captain, Herman Fuchs, deserves to be mentioned as having made the touchdown.

A little later the Locust Reserves met defeat at their hands. The score was 7-0. The forward pass was manipulated several times successfully. Their interference was well-nigh perfect.

The following players composed the team: J. Madden, quarter; H. Fuchs, f. b. and captain; Hildorfer, r. h.; E. Egan, l. h.; Dyson, c.; Caldwell, l. t.; Pastorius, r. t.; Reynolds, r. g.; L. McIntyre, l. g.; Sheran, l. e.; McCarthy, r. e.; Canty, sub-guard; O'Donnell, sub-guard; Kichta, sub-back; Sullivan, sub-back.

J. SELD.

Exchanges.

YULETIDE is at hand. This "hallowed and gracious" time
"Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,"

is essentially a time of peace and love, a time when human compassion, and sympathy for all our suffering brethren hold sway. This humane spirit, so unlike the predominant warlike spirit of the day, pervades even our exchanges. At first, it is true, we thought we were figuratively and literally "up against it" in trying to find this spirit in our monthly visitors. As the reader well knows, the eternal end of criticism is to appraise and classify, by one method or another. And right here our difficulty confronted us. The only two classes to which we could assign our exchanges after the first rather superficial perusal were: those that discuss the war, and those that judiciously refrain. And the latter were by far in the minority. Such a classification could not but leave us dissatisfied. We began again, and this time, lo and behold! the journals were not so much discussing the war, its whys and wherefores, as they were making an earnest appeal for our sympathy; they were deploring this wholesale slaughter of men and our return to prehistoric barbarity: they had become advocates of peace!

We find, nevertheless, that some of our youthful college editors seek to delve into the reasons of the war for the purpose of unraveling them. This fact alone gives unfortunate "ex-men" cause for alarm. What is more to be regretted, the language these same "y. c. e." use is not always such as is consistent with a neutral policy. To these embryo world-diplomats we address a word of warning: don't! Mature and wise statesmen cannot be induced to express their thoughts upon the causes of this plague of civilization: why should college publications contain articles of a compromising nature? Speculate and moralize on the probable results of this colossal upheaval, if you please, but refrain from contributing to the world's noises by openly taking sides.

In very few of the exchanges on our desk is there any *furor scribendi* apparent. None of the editors seem to be condemned to the continuous use of language. And is this the result of editorial vows to keep their publications on the "former high plane"; of strong protests "to work with untiring zeal"? Fie! The year is too young to give up. Surely, our friends have not become discouraged so soon, even before thoroughly testing their powers. To work, then, remembering that great labor, even if directed by mediocre abilities, is never wholly lost.

The Mountaineer of October cannot be said to be at its best. Still, it contains some commendable contributions. "The Triumph of Failure" is an article on Canon Sheehan's novel of that name. It is both synoptical and critical in form; the style, though devoid of sparkling embellishments, is withal correct and neat. The stories in *The Mountaineer* are ordinary and not intensely interesting. Of the poems, "Pax Implorata" is the best. Under the caption "Row of Books" this monthly usually devotes a column or two to the review of popular literature. The department is well conducted and generally shows the greatest amount of work. In spite of this, we think that part of the space thus given to reviewing and recommending books of fiction could be more advantageously employed in commenting on exchanges; and that for two reasons: a necessarily short notice in a college periodical cannot do a good book justice, while it is a condemnable waste of printer's ink to flaunt the name of a bad one before the eyes of the public.

We must reiterate a statement which, to all appearance, has become the slogan of exchange editors: at least it is a common mark of their several doctrines that the exchange department is as deserving of a column in a college paper as any other branch of literature. And yet, in the teeth of the strong insistence of all "ex-men", whenever space is lacking, the exchange column is the first to be discarded, it is always and invariably the one that must make room. No wonder, then, that the editors become indignant, and careless about their work when their writings must give way even to "would-be" jokes. *The Laurel*, from St. Bonaventure's College, illustrates this remark. The fact that the issue at hand is the first of the year may offer an excuse or explanation for the absence of all remarks on exchanges, though, even so, a short notice would not have been out of place. But we gladly pardon this sin against the ethics of exchangedom on the part of *The Laurel* in view of its many other merits. "The Papacy" is an essay which, in addition to its interest, bears the stamp of truth. The author's method is good, but we cannot congratulate him on his punctuation. Phrases thrown here and there into sentences in a sort of haphazard fashion tend to weaken a style that is in other respects vigorous and gripping. In "The Ace O' Trump" an old plot is handled with considerable show of originality. "Autumn" is a pleasing little poem on the season when, in the words of its author,

"The rippling brook no longer flows
'Neath frondal woodland bowers,
But winds its way through scattered heaps
Of withered leaves and flowers."

St. Mary's Messenger comes from Monroe, Mich., with a variety of good things. We briefly draw attention to the best. "St. Teresa" neatly presents the life and work of "the Virgin of Avila"; "Courtesy" is written in a somewhat dry style, but it reminds the reader of some oft-forgotten principles of conduct. "Our Rosary" is a poem which, though it does not rival Father Ryan's, has notwithstanding many marks of beauty. It greatly enhances our consciousness of a blessing and makes us more sensible to the latent power of our beads.

Before laying down our pen, we wish our friends happy Christmas holidays and many blessings for the New Year.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

Alumni.

FOR over fourteen years PETER J. GAERTNER has been private secretary to the president of the Rombach Company, manufacturers of chairs and rockers, 1317 Madison Avenue, N. S.

GEORGE ROEHRIG is one of the chief solicitors for the S. B. Charters Grocery Co. He has been so successful in his territory that branch offices have been established for the convenience of the many new customers he has secured.

WE desire to convey to SIGFRID UNGER the expression of our deep sympathy in the loss of his father, who was buried from Holy Trinity Church, on November 28. R. I. P.

THE present European war prevents REV. S. J. KOLIPINSKI, C. S. SP., '05, and REV. J. F. CARROLL, C. S. SP., '08, from completing their courses at the University of Friburg. Both passed their licentiate examinations *maxima cum laude*, and expected to secure their doctorate by Christmas. The former is now with

the Red Cross Association in Russian Poland, and the latter is waiting in Blackrock College, Ireland, for a propitious moment to return to Switzerland.

FATHER WILHELM, whilst convalescing in Alsace, was taken by French troops to the fortress of Besancon. Fortunately or unfortunately, his health was so precarious that he was honorably discharged, and he is now recuperating in the mountains of Switzerland. Thither also Brother Pius fled for refuge from Muelhausen, so often taken and retaken since the war broke out, by French and German troops; the junior boarders miss him from the study hall and dormitory.

JOHN J. McCABE, JR., and NELLIE DONNELLY were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. H. J. McDermott, on November 26, in St. Patrick's Church, 17th Street. The church was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion, and a large congregation assisted at the ceremony and the High Mass that followed.

MISS MARY JOSEPHINE HEYL and ALBERT J. LOEFFLER, M. A., '12, LL. B., of the Law Faculty, were married on Wednesday morning, November 25, at the Sacred Heart Church. Our heartiest congratulations!

F. WILLIAM RIES, JR., LL. B., '13, announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of law at 529-530 Pittsburgh Life Building.

HENRY J. GELM, LL. B., '13, announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of Law in the suite occupied by Messrs. Mayhugh, Nugent & Brown, 518-520 Berger Building.



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No. 4.

Retrospect.

O H memories of the past !
Sweetly the golden-throated belfry brings
Our visions passing fast,
Rousing the old with new-born songs it sings.

It holds in tender grasp
Our mirthful Childhood's gay and happy lute,
Glad tones within its clasp,
Child hopes and dreams long lain in dust and mute.

We feel the childish thrill
Of care-free capers by the sleepy stream,
Of gambol on the hill;
How sad the pensive beauty of the dream !

Bright youth, old age, and all
Have felt the impress of the fleeting year;
It casts a darkening pall
Upon our sunset-memories so dear.

Past beauty is not lost,
Our boyhood dreams, our later hopes and fears;
For they have paid the cost
Of present joy, of future gladsome cheer.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

Germany Under William II.

IN view of the fact that the leading Powers of Europe are engaged in the present great conflict, it does not seem out of place to take a glance at the reign of Emperor William II. of Germany, who came to the throne in 1888.

All Germans agree that the Kaiser, as William II. is often termed, is undoubtedly one of the representative men of Germany. Therefore it is a matter of first-rate import, to take a glance at his character and influence. He has often stated that he feels himself to be the son of a new age, and that his purpose is to direct his subjects toward new aims, and, indeed, the German Empire has entered upon a new era under his rule.

The history of the 26 States which constitute the present German Empire is a long record of wars. At times these States combined against Russia, Poland, France, and their other neighbors. Then again, and more often, they were fighting among themselves. It was the Franco-Prussian War of 1871, which brought these more or less independent States into a single State, forming the German Empire, which to-day binds 4 kingdoms, 6 grand duchies, 5 duchies, 7 principalities, 3 free cities, and 1 territory into "an eternal union for the protection of the realm and the care and welfare of the German people." This union was the work of one man, whose name will ever be recorded among the great builders of empires in history. It was the achievement of Bismarck. Though sprung from war, this new empire introduced an era of peace, which after 43 years was to be disturbed by the greatest war the world has ever known.

When William II. came to the throne, Germany was still a purely Continental Power. Kaiser was still but a name, with Bismarck as the power behind the throne. But William II. was determined to add the actual possession of power to his name and title. The first step toward this end was the dismissal of his Chancellor, Bismarck. From this moment William was able to carry out his personal conceptions of the vocation of a king. But the new spirit which he put into his administration appeared very startling. Wrong ideas began to be formed in other countries as to political conditions in Germany. Because the conduct of the Emperor did not correspond with the position of a ruler under a parliamentary constitution, people fancied that the Germans were living under an absolutist system. Some manifestations of the Emperor's own feelings have indeed often encouraged these ideas.

But such ideas are altogether wrong. Germany can exhibit institutions far more democratic, and individual freedom far more extensive, than is commonly believed. For instance, the sovereign power of the Emperor is controlled; first, by the federal nature of the German Constitution, which excludes a pure parliamentarism; secondly, by the Reichstag, which rests on the broadest possible democratic electorate.

In Germany the great forces of Capital are kept in very strict control, and the intellectual life of her universities enjoys very great independence from the State control. The risk of a general depression of the people by a single central power is neutralized by the internal autonomy of the Federal States and by the large franchises of the great self-governing communities. It is evident that the preliminary conditions for even the most modest monarchical absolutism are here almost entirely absent. Burke said that each country must be viewed according to its peculiar needs, as determined by its history, by the living factors of its political and social structure, and also by the position it holds on the earth's surface from the point of view of military geography.

Germans are perhaps neither logical enough nor radical enough, but too well grounded in political history to bind down the whole wealth of life to one dry formula. Hence they present to view that motley mixture of monarchical, bureaucratic, self-governing, and democratic institutions which we find so difficult to take in at a glance. It is here that William II. has sought to bring his own individuality into play. Even in other countries the expression "The Kaiser" has become a title applied to him alone, as denoting a personality which distinguishes him from the other crowned rulers. Thus has he stepped into the midst of his subjects and put forth his whole strength in every decisive question of politics that has come before him. He has taken part in every question that has stirred the German intellectual life, not by the mere utterance of meaningless remarks, but by taking sides, by leading, attacking and challenging. And for this a flood of bitter criticism has been brought to bear upon him. But he has desired to be something more than the heir of a great name, the mere representative of an institution. He has striven to be the leader of his nation. He is a monarch, the tenor of whose life has carried him immeasurably far from the simpler type of his forefathers. However strong his sense of his own monarchical personality may be, he has not as yet carried it to the length of an actual encounter with the democratic elements of

the German Constitution. In spite of occasional strong language, he has never attempted to extend his authority against the constitutional organs of the German State. In all his dealings he has proven himself to be a monarch loyal to his constitution. During his reign the influence of the Reichstag has increased far more rapidly than in the first seven years of the German Empire; indeed, some are inclined to think that the Constitution of the German Empire is gradually developing into a more parliamentary system, in spite of all the opposing forces. Another reason why the Emperor cannot be a reactionary is, that he is very intimately connected with the driving powers of modern life. In the more familiar forms of social intercourse, he stands out very prominently, and he seems to reflect the whole of modern Germany in his own person as one of her most efficient representatives. He is at once a son of the new Germany, and an exponent of those modern forces which have come into effective being in that country.

During his reign, Germany has taken rank with America and England among the leading manufacturing and commercial nations. The growth of industrialism has been also followed by a growth of private wealth. A generation ago, Germany was a nation of moderate incomes and frugal habits. To-day it is one distinctly well-to-do, and lives in great comfort.

The principle of compulsory state-insurance, which exists in Germany, is a result of the growth of industrialism in that country. And with this there is a permanent rise in wages, which appears to be moving faster than the parallel growth in the cost of living. Nor has the industrial development of Germany affected agriculture adversely, for a large increase in the productiveness of rural labor has taken place. It has even been ascertained that the industrial development, by increasing the demand of the German home market, stands in the closest relation with its agricultural progress. Again, the growth of industrialism demanded a vigorous export, and for this there was need of a merchant marine, which was the forerunner of a navy that has grown to be second only to that of Great Britain. Years ago the Kaiser said that while it was not his intention to have a navy for aggression, he wanted one that would command the respect of the world. To what extent his desires have been accomplished, the present war shows.

The transition from a continental to a world-policy compelled the German Government to provide itself with defenses

which, in case of necessity, would be available for the defense of her own coasts and of her existing interests beyond the seas. For, in order to get a correct general view of German policy, one must never lose sight of her military situation as affected by geography. The position of Germany in the continent of Europe, surrounded by strong military powers, not only compels her to maintain the strongest possible army, as the only safe insurance of national life against a European attack, but also obliges her, in her over-sea policy, never to lose sight of this continental factor.

The character of William II. of Germany could be summed up by saying that he is one of the most versatile men the world has seen.

EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16.



A Word For Vivisection.

IN tracing the different forms of life, from the lowest to the highest, we find that generally the higher forms depend upon the lower for their support and sustenance. In some way, man turns all the other forms to his own use. He has domesticated wild animals, and puts them to innumerable uses; he has subjugated and trained them to his own service, and now he makes use of their strength and endurance for his own purposes. All this long process of changing their surroundings, and almost their very nature, necessarily required the infliction of a great deal of suffering. Yet no humane philosopher or animal philanthropist maintained that this was wrong and cruel; none held that this was taking cowardly advantage of the weak.

Not so at the present day. Man can no longer use inferior animals to his own advantage without opposition. Let the physiologist or the pathologist but lay his hand upon a brute animal, and the whole chorus of anti-vivisectionists will add their mite to the din of the world. In their opinion, vivisection is naught but "systematic and needless cruelty", a diabolic scheme

for producing "prolonged and excruciating pain"; and the experimentalist, the cruelest of monsters. They all but draw sentimental pictures of the "poor, innocent" animal writhing in agony under the "cold-blooded, heartless" scientist's scalpel, while he gleefully gloats over the spasmodic contortions of his helpless victim, or with seared and bloated eyes indifferently gazes upon its sufferings. What a weird picture of horror! Did it correspond to the reality, we would be compelled in fairness to throw in our lot with the opponents of vivisection. But love and pity underlie the nature of man, and we are all too ardent believers in human nature to be swayed by such a phantasm. Hence the conclusion is forced upon us that anti-vivisectionists are fighting a monster that does not exist *in rerum natura*.

Before proceeding further, it might be proper to explain the exact sense in which the term anti-vivisectionists is here used. Vivisection, or painful animal experimentation, like all else that is *per se* good, and consequently licit, has been abused, and now finds itself confronted by quite a few opponents. Among these, two classes are pre-eminent. Some kindly persons, stirred by the useless infliction of pain upon dumb brutes in some exceptional cases, are in righteous indignation and demand the restriction within certain limits, of experiments in which the subject suffers; they would justly have the Law guide the hand that holds the keen-edged knife. Such honest adversaries merit the common approval. Others, however, would have the Law entirely fetter and shackle even the hand that seeks dexterity in judicious practice, and that is guided by a mind and will far nobler than their own. They would have the whole practice condemned, and would make it impossible except in secret and as a crime. They are troubled with chimerical visions of monstrous cruelty that appeal to none but a crapulous imagination, and would make such visions the grounds for abolishing vivisection. It is against this class of anti-vivisectionists that scientists contend.

Owing to the exceptional abuses of a few experimentalists, the advocacy of vivisection without restriction might entail considerable difficulty. This, however, is far from being the case in vindicating experiments on animals *per se*. The proverbial philosophic formula, *ab abusu ad usum non valet consequentia*, holds true here as elsewhere. Hence, but little argument is needed to convince those who have given the question any consideration at all, that vivisection violates no rights, while it has been of paramount benefit. Ethically, the position of anti-vivi-

sectionists is indefensible, for the ethical side of the question most emphatically establishes the fact that man may use animals for his own end. If the attainment of this end involves the infliction of pain upon beasts, then, even so, the right rests with man to inflict this pain. To say that vivisection is wrong and unjust, is to attribute rights to the brute and to place it on a par with man, an absurdity to which only a few sorry representatives of the human species have given utterance.

Those anti-vivisectionists who make sympathy the basis of their opposition offer but a feeble resistance. They solicit our pity for the brute, and neglect man; they would shield the subject at the expense of the master; they would sacrifice the human being to protect the animal! Pity, humanity! is their cry, even while they disregard the sufferings of humanity! Oh, but they are humane! They have been known to look on passively while a petty thief was clubbed, and dragged through the mire of the streets; but let someone kick a cur that is yapping at his heels—oh! then the cruel fellow must be severely reprimanded. They boast of telling the scientist to his teeth that he has no sympathy with animals, and do not recall that only yestereve they were sorely tempted to riddle their neighbor's cat with shot simply because it pleased to serenade at midnight. What is more to the point, the cruelest of sports is countenanced and openly defended by the very individuals who accuse the experimentalist of cruelty. To hound an animal to earth for the mere pleasure of the pursuit and capture is, indeed, a manly and noble sport! But the scientist is denied the right to use animals for useful purposes. The operation on a beast for the advancement of science is held up as the crime of crimes; yet nothing is thought of torturing men in tenement houses, or of running them down with automobiles. Certain experiments which spring from perverted taste are quite as painful as the dissection of living creatures. For instance, what have anti-vivisectionists to say about the gelding of horses, or the clipping of the tails and ears of pet dogs? But silence!—such, on this point, is the command of Dame Fashion.

What an incongruity, then, is the whole claim that animal experimentation is an aimless torture! The attitude of the opposition is more untenable than the trenches of the Allies. They reiterate that pain is inflicted, but they fail to call our attention to the fact that the vast majority of scientists render the animal incapable of sensation except when anaesthesia would defeat the purpose of the experiment. That a few have abused

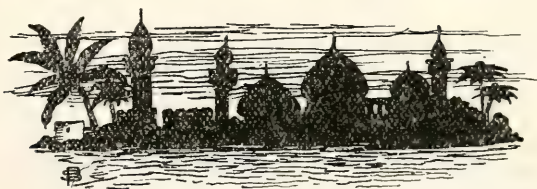
their privileges is no reason to suppose that all vivisectors are insensible to another's pain. They are by no means inhuman scoundrels parading under a good name. At heart, they are men as the rest of us, with compassion for all suffering. They take no wanton pleasure in causing pain. They experiment for the sake of advancing medical knowledge, and to alleviate human discomforts. What their experiments have accomplished, speaks greatly in their favor. Experimentalists can, with a just pride, point to their achievements, for they are already extraordinary and more than sufficient to vindicate vivisection.

And what, you ask, are the vaunted benefits of vivisection? Let the voluminous answer come from the many human sufferers who have found relief through operations, which are no more and no less than intelligent applications of principles established by numerous experiments on animals. And authorities on the subject can tell you that "there is no branch of medical science that cannot be essentially benefited by experiments on animals"; that vivisection has given us "our knowledge concerning assimilation and digestion, the appearance of obstructions in blood-vessels, and the effects of poisons"; "it has taught us that certain drugs exercise a powerful action on the heart, that pain is transmitted along the nerves; that section of a nerve deprives a certain area of sensation." The effect of the application of the last principle is at times nothing short of the marvelous. Nor is this the sum total of the benefits of vivisection. It has been greatly instrumental in preventing the spread of human disease. That epidemics should ever again appear in such vast proportion as formerly, has become practically impossible. Fevers, plagues, and the cholera itself, are now almost completely under control. All our information about the micro-organisms of disease has been acquired only by hundreds of experiments on animals; yet who shall say that the result was not worth the sacrifice? Let this not be construed as a claim that the gain of a scientific fact outweighs all regard for the *method* of attaining it; but surely an abuse of the means gives no warrant for stigmatizing the means itself.

Finally, let us come to the medical student. To abolish vivisection would be to deprive him of an all-important method of acquiring practical knowledge. Nature's exact process and method of operation can be discovered only by direct observation, and for this animal experimentation is an indispensable aid. Vivisection is absolutely essential for observation, and cannot be

done away with in favor of any philosophical method. Society confidently trusts its sick and dying members to the care and skill of the disciples of Aesculapius. How much of that confidence would disappear with the abolition of vivisection, must remain a matter of conjecture. Imagine a trembling inexperienced hand wielding the scalpel over a body that is hovering betwixt life and death! How can the budding surgeon acquire assurance and dexterity, if experiments on animals are to be made unlawful? Harken to anti-vivisectionists, and successful operations will become far more rare than are unsuccessful ones at present. Cease to dissect living animals, and thousands of men will annually die a premature death amidst the most dreadful torments. Hinder medical education, and your future doctor will be a dangerous quack. To just such an extremity would we come, if we attempted to replace a method that cannot be replaced. To prevent abuses, the Law may eventually impose certain restrictions on vivisection, but there is scarcely any pressing danger that it will take into account the comparatively small number who attack vivisection as a whole. In view of the countless declarations of competent judges, there need be no immediate fear that anti-vivisectionists will triumph: ethically, their objections are wrong; logically, they are inconsistent; and in the presence of facts, the opponents of vivisection expose themselves to the unwelcome charge of sentimentalism.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



The Kings.

THREE kings riding forth of old
(Myrrh and frankincense and gold),

Three kings waiting fearful dawn
Where the battle-lines are drawn.

Kings of bloody strife, how far
You have wandered from your star!

—EXCHANGE.

Modern Advertising.

ADVERTISING is like golf in that it partakes, at various times, of the nature of an art, a science and an inspiration. Some old-fashioned people still profess to dislike its manifestations—which, we may all admit are, in point of taste, occasionally open to criticism; some even proceed as far as to decry the usefulness of advertising. The answer to the latter objection is best given by means of an instance. When a man is in the midst of a ravishing fire and immediately finding no way of a safe escape, he abandons his principles by shouting, "Help!" In other words he advertises his unwelcome dilemma. The answer to the former objection is that no human institution is uniformly perfect: it must be judged by the average good accomplished rather than by its exceptions. But there is really no need at this time to enter upon any defense of public advertising. All are advertisers if they profess any use for the elements of success, and the only question is that of the best way of making known or expressing our claims upon the notice of a somewhat wearied world. It is mainly to this end that the art and the science of advertising have been so carefully and highly developed of late years—*pari passu* with the growth of newspapers, which has given them their greatest opportunity, and on which they have so strongly reacted—though the inspiration which comes, like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought, still holds distinguished place of its own in the advertising world.

In an effort to set before the commercial world the proof of the success of modern advertising, numerous books have been compiled treating of various phases of business, foremost among which is the solution of the economical problems by the modern method of advertising. Messrs. Hale and Hart, who are themselves noted English advertising experts, have collaborated in the publication of an enthusiastic manifesto—"that honest 'ads' only continue to pay"—in the course of which they throw some light on the immense amount of skill and labor put into the appeal to the public. This is a wholesome revelation to those rustic readers who still suppose writing as well as reading advertisements comes by nature.

The great development of advertising in the United States and Great Britain during the last generation is obvious to all who read a newspaper or magazine. The annual expenditure on advertising in the United States is \$616,000,000; in Great Britain

it is estimated by Mr. Dibbler that from 80 to 100 millions sterling are spent annually on advertising,—a sum equal to the amount spent on the army and navy combined. Mr. Goodall, one of the leading advertising experts, points out the annual expenditure on advertising throughout the world is about \$2,916,000,000, a calculation not far wide of the truth. The late Mr. Barrett, soap manufacturer, reckoned that he had spent three millions sterling in pushing a particular brand of soap, and a single advertising firm recently announced that the amount of advertising which they had handled in nine months showed an increase of £60,000 on the preceding nine.

After considering the statistics one naturally asks himself who really foots this immense bill and whether it is a gain or a loss to the community at large.

The old theory that we hear repeated by those who do not trouble themselves to look closely into the matter is that the outlay of advertising is ultimately paid by the consumer and that therefore it is a loss to the community. The modern view, founded on many facts, is that the cost of advertising is paid by the less competitive business man, or to put it simply, the man who does not care to advertise, and whose business is virtually absorbed by his more alert and resourceful competitor. Countless instances may be adduced to show that, so far from much advertised goods' being sold at a higher price or their being worse in quality than their unadvertised rivals, the case is just the reverse. Mr. Barrett declared that he was able to sell his soap 30 to 40 per cent. cheaper when he spent more than £100,000 a year on advertising, than in the days when only £80 was spent. The reason, of course, is that great economy in manufacturing can be attained when an article is made in very large quantities, and when there is an assured market for it. In fact, the saving is so great that even after paying the cost of advertising, the consumer obtains his goods at a lower rate, and the manufacturer pockets an increased annual profit. In addition, we must remember that a very much larger amount of wages is being paid to the workmen engaged in the enlarged business. The only real loser is the less enterprising business man who may be driven out of business; but that is the common penalty of inefficiency or mental sluggishness. Thus, it is evident that this lavish advertising of soap has increased the general demand for it, while the consumer benefits by getting a higher quality at a lower price than he could have done fifty years ago. In this sense—and this

is only one of many—the development of advertising has done a great service to the average man; those who doubt this, fall into the common error of the arm-chair economist who wants to settle every question in terms of production and consumption alone and ignores the problems of distribution, which are at least equally important in a large civilized community, though perhaps they might be safely ignored on the Robinson Crusoe island of old-fashioned text-books.

The psychological aspects of advertising have been investigated to determine the relative value of advertisements placed among reading matter and set on a page by themselves, many favoring the latter. Of course advertising is, first and foremost, a psychological problem, its whole object being to catch the attention of the average reader and to impress a fact or name on his memory, so that when he goes into a store in his usual way, that name or that fact presents itself unbidden on the threshold of consciousness and insensibly dominates his purchasing power. The best advertiser is usually the best man who has the necessary imagination to put himself in the place of the particular class to whom he wishes to appeal. But this obviously cannot be taught or explained in books. It must be a natural gift trained by experience.

In conclusion, we must draw attention to the fact that advertising, as now conducted by the leading advertisers, is based on the clear perception that it must be fundamentally honest. This may be a surprise to the readers who still preserve the old prejudice against advertising which dates back to the middle of the nineteenth century when it was conducted on a large scale chiefly by quack doctors. But the modern advertiser does not go on the old quack maxim, "*Populus vult decipi: et decipiatur*," but on Abraham Lincoln's theory that you cannot deceive all the people all the time. There are, however, some advertisers who still improperly devote their skill to false advertising, but their number is growing daily smaller. Reputable newspapers are discouraging their custom, and a strong *esprit de corps* is growing up in the advertising profession. Genuine advertising is "making known"; and only a good thing can pay for it in the long run.

CHARLES J. DEASY, '17.

The Awakening.

IT was the greatest night in Henry Boardman's career. It seemed that his whole life centered about this eventful night.

His years had been spent in making money, the surest way, he thought, of winning the world's notice, which was of course the height of every man's ambition. And so did Boardman toil out his existence, absorbed in material concerns, caring nothing for his fellow-men, but only for their gold and their esteem, unconscious of the beauties in nature, unmindful of God, his Creator.

Now he was a multi-millionaire, known all over the world as a "money king", who made millions grow where none had been before. On New Year's night, after months of preparation by the world's greatest artists, he had given a gigantic fete, which dazzled a continent with its splendor and gorgeousness. It was the crowning achievement of his life. Never again, perhaps, would humanity see anything like it. A thousand couples, representing the elite of the moneyed class of full three-score American cities, had listened to the world's most accomplished musicians executing the most delightful of operas in Henry Boardman's own private theatre. They had danced in his palatial ball-room. They had dined and wined at his super-sumptuous table. They had strolled through his art-galleries and been lost in the mazes of his enchanted gardens. They had wondered at the magnificance of his dwelling, and the perfection of its appointments; they had declared his retinue of servants the most intelligent that could be assembled, and voted himself the most urbane, the most tactful, and the most generous of hosts.

But at last it was over. The guests had gone their several ways, and the great house was about to be given over to an army of renovators. The host lolled in the conservatory of his suburban home, the second day after his triumph. He had slept through the first. At one of the windows overlooking the street he sat musing, while people walked past, returning from church. Mechanically, his eye followed them. The crowds of early January worshippers were beginning to dwindle. One among them seemed to arrest the millionaire's attention. It was a crippled girl, who, even with the help of her crutch, evidently walked with great pain, but whose face was lighted up with a serene joy all out of keeping with her infirmity. Amused at his own preoccupation—he was not in the habit of fixing his atten-

tion on those of her class—he continued to gaze. Oddly enough, just behind her hobbled a club-footed boy, who, in spite of his threadbare clothing and his painful progress along the slippery street, was positively whistling. The thin face, puckered into the proper shape for that delightful exercise, greatly delighted the onlooker, and he found himself impulsively throwing up a window to hear what the tune was. It was the long-forgotten "Adeste". "I must confess," admitted Boardman to himself, "what I never before believed possible, that comfort is not at all essential to happiness;—and yet how eagerly I have sought it, and what a large percentage of my time has been spent in its pursuit!"

The millionaire shrank back into the shadows as he saw approaching a man who had been accused as a defaulter, and at whom many were now pointing the finger of scorn. But the clear, unruffled brow and the frank and fearless eye told the unseen watcher that peace filled the heart within, even before he heard these words as John Ward and his wife passed beneath the window: "That's all right, wifey, a man with a clear conscience is happy, no matter what the world thinks of him!" "So there goes another idol!" exclaimed Boardman. "Here is a man serenely happy, while lacking that esteem of the world which I have for years made almost my only goal!"

Further reflections were cut short by the rippling laughter of a trio that now approached—twin brothers, apparently about fifteen, and their mother, whom Boardman recognized as the Widow Doyle. They came to a standstill directly beneath the window. Then it became apparent that they were discussing the best manner of disposing of the princely sum of five dollars, received at Christmas. "I'd give every cent of it to Jimmie Burg," said one, "maybe there'd be enough to straighten out his crooked legs in the hospital, and even buy him some clothes." "Aw, Clarence," chimed in the other boy's voice, "we can't miss this chance of doing something for poor crippled Annie Collins." "Well, boys," laughed their mother, "since you won't use it for yourselves, why not divide it equally between Jimmie Burg and Annie Collins?" "Great! mom, you're just the best old mommer in the world!" were the boys' exclamations as they moved down the street, leaving Henry Boardman fairly stupefied. "What!" he cried, "these poor widow's sons find their greatest delight in giving away what little money they have acquired, and I think only of hoarding up more and more, and using it for mere ostentatious display. Who is right—the Doyle twins or Henry Board-

man?" And the more he thought, the greater grew his conviction that it was *not* Henry Boardman.

"How empty, how unreal, how unsatisfying," he thought, "are these worldly pleasures, for which I have labored so long. We reach out to grasp the object of our desires, to find then but as the vanishing vapors, which, as we pursue them, retreat, tantalizingly luring us onward to eventful destruction. Truly, distance lends enchantment; viewed from afar they appear perfect means to happiness. But when they have been enjoyed, how deceptive they are found to be; how barren of the real and true joy of life; how full of imperfection and discontent!"

Thus soliloquized Henry Boardman, the "master-mind of finance." The words of Grey flitted through his mind,

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Yes," he said, "what a fool I have been! Blinded by my own selfish desires, thinking the world centered about me, when I am but a drop in the ocean of humanity, I have lived my life in vain till now. Thank God it is not too late!"

The light had burst upon him. The poor, the disgraced, and generous youth, had shown him the way to truth. The winter sun had risen with more than its wonted radiance, gilding all the landscape. Boardman looked out from the artificial beauties of his home to the beauties of nature spread around it—looked on them also with new understanding. He marveled at the transformation that had come over him. Could there really be so much beauty in the world?

Henry Boardman sallied forth, a new elasticity in his step, a new resolve in his heart. The cripple girl, Annie Collins, might tell you what it was. So might the club-footed boy, Jimmie Burg, or the Widow Doyle, and her cherubim, or—most of all—John Ward, unjustly accused, but now soon to be triumphantly vindicated. Whatever that resolve was, it had awakened Henry Boardman, millionaire—awakened him to happiness.



An Excursion Into the Steel Industry.

IT is in keeping with the policy of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce to arrange excursions into the field of practical effort; so on Monday, December 7th, the students in Economics and Industrial Organization visited the plant of the Duquesne Steel Co. The trip was conducted by Mr. Shearman, through the courtesy of the Carnegie Steel Co.

To the average student Economics is little more than a body of theory, dull or interesting in proportion to his own bent of mind, or the teacher's skill. Seldom is its real value appreciated, especially by the young collegian. There is, nevertheless, no study more vitally interesting or more practical as a means of commercial advancement than Economics, the "Science of Business". It is the fundamental course in all universities giving advanced commercial instruction in business organization and administration. The reason it is underestimated by some, is that they have not had sufficient experience in life to enable them to understand the application of the principles taught them. The purpose of the School of Commerce in planning these trips, is to provide those studying Economics and Industry here, with an opportunity to see the economic principles applied in modern business concerns.

To study "Production", it is natural to turn to the industry that has made Pittsburgh famous throughout the world. The Duquesne plant afforded the best opportunity for analyzing the manufacture of steel, from the ore into the finished rolled products. There the utilities that constitute production are seen actually created in one of the finest plants in existence.

The heavy rain which poured down the whole afternoon did not in the least dampen our interest. From the moment we entered the gates of the plant and met our genial guide, Mr. Connelly, until three hours later, when we cordially thanked him for his efficient and willing services (I would not like to

estimate the number of questions he answered) our attention was chained by one fascinating sight or sound after another.

Going first to the far end of the yards we saw thousands of tons of ore, after its thousand mile lake-and-rail trip ready to coöperate with Labor and Capital in the production of more Wealth. We saw the huge electric dumping contrivance lift up bodily a freight car full of ore from the rails, and turning it up side down, dump its contents into plant cars which carry it to the blast furnaces. This stupendously powerful machine seizes a freight car in its arms and turns it over as easily as you or I would empty a bureau drawer, and is typical of the marvelously efficient machinery for which the steel industry has become famous. It gives a practical demonstration of the part capital plays in production.

We followed the ore to the row of towering blast furnaces. To the tops of these, conveyors hauled proportionate loads of ore, limestone and coke, and dumped them into the cupola, which in turn emptied them into the fiery furnace. Here the raw material undergoes its first change; in six or eight hours it is poured out molten pig iron. We were fortunate enough to see a "cast",—a sight never to be forgotten; a Niagara of spluttering, gushing, bright metal rushing from the orifices of the furnace through channels of sand into great ladles which carry it away to be refined into steel or into "pigs". The impurities or slag which rise to the top of the heavier molten metal are poured out through another channel. But from this formerly waste material, the United States Steel Corporation, in 1913, saved ten million tons of cement.

We followed our guide across tracks, through the yards piled high with scrap and billets, past cars of glowing red ingots, through sheds which sheltered huge whirring engines, into an immense building where was arranged a long line of open-hearth furnaces. There the molten metal was mixed with scrap and "doctored" with manganese and other ingredients and converted into steel. In front of the furnaces electric charging machines or cranes fed the fiery monsters. In its long iron beak the crane seized a load of scrap weighing several tons, passed it through the door of the furnace and dropped it into the boiling mass within. By borrowing a pair of colored glasses from one of the men and venturing near the door of one of the furnaces, we saw the white-hot seething steel, bubbling like boiling milk. At the call of our guide we hurried to the back of the furnace and saw a load

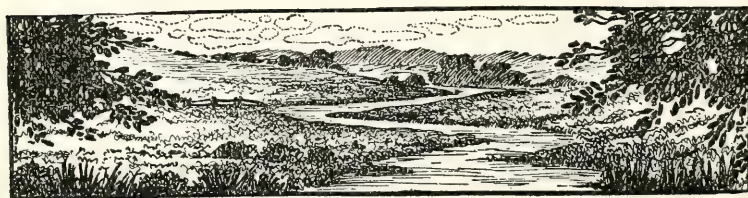
of steel poured from the furnace into a cauldron. This was spurted off and caught into molds. When the metal had solidified the molds were stripped off by a pair of giant steel fingers, and left the five-ton cherry-red ingots standing upright on the cars. These were carried into the "soaking pits" wherein they were tempered to the proper heat for rolling.

The rolling mill is always a spectacular and fascinating phase of a trip through a steel plant. Magnificent is the sight of the massive glowing slab of steel being rushed back and forth between the rolls, roaring and spluttering as if in protest against such rough treatment, growing thinner and longer at every squeeze it gets between the tremendously powerful chilled rolls, till, in a few minutes, it is changed from an ingot six feet in length by two feet in thickness, into a long glowing bar eight inches or so thick, and rushed red hot through a shearer which cuts it, as if it were cheese, into billets three feet or more long. These may be shipped away to other plants, whose raw material is steel billets, or they may be rolled still further into angles, I beams, or other finished steel products.

Thus did we in one afternoon see the product of the age made from start to finish. Besides we studied such things as "plant layout", "routing of materials", "labor saving machinery", "division of labor" and other economic methods of modern processes, which are carried to a greater degree of efficiency in the manufacture of steel than in any other industry. We had a peep into the internal organization of one of the greatest productive concerns in the world—a concern which combines the agents of production, Nature, Labor and Capital, as effectively as has yet been found possible.

The excursion was intensely interesting and instructive, and the writer, for one, shall look forward to other trips illustrating future phases of Economic activities.

J. J. LAPPAN, '16.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

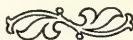
The Prospect of the Dawning Year.

TIME has dropped his curtain on the past year and once more we look upon the horizon of its successor. It is impossible to forget the gloomy closing scene of the dead year, a dark and murky sky bringing into blinding and awful relief the blood-red sunset. Yes, we see in the dawn of the new year the inheritance of the same unnatural crimson color marring the beauty of the birth of the new year's morn. But let us be optimistic. If we can not forget some of the sadness of the past, neither can we forget some of the gladness, and if we pause to consider both sides, even the pessimist can see the scales balance, while those of a more sanguine temperament can, without fear of having delusive hopes, see the world's gladness outweighing its sadness, for truly there is much to call forth a sincere act of thanksgiving.

Even the dim vision of the present year's distant horizon brings before our eyes many beautiful pictures, and at this early date we see around us many praiseworthy activities for the diffusion of happiness which justify our picturing a happy prospect. We can see Christian charity working among the sick and destitute, transforming poverty and squalidness into comfort and happiness; we can see the sunlight of philanthropy dispelling the shadows of sickness and trouble; we can see a better condition in the business of the world with a consequent improvement in the relations between employer and employe; and we can see down the whole long vista of the year a brilliant gleam of happiness lighting and making radiant the broad interminable perspective of its path. But upon us depends much of the realization of this vision, since each must do his share of the world's work. This is especially the time for making good resolutions. Let us

all then resolve to make our dreams come true at least as much as is within our power. We can begin in no better way than by wishing all a Happy New Year.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



A New Magazine in Latin.

WE have received a sample copy of a new periodical entitled *Alma Roma*. This monthly paper was recently presented to the world of scholarship to succeed the *Vox Urbis*, which discontinued publication in December, 1913, after 16 years of a glorious existence.

Alma Roma came to life through the solicitude of the late Holy Father Pius X, who had profoundly at heart the preservation and diffusion of the Latin language, official tongue of the Church and bond of unity between the faithful.

This periodical, entirely written in Latin, even to the advertisements, will prove useful to all who feel inclined towards the literature of that ancient people who so potently diffused civilization throughout the world. In fact, they will read with pleasure, in the language of Cicero, themes of the utmost timeliness: literary articles of Francesia, Macrae, Galdi, Aureli, and Tasset, who treats of the pronunciation of Latin; notes on Archaeology from the pen of Father Bonavenia; philosophical and economic discussions by Father Berthier; the revival of Sacred Art by Abbot Janssens; a review of political happenings, the actual situation of the European war. Even the gay and spirited note is not lacking; one may read, in Latin, of the diverting adventures of a young man; of household sanitation; even directions for good cooking! . . .

We therefore wish to the Review the success which it deserves and we warmly recommend it to our readers, following the example of our Holy Father who, in a very laudatory autograph, said: "We very highly recommend the excellent idea of publishing a periodical in Latin, and as a testimony of our gratitude and love, we grant with our whole heart our Apostolic Benediction to the writers and to all those who in any way shall contribute to its maintenance and propagation".

The present Pontiff, Benedict XV, who, when Archbishop of Bologna, was among the first subscribers, wished to succeed his predecessor as High Patron of this periodical.

The price of the annual subscription is \$2.40, to be sent directly to the Director, Signor Dr. Giuseppe Fornari, via Governo Vecchio 96, Roma.

CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

Many have been the compliments passed on the entertainers that so lavishly give of their time and talent in our winter séances. Along lines literary, musical, his-

trionic, a real and most gratifying progress has been noted. The audience spends a delightful evening; and the participants gain that experience in acquitting themselves of their parts before a crowd, which means so much for their future as men in public life. Those who have once enjoyed a programme of such genuine artistic merit as those recently given, return again; and it is a matter of supreme regret that more of the student body does not find it worth while to profit of an opportunity for obtaining real culture so easily within its reach.

The entertainment of December 6 is an illustration of the foregoing remarks. If we began to comment on any single number, we should be obliged to pass a eulogy on each one in turn. The debate that wound up the evening's programme was handled most capably and interestingly by the members of the Junior Class, the serious aspects of the question being deftly treated, and its lighter phases touched with flashes of graceful humor. The programme was as follows:—

March	Our Naval Officers, <i>Bennet</i>	Orchestra
	Director, Prof. C. B. Weis		
Reading	Nathan Hale	Arthur L. Depp
Waltz	Daughter of Love, <i>Bennet</i>	Orchestra
Monologue	"Da Comica Man", <i>T. A. Daly</i>	
			Thos. A. Drengacz
Bass Songs	(a) Corisande, <i>Sanderson</i>	
	(b) The Sword of Ferrara, <i>Ballard</i>	
	Edward J. King, of the Epiphany Choir		
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe		
Piano Solo	Walzer Fantasie, <i>Heine</i>	Leo A. McCrory
Comic Recitation	The Bald-Headed Man	
			E. Lawrence O'Connell

Class Song	Absent, <i>Hathaway</i>	Seniors and Juniors
	Piano Accompaniment by L. A. McCrory and	
	Cello Obligato by Rev. J. A. Dewe	
Reverie	Apple Blossoms, <i>Roberts</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE :—Resolved, That Co-Education Is Beneficial

Chairman, Edward J. Nemmer

Affirmative, Thomas J. McDermott and Francis M. Hoffmann

Negative, Michael P. Hinnebusch and Jerome D. Hannan.

The severe weather of December 13 did not prevent a goodly crowd from assembling to hear the varied programme arranged for "Freshman Night", which we give below :—

March	I Want to Go Back to Michigan, <i>Berlin</i>	Orchestra
Recitation	The Death of Gaudentis	Vincent J. Rieland
Vocal Solo	Oh, Promise Me	Charles J. Deasy
Medley Overture	Popular Airs, <i>Lampe</i>	Orchestra
Four Part Chorus	March of the Men of Harleck	
	<i>Salisbury</i>	Select Choir
Comic Song	There Were Two Flies, <i>Parks</i>	Select Choir
Reading	The Doctor's Story	C. Herbert Dyson
Class Song	Soldier's Longings	Freshman and Sophomore
Finale	L'Aveu, <i>Thome</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE :—Resolved, That Cigarette Smoking Among Young People Should Be Prohibited

Chairman, Stanislaus Gawronski

Affirmative, Joseph M. Ganter and Raymond J. Baum

Negative, Anthony J. Nickel and Dudley J. Nee.

The speakers, by their easy stage presence, careful enunciation, and appropriate gestures, gave proof of a training that largely made up for lack of previous experience as debaters.

The largest audience ever present in the University auditorium witnessed, on December 18, the initial and eminently successful attempt of the "Red Masquers" to

The Christmas present a mid-winter production. The new Play scenery, designed by Father Malloy, and painted in a pleasing color scheme of red,

buff and green, could not have had a more fitting dedication. Two farces; four musical numbers by the orchestra, under the direction of Professor C. B. Weis; a Christmas carol by soprano voices and two four-part songs trained by Rev. J. A. Dewe; a clever presentation of T. A. Daly's "Gondolier", by Thomas A.

Drengacz; a masterly violin solo by A. T. Walta, and a brilliant piano duet by Father Dewe and Leo A. McCrory, comprised the programme.

The opening playlet, "The Doctor's Own Pills", though short, was bright and full of snap; Jerome D. Hannan, J. Bernard Lynch and Edw. J. Sullivan appeared to advantage, respectively, as the indignant patient, Sir Bellew-Thunderly, the terror-stricken "medic", Doctor Kawphin, and the alarmed hostess, Mrs. Stoughton. It was its companion farce, however, that made the hit of the evening. "On Guard", revolving around the love affair of the beautiful Marion, impersonated by Jerome L. Cunningham, who played the part as to the manner born, kept the audience in the best of humor from start to finish. Maurice J. Searle, as Tom Manly, did justice to the role of the hopeful swain. Joseph P. Sweeney, in the genuinely and sparkingly humorous part of Teddy Finnegan, and Joseph L. McIntyre, as Molly, a vivacious colleen, provoked one continuous peal of laughter. Edw. J. Nemmer, as the irate father, and E. Lawrence O'Connell, as the dudish Charles Casher, completed a well-balanced cast. Both plays were coached by the Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp. Leo A. McCrory, President of the Club, and Frank P. Anton, Publicity Man, were stage manager and property man, respectively.

Too much praise can not be bestowed on the corps of volunteer stage carpenters, painters and electricians that, in the space of a few days, outside class-hours, transformed our usually prosaic stage into the picture of beauty it turned out to be. They, as well as the actors, deserve mention here. Carl Ackerman, Stanley Butrym, Edward Cronauer, Thomas Drengacz, Herbert Dyson, Owen E. Kelly, Peter McCloskey, Leo McIntyre, Frank Nyce, Michael F. Obruba, C. F. Pillart, Thomas Sheridan, Lawrence Urban and Michael Wolak—with perhaps one or two others—aided the Father and Brother in charge in all manner of ways. Miss Matilda Wolf, a near neighbor, furnished many pretty ornaments for the stage. The ladies' costumes were very generously loaned by the Lewin-Nieman Company, the shoes by Book's, and the jewelry by the Terheyden Co.

As this was their very first production since their organization as a Club, the "Red Masquers" gave it as a complimentary entertainment to their fellow-students and friends. It was well, however, that cards of admission were furnished, for, despite the cold and the ice, nearly a thousand people climbed the hill in order to witness it. The "Masquers" are more than gratified at

the success of their first venture, and have already begun planning another.

On Monday evening, December 21, the boarders enjoyed their annual Christmas banquet. The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, presided, and several members of the Faculty were present. The guests of the evening were the football teams, the members of the orchestra, and the "Red Masquers". Before pronouncing the concluding grace, Father Hehir congratulated the students on their success in their varied spheres of activity.

After much deliberation and careful forethought, the Athletic Association has decided that the annual reception and euchre will be held on February 2, and the Colonial Auditorium, in the East End, is to be the place for this important social event.

A meeting of the various committees appointed to arrange for the event was called on Friday, December 18, to hear the reports and act on the suggestions that would insure its complete success.

Father Mehler, president of the Faculty Athletic Committee, opened the meeting and gave an outline of what had been done up to the present time, and what still remained to be done. He called attention to the importance of the reception and just what its success meant. William C. Heimbuecher, '15, chairman of the Executive Committee, urged every one present to work with a will, as it meant so much to the life of Athletics in the University.

Father McGuigan, in a pointed talk, did much to infuse a spirit of enthusiasm and won from everyone present the promise to do his utmost for the coming reception. He told of the first euchre held in the present building many years ago, of its modest but real success, and of the phenomenal growth in importance of its brilliant successors. "This one, then, must," he said, "surpass by far, all previous events. That this may be realized, let every one roll up his sleeves and work as he never worked before; then look for results. It is the best way to show your spirit." The Committees are as follows:—

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: William C. Heimbuecher, Chairman; V. S. Burke, L. A. McCrory, J. L. Lavelle, M. J. Shortley, F. P. Anton, J. S. Szepe, J. D. Hannan, F. M. Hoffmann.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE: L. A. McCrory, Chairman; T. J.

McDermott, E. L. O'Connell, J. J. McDonough, Frank H. Gillis, R. J. Seidle, L. Follett, M. Wagner, R. N. Baum.

FLOOR COMMITTEE: M. J. Shortley, Chairman; Ray Callahan, W. K. Morrissey, M. J. Searle, A. C. Adler, J. H. Shanahan, R. A. Pierotti, H. J. Terheyden, W. J. Wallace.

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE: J. L. Lavelle, Chairman; W. C. Fielding.

DOOR COMMITTEE: V. S. Burke, Chairman; J. A. Urlakis, V. V. Stancelewski, J. D. Howard.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE: F. P. Anton, Chairman; C. Bonnini.

REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE: J. S. Szepe, Chairman; E. J. Nemmer, M. J. Hinnebusch, T. A. Drengacz.

EUCHRE COMMITTEE: J. D. Hannan, Chairman; L. J. Kadlewicz, F. J. Streiff, J. J. Sullivan, D. J. Nee, J. M. Ganter, E. J. Sullivan, J. T. Little, J. C. Anton, A. F. Loxterman, W. F. O'Malley, M. N. Glynn, J. B. Lynch, E. C. Bechtold, P. J. Kaylor, J. P. Sweeney, R. E. Donovan, H. A. Ringel, J. P. Braithwaite, J. J. O'Connor, W. J. Fritz, J. L. McIntyre.

PRIZE COMMITTEE: F. M. Hoffmann, Chairman; C. J. Deasy, T. P. Nee, J. F. Kernan, A. H. Muehlbauer, J. A. Mulgrew, N. C. Hein, C. F. O'Connor, Joseph Karabasz, A. J. Avetta.

On December 29, the Very Rev. President attended a meeting of college representatives at St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pa.

The meeting of the Catholic college men of Pennsylvania has been an annual affair during the past four years. The main object is to bring them together in order to discuss educational questions and problems as they present themselves, especially in the State of Pennsylvania.

As soon as the football season closed, the instruction of the students in gymnastics was resumed. Every boy, from the

Preps to the Seniors, takes his turn, under the guidance of Doctor Caspar Stein, who knows how to inspire enthusiasm for the manly arts in boys of the most varied temperaments. The boarders have an extra hour's apparatus work every Saturday morning—another reason why some of our day scholars ought to join the ranks of the resident students.

For some time past, a number of teachers in primary and high schools have been coming to the University on Saturdays to

receive special instruction in various branches of the high school and college courses.

University

Extension Some of them have already pursued courses in our Summer School, and will soon be ready to take examinations for degrees. The majority of these industrious Saturday pupils are Sisters.

The Art Classes, under the direction of Professor Randby, are making progress that is very remarkable. Some of the pupils are already doing creditable work in water colors and in oil. Those who are specializing in design expect to publish some of their pen sketches in a forthcoming issue of the MONTHLY.

Art Classes

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

New Courses in Commercial Spanish and Latin-American Commerce.

Beginning Tuesday evening, January 12th, the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, will conduct Evening Classes in the above subjects for the purpose of preparing students to enter the service of American corporations in the extension of their business in Central and South America. The full course will require two evenings per week from now until June, and for the full school year of 1915-1916, and a certificate of proficiency will be granted to those successfully completing the course. Those who graduate will be put in touch with firms needing Spanish-American representatives, office correspondents or interpreters, and at the present time there are many positions in this kind waiting for those competent to fill them. The opportunities are exceptionally good for rapid advancement and splendid compensation.

Classes will be held each Tuesday and Friday evening until June next, the first hour being devoted to Commercial Spanish and the second hour each evening to a study of the history, geographical, social and educational characteristics, economic features, finance and commerce of Latin-American countries. The cost of one course for the balance of this School Year is \$15.00 and for both courses \$25.00.

Mr. Corriols, who will conduct the classes, is of Spanish birth, has received his education in Spain, France, South America

and the United States, has lived and conducted business in the countries of which he teaches, speaks a number of languages fluently, is associated with the Mellon Bank and in daily touch with Commercial affairs, is Mexican Vice-Consul, and an experienced teacher of languages.

Following is the schedule of subjects for the year in the class in Latin-American Commerce which meets each Tuesday and Friday from 8:30 until 9:30 o'clock. following the hour devoted to Spanish:—

Jan. 12, The General situation and trade opportunity in S. America; Jan. 15, Physical characteristics of Mexico; Jan. 19, Government and political institutions of Mexico; Jan. 22, History of Mexico; Jan. 26, Social and educational status of Mexico; Jan. 29, Mexican opportunities; Feb. 2, Guatemala; Feb. 5, San Salvador; Feb. 9, Honduras; Feb. 12, Nicaragua; Feb. 15, Costa Rica; Feb. 19, Panama; Feb. 23, The physical characteristics and government of Cuba; Feb. 26, The history and social institutions of Cuba; Feb. 30, Physical characteristics of Columbia; Mar. 2, History and social institutions of Colombia; Mar. 5, Physical characteristics and government of Venezuela; Mar. 9, History and social institutions of Venezuela; Mar. 12, Physical characteristics and government of Ecuador; Mar. 16, History and characteristics and government of Peru; Mar. 26, Physical characteristics and government of Bolivia; Mar. 30, History and social institutions of Bolivia; Apr. 6, Physical characteristics of Chile; Apr. 9, Government of Chile; Apr. 13, History of Chile; Apr. 16, Social institutions of Brazil; Apr. 20, Physical characteristics of Brazil; Apr. 23, Government of Brazil; Apr. 27, History of Brazil; Apr. 30, Social institutions of Brazil; May 4, Uruguay; May 7, Paraguay; May 11, Physical characteristics of Argentine; May 14, Government of Argentine; May 18, History of Argentine; May 21, Social institutions of Argentine; May 25, The Guianas; May 28, General review; June 1, Examination.

The second year will follow the above subjects by a study of each of the above countries under the following headings:

Means of communication and transportation, financial institutions, banking facilities, credit and currency system.

General manner of conducting business.

Agriculture.

Industry.

Commerce.

Resources.

Exports and imports and foreign exchanges.

The present trade situation, history of its development.

Trade opportunities and suggestions for improving them.

Alumni.

WE were agreeably surprised, a few weeks ago, at the visit of our old 'Varsity quarter-back, T. J. MULLIN, '99. Tom was then living in little Washington, where he had imbibed the fighting spirit, not only in that famous atmosphere, but from his elder brother Tot, who had, in '97, held down for us the same position, but who had subsequently gone to the Philippines with the "fighting Tenth". In those days, when the younger Mullin succeeded his elder brother in school, he was so small and tiny that he would, apparently, be scarcely considered a likely candidate for the "Minims", if they had then been in existence. But luckily they were not, and so Tom was at once enlisted in the ranks of the 'Varsity, to the great surprise and regret of many a proud football opponent.

Those were the good old days of BOBBY BURNS, NALEN, FARRAR, CANNON, GERAGHTY and MIKE SONNEFELD—the Rev. Michael now—and CHARLEY STAUDT; and when you remember that Pittsburgh claimed at that time the greatest football team ever seen within its bounds, namely the famous D. C. and A. C. Team, with FULTZ, GAMMONS, BIG BRAWLER, and other famous stars on its roster, and that midget, TOM MULLIN, ran our 'Varsity team against that wondrous machine, in a gridiron battle that resulted in their favor only by 11-0, you can realize what a power little Tom then was.

Now, Tom is much stouter and heavier but not much taller. He has still the same powerful muscle, as you will feel from that hearty hand-shake; he also has that pair of sharp, brown eyes that bespeak the wonderful grit and energy that not only led him unscathed through many a hard-fought contest, but has led him to the proud position which he has occupied for several years past, namely, Superintendent of the Southern Division, at Houston, Texas, of the "Texas Company Terminals", one of the largest and most prosperous independent Oil Companies in the United States. He has, just lately, been promoted, and, when he called to see us, was on his way to New York, where he will take supreme charge of the Northern Division, as General Superintendent.

Tom gave us a most interesting account of the oil business, in which, let it be said, *en passant*, all the members of the Mullin family, for several generations, have been successfully engaged as pioneers. The Company, above mentioned, to which he has allied himself and his fortunes, is busy developing the crude and refined products. It supplies the U. S. Navy with lubricating

and fuel oil, which is now used extensively instead of coal. In fact, nearly all the lately-built types of U. S. battleships of our Navy are being fitted up in view of this important change. Oil is also being largely introduced into vessels of the British and Italian navies. The Company has a vast fleet of tank steamers, barges and sailing vessels, to the value of 30 millions of dollars, plying between all the important seaports of North and South America.

ANOTHER old-timer who dropped in for a pleasant visit was GEORGE M. McLANE, '02, of West Union, W. Va. GEORGE and his brother, WILL, were two live wires among the boarders of their time—prominent in baseball, hockey, and tennis, and organizers of the best minstrel show ever put on in the old auditorium. Both are now married men. George is an expert accountant, representing the Willison Audit and System Co., of Pittsburgh, at Clarksburg, W. Va. Will is manager of the West Union Wholesale Grocery Company.

PAUL BARR, '94, is treasurer of the Miles Theatre. His brother, DAN, '90, a captain and coach of the first rank of baseball and football teams, as may be judged from our records on the gridiron and diamond away back in the '90's, lately paid a flying visit to Pittsburgh. He is cashier of a bank in Texas.

REV. GEORGE JASKULSKI, '94, O. M. C., died at Milwaukee, November 12. In the course of his priestly career, he had done much good in Massachusetts, New York and Wisconsin, whither, in turn, he was sent by his religious superiors. *R. I. P.*

VERY loyal Alumni are the McVeans of Youngstown, Ohio. Whenever anyone from the University visits their city, they are sure to find it out, and to insist on entertaining him. It was with great pleasure that we heard some time ago of RAYMOND McVEAN's admission to the Ohio bar. He has made up his mind to settle down in Cleveland, where JOHN McVEAN, '99, is at present studying medicine.

JAMES L. BRADY, B. A., '99, M. A., '12, has once more enrolled as a student in the University, this time in the Law Department. James is another old-timer whose loyalty is undimmed by passing years.

ST. JOSEPH'S Church, Bloomfield, was recently the scene of a pretty wedding, when MARTIN GLOEKLER, '07, took for his bride

Miss Bertha Wehrheim. Mr. Gloekler is a member of the firm of Bernard Gloekler Co., Refrigerator Manufacturers, having complete charge of the plant at Sixteenth Street.

CARL GLOEKLER, '05, brother of Martin, is chief draughtsman for the same firm,—and a very busy man, even in winter time.

ALBERT GLOEKLER, '11, another brother, is in the parcel delivery business, and making good at it.

ANOTHER noteworthy ceremony of recent date was the wedding of Miss Marguerite Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howard, and HERBERT N. MUNHALL, '09, at St. Patrick's Church, Washington.

REV. FATHER MCGOVERN, of the Assumption Church, Bellevue, officiated at the marriage of Miss Mary Helen Steen and LEO V. SULLIVAN, October 28.

STILL another past student that has chosen marital bliss for his future lot is WILLIAM O. FINNEGAN, of St. Andrew's N. S. His bride was Miss Gertrude Miller of Glenfield.

HERBERT MANSMANN, '12, has taken a position with the Lutz & Schramm Company. His dealings are mainly with the out-of-town offices of this big concern.

JOSEPH IRLBACHER is in charge of his father's Dyeing and Cleaning Establishment.

BARTLEY J. WOOD, leading man in last year's play, has a position in the offices of the General Chemical Co., Newell, Pa.

ANOTHER graduate of D. U. Law School, THOMAS J. DOUGHERTY, '14, announces that he has commenced the practice of Law. He is with Stowe, Stowe, Greenberger and Price, in the Magee Building.

WE have received the gratifying announcement of the ordination to the priesthood of REV. NICODEMUS T. DOMANSKI, '10, which took place December 24, 1914, at Galveston, Texas.

JAMES A. MANLEY, '14, informs us that he was advanced to Minor Orders on December 20, 1914. The students' congratulations and best wishes are conveyed to him through the MONTHLY.

ATHLETICS

' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

AFTER the echoes of the last game on the gridiron died away, the students of the University turned their attention to basketball. Brother Ammon, ever ready to promote the interests of athletics, had the cage in good working order, when the many candidates for the different teams responded to the call. As is well known, Duquesne made an enviable record last year, winning twelve games and losing three. Judging from the material at hand, the 'Varsity team should have a successful season. In Captain Pierotti, Gillis and R. Sorce, at forward, Duquesne possesses three of the best passers and shooters in the State. Their accurate marksmanship has brought forth many rounds of applause, both during the games and in practice. At the guard positions, Duquesne is well fortified. Morrissey's equal can hardly be found in these parts, for, not only does he guard well, but he is a clever dribbler and passer, besides a deadly shot within ten yards of the basket. Jim Howard, one of the newcomers, has demonstrated beyond doubt, that guarding opponents is quite natural to him. The students are pulling hard for Jim, and expect great things of him during the season. At centre, Shortley is the logical man; so far he has outjumped all opponents, and in team work, is quite adept at the pivotal point. In substitutes also Duquesne is strong. Charlie Madden, as substitute centre, is a great worker and accurate in passing the ball. His height is an element in his favor. A. Sorce, Callahan and Nyce, as substitute guards and forward, respectively, deserve special mention for their earnest endeavors during the preliminary practice in bringing the 'Varsity team to a high degree of perfection. It is a source of real regret that William Heimbuecher was changed as Student Manager. He worked very hard to arrange the schedule, but as he is chairman of the Euchre Committee, he gave up his place to Maurice J. Searle. The choice was a good one, and we expect the new Manager to make good. Rev. E. McGuigan is Faculty Manager and assists Pierotti in coaching the players. All are eager students of the game, and great team work is in evidence. As the candidates reported in good condition after the Christmas holidays, little preliminary training was needed. The schedule:—

Thursday, December 17; Lawrenceville "Y", Home

Tuesday, January 12; California Normal, Home
 Saturday, January 23; Lawrenceville "Y", Abroad
 Friday, January 29; W. and J., Abroad
 Saturday, January 30; West Virginia University, Home
 Saturday, February 6; St. Ignatius (Cleveland), Abroad
 Tuesday, February 9; (Pending), Home
 Friday, February 12; Hiram College, Home
 Saturday, February 20; K. of C. (Beaver Falls), Home
 Monday, February 22; Franklin College (Pending), Home
 Wednesday, February 24; St. Canisius (Buffalo), Home
 Saturday, March 6; St. Jerome, Abroad
 Thursday, March 11; Marietta College, Home
 Saturday, March 13; Indiana Normal, Abroad.

Referee—Dr. Sexias, Columbia (A. A. U.)

E. N. M.

DEC. 17, DUQUESNE, 28; LAWRENCEVILLE Y. M. C. A., 13

In the opening game against the strong "Y" team, the "Dukes" came out victors, after a very stubborn contest. The visitors had hopes of an easy victory, but they had not calculated on the good team work of Duquesne. A. Sorce and Gillis gave a grand exhibition of passing and scored four nice goals. Much credit must be given Morrissey who scored seven bakets, some of them thrilling shots. In guarding, Morrissey and Howard only allowed three goals to be scored against them. At centre, Shortley outplayed his man throughout the game, and got off the ball very quickly. Near the end of the bout, Madden and A. Sorce got into the game and played well, not allowing any goals. Captain Pierotti was called home on account of sickness in his family and could not participate in the game. The line-up:

Duquesne, 28.

Lawrenceville, 13.

R. Sorce	.	.	.	F	.	.	.	Ober
Gillis	.	.	.	F	.	.	.	Young
Shortley	.	.	.	C	.	.	.	Lewis
Morrissey	.	.	.	G	.	.	.	Buerman
Howard	.	.	.	G	.	.	.	Franke

Goals—Morrissey, 7; R. Sorce, 3; Gillis and Shortley; Ober, 2; Buerman, 2; Young and Lewis. Foul goals—Gillis, four out of six; Young, three out of four. Referee—Dr. Sexias, Columbia. Scorer—W. S. Searle. Time-keepers—Sullivan and Ringel.

THE ACADEMICS.

In view of the fact that, in consequence of the absence of the "one-year residence rule", a team of real Freshman standing can, with difficulty, be maintained, it has been decided that, in the future, Duquesne University will be represented by the 'Varsity and the Academics only. The latter team will take care of the high schools and prep schools of this section. So far, Ralston, Riverside, Aliquippa and Crafton High Schools have been scheduled, and the intervals between these contests will be filled in by games with various junior lyceums. It was only after the most careful tryouts and the elimination of some really good players that the team was finally constituted. Captain Ray Callahan and Crandall are the regular forwards; both are remarkably agile, and the surest of shots. Obruba is a heady centre, while Nyce and Bleichner are capital guards. The tactics of "Bud" Nyce in eluding his opponent or spoiling a play are often spectacular. John Connelly, Foley and Hudock are very dependable substitutes. E. Lawrence O'Connell ably seconds Father Pobleschek in the managerial department.

GAMES PLAYED:

- Dec. 11, Academics, 25; St. Mary's Lyceum (Sharpsburg), 9
- Dec. 14, Academics, 26; St. Mary's Lyceum (Lawrenceville), 22
- Dec. 17, Academics, 15; Two Colors, 35.

CLASS GAMES.

After the Christmas holidays, the Athletic Committee voted to have class games during the noon-day recess. So far, enthusiasm has been the one prevailing note. All are eager and would, if possible, play every day. In this way the various managers get a line on prospective recruits. The preliminary games for selecting the players, are finished; so now good sport is at hand. Every day the students are on hand to encourage their favorites. First High A has some very good players. In the Commercial Department, several teams have been formed; when they are on the floor, some stirring games take place. Ray Baum has his "Freshies" going like wildfire. Ray & Co., are good at the cheering game, and encourage all the players by their vociferous acclamations. A good spirit reigns among all, so that Father McGuigan has little trouble in running off the games. The 'Varsity players are always on hand with suggestions to the various teams: Duquesne is about to deliver the goods: these sturdy recruits will make a name for themselves. Boys, encourage the noon-day league!

E. N. M.

Exchanges.

IT has been our monthly complaint since October that our friends of exchangedom were not showing the results of which we knew they were capable. At the risk of appearing "cantankerous", we have been clamoring for more work on their part. But now, at last, our prayer has been answered. They are evidently putting forth the efforts we had a right to expect from them; and that their labors are carrying off the palm of victory is abundantly attested by the accumulation of good papers in our sanctum. There is much in our present visitors that is deserving of notice and deep consideration. Let us examine a few.

Our glance naturally falls on the paper at the top of the heap, which happens to be *The Manhattan Quarterly*. (The issue is marked "October", but it must have arrived sometime near the beginning of December). Though this is not the first time the present writer casts his "critical eye" approvingly over *The Quarterly*, it is the first time that he goes to the trouble of recording his impressions. *Nullum contingens sine causa*. As far as we can remember, the principal article in *The Quarterly* has always been written by someone not within the ranks of the undergraduates. This may not be a violation of the laws of journalism in general, but we certainly consider it a transgression of the laws of college journalism. Now and then an article on some serious subject from a maturer pen is not out of place in a college publication; but to make a habit of it is, in our opinion, directly opposed to the purpose of the college journal. Not that we have the slightest fault to find with the leading article in the paper at hand. The author does his subject, "Galileo and the Inquisition", full justice. We do not censure him in the least, but we do feel inclined to censure the editors for not trying to be self-sufficient. That they would not try in vain, they themselves prove conclusively in their editorials and in such good essays as "The Catholic Soldier", "A Remedy for Social Unrest", "The Church and Socialism" and "Erin's Future". All these show originality of ideas and styles that augur well. Any of them, if a little more developed, might have appeared on the front page with honor to *The Quarterly*. We are sorry to say that we could not find a single line of poetry gracing the pages of this paper. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that this is owing to a lack of the "heart-ravishing knowledge"; rather, we imagine, it must be ascribed to bashfulness in "courting the Muse".

In the small world of our exchanges, the ladies are making a strong bid for popularity. *The Lorette*, especially, surpasses itself. Our friends in Kansas City seem to be determined to show the male of the species "editor" the way, and they are fairly successful, as far as poetry goes. The three poems on Autumn contain some imagery that is above the average. "Evening" is beautiful in thought and rhythm. "The Lily's Sacrifice", "Sunset", "Twilight" and "Night", though unrelieved by any sublimity of expression, are, withal, fair specimens of description. And there are still other good poems. Nor does *The Lorette* stand far down the line in prose composition. "The Imagery of the 'Hound of Heaven'" is neatly written and pays a just tribute to the sublime poet. We give the introduction of the authoress. "Thompson's magnificent poem may be compared to a broad, deep river, on whose surface bright ripples dimple and gleam in the golden sunlight, and in whose depths flows a wide-spreading current, unruffled by the wimpling waters above. When reading the poem at leisure, bright flashes of thought and exquisitely-chosen words charm our fancy, but when we pause for study, the depth and magnificence of this master-piece engage our serious reflection and lead us into the soul's most secret recesses." "The Wizard of To-day" and "Influence of Public Opinion" must also come in for a share of favorable comment. These, along with the examples of "Class Work", bear out the remark that the prose work of *The Lorette* is up to a good standard. True, it is deficient in masculine strength and vigor, but much of this is compensated for by feminine softness and delicacy.

And now we come to the peer of all "woman-edited" college publications. We can never lay aside the *D'Youville Magazine* without saying a word of praise in its favor. It is difficult to decide what is best in the November number. Where we are confronted by so many good stories and essays, we cannot go into detail with all, and, for fear of being charged with the heinous crime of favoritism, we dare not review only a few. Suffice it to say that the *D'Youville* decidedly maintains its former high standard, if it does not surpass it. This is the best of praise at our command.

You may accuse us of gallantry and of flattering certain members of the gentler sex, yet, even if you call us fickle, we will once again pay them our respects. This time it is the editresses of the *Lorette Magazine*, from Loretto, Ky. At least they who

dwell in the land where gallant colonels thrive, will accept it as their due. And, compliments aside, their November issue deserves commendation. It is not a *D'Youville Magazine*, but, for all that, it shows much improvement over former copies received here. The contributors are still writing under the consciousness of an extreme want of space, but what they write is, as a whole, beyond reproach. Their essays, short as they are, are well worth reading. In fact, they should encourage greater effort. The various "*nugae canorae*" under "Verse Exercises" are in some places pretty, in others—stodgy; but the defects are pardonable as coming from the pupils of an academy. One youthful authoress undertakes the herculean task of setting forth the superiority of Moses as compared with all other great figures of the Old and New Testaments, and that in eleven lines of prose! As far as she goes, she is good in what she says; but alas and alack! she stops so very soon and says so very little. A brave attempt of eleven lines, then a pause and a break—and that is the end of "Moses"!

Let this also be the end of our quarrel for the ladies. Not discomfited, but "still long of breath and sound of limb," we take up *The Fleur de Lis*. The St. Louis University publication has a more serious tone about it than our feminine—not effeminate—visitors, and at once puts us in a reflective mood. There is nothing of the brilliant in it, for *The Fleur de Lis* is modest and unassuming, and brilliance is not its style. It aims at solidity rather than flashiness, and for that reason it is well thought of in exchangedom. Among other good things, the present issue brings a well-executed critical essay, "The Soul of Thompson's Poetry". Taking our exchanges as a basis for judging, Francis Thompson is at last coming into his rights, a fact which must give all lovers of fairness reason for rejoicing.

In conclusion we wish to inscribe the name of a new and welcome visitor upon our register—*The University Symposium*, from the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Two members are before us, and we cannot say which pleases us the more. *The Symposium* is not so rich in material as are some other university papers we receive, yet in substance it may be confidently matched with the best. Obviously, it prefers quality to quantity; let its articles speak with what measure of success. What most struck us was an editorial on the awful doings of Mars. The introductory words are worth quoting. "For years Europe has been a veritable witches' cauldron, in which a hell-

broth more terrible than that of the weird sisters has been constantly simmering and bubbling. Race-hatred, commercial rivalry, national ambitions, dreadnoughts, and the lust of empire—these are some of the ingredients of that poisoned chalice. Royal blood was shed by an assassin, and this devil's pot boiled over. Out went the fires of twenty centuries of civilization. A darkness as of midnight fell over half the world." The reader must admire the author's thought and style. The present aspect of Europe, when "confusion hath made his masterpiece", might fill the superficial observer with doubt and foreboding; not so the author. He thinks, to use the words of Carlyle, "this darkness is but transitory obscuracion"; though "one by one the leading countries of Europe were tripped up by entangling alliances, and fell into the vortex of war," still in some "happier time mothers shall tell their children wondrous stories of a day that is passed of a bloody war which yet, indirectly, did more in a generation for the cause of popular liberty than the slow processes of evolution could have effected in an age." It is the ardent prayer of mankind that this may be realized. However that may be, we have not yet done with our new-found friend. It brought us two stories that we cannot pass up without notice. "The Scoop That Wasn't Printed" and "A Mystery Story" are both very interesting. Their respective authors succeed in putting new life into plots worn with frequent handling; and, though somewhat lacking in finesse, the stories are, nevertheless and again, interesting. That we may not endeavor to supply by hyperbole what we want of appropriate adjectives, we place the final dot after "many happy returns to *The Symposium*".

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



Duquesnicula.

NOW that the vociferous applause that greeted our not too recent efforts at purveying to our readers the delicacies that turn up in the course of the month, has died away, we shall again, dear readers, with your kind permission, essay the role of intellectual sausage-distributor to your royal high mightinesses. If the product of our patent mill lack in substance, trace such fault to its source, to-wit, those that perpetrate the *raw* material; if it be deficient in spice or flavor, we crave your indulgent consideration for ourselves.

Speaking of spices, have you ever noticed how variable a quantity "pep" is? A. Nickel, who did so bravely in that famous pro-cigarette speech, was questioned about some point in Latin Grammar. "If I'm not mistaken, it's this way," he began. "Well," said the Professor, "you happen to be mistaken." A. Nickel had not much "pep" left after that; in fact, he felt hardly worth five cents.

Christy Ihmsen hopes to be a rich man some day: he saw stock in a sugar combine advertised at one cent a share, and invested a nickel. We protest that this joke has no connection with the preceding paragraph.

Spices—sugars—flavors—H'm! It seems to us that we had a query left over from our question-box last time with reference to something along that line. Oh, yes—here it is:

"Does Spearmint Gum keep its flavor on the bedpost overnight?"

Yes, but painful experience has taught us that it takes on, in addition, another flavor, stronger, but perhaps as wholesome—the flavor of varnish. You know pine tar and turpentine are good for colds.

So are draughts. Here it seems appropriate to quote this one; it is on some Sophomores. After proving that an empty bottle equals a full bottle, Mr.—

What! you never heard of such a thing? Is it possible? Well, we proceed to explain. You will admit a half-empty bottle is equal to a half-full bottle. Any flaw there? Now, multiply both sides by two (2)—a simple algebraic process. The result is, an empty bottle is equal to a full bottle. Tell that to a toper, and for some time thereafter you will probably be too full for utterance. Now to go on with our story.

As I was saying, after proving that an empty bottle equals a

full one, Fritz goes up to the Professor and asks leave to go out for a drink of water. "No need to go out," replies the man on the rostrum; "here, take this." And he hands Fritz an empty ink-bottle. At the same moment Streiff comes forward with the tooth-picks.

Drinks remind us of a new version of the proverb of the later Epicureans, for which Joe Riley is responsible. According to Joe, their whole philosophy was resumed in this sage advice: "Drink all you can now, because you may be sure you will not get it in heaven."

It was also in an Ancient History class that Herbert Terheyden called Hannibal the Carthaginian leader. If we remember right, there was nothing particularly amiable about the bloody Barcine hero.

We do not feel at liberty to divulge the name of the class in which the brilliant answer that follows, was first delivered:

"Now, lads," asked the teacher, "I would like some one to tell me how Latin and Greek got the name of dead languages."

"They are languages that were killed by being studied too hard," answered the student who expects to come out at the tail end next exams.

Pat Sweeney has a friend named Dennis, who works for a very stingy boss. As he has hopes of a better place soon, he makes no secret of his employer's miserliness. Once Pat, wishing to twit him, remarked:

"Dennis, is it true your boss gave you a fine new suit of clothes for Christmas?"

"Not exactly," said Dennis; "it's thrue he ga-ave me par-rt of a suit."

"Why, what part?" says Pat.

"The sleeves iv the vest!" returned the wily Dennis.

Who precipitated that elongated terra-cotta prism? I mean, who threw that brick?

We're artful dodgers—you can't hurt us!

How did you like the sausage?

Shall we come again?

See you at the Euchre.

So long!

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Detective Stories.

OLD-FASHIONED ideas are gradually yielding to the new. Sometimes, indeed, in their craze for newness, men carry things to extremities, as is the case with the eugenic faddists. However, it must be conceded that a person of sound mind may reject the old and accept the new, if it is sensible, as in many cases it is. The faults of fanatics should not be laid at the door of all innovators, for many have proceeded and do proceed quite rationally, with the result that they bring about something of vast importance to the human race. All our great discoverers and inventors have been innovators, but they restrained their imaginations from carrying them into fanaticism, by this very restraint accomplishing great wonders for humankind. Accordingly, while admitting that the ideas here advanced partake of a certain novelty, the present writer considers it possible and morally safe to break away from the old idea that detective stories are intellectual poisons pure and simple; that anything savoring of crime necessarily makes unwholesome reading.

A great deal depends upon how crime is treated. If the criminal is lauded by the author, if his exploits make him wealthy and happy, if his body gains by his soul's loss; why, then, of course, such a treatment, being false, is liable to create the false impression that a life of crime is most desirable. We admit that some authors of the yellow-back variety do pursue such a method, as is especially evident in "The James Boys"; but we hold at the same time, that not one author of this time recognizes these literary delinquents as reputable novelists, and that they are not appreciated by anyone, unless his brain be morbidly inclined. Moreover, none of the writers of dime-novel fame has ever come into any great prominence in literature. But even if our brief in

favor of detective stories does not seem overpoweringly strong, we should say that even the worst type of detective story is far superior to the puny, imbecile romances, otherwise "love stories", of Laura Jean Libby, Augusta Evans and their ilk.

Those authors whose works and prominence warrant them a place in public libraries, make detective fiction like real life. The plots and sub-plots are laid true to life, and the denouement of a criminal's life invariably follows his last days as they are in actual life. The criminal they portray is full of boasting at the outset. His conscience bothers him; the detectives pursue him; he has no home; his friends desert him, and he ends his life, either in prison or on the gallows, or amid poverty and despair. Such is the actual case, with rare exceptions. Now, what better sermon could be preached to an inexperienced young man just setting foot on the threshold of the world? The very thought of consequences would be the best and most efficient crime preventive. Why, then, not allow them to read these stories from which so much value may be gained, instead of wasting their spare time in frequenting clubs and other places of amusement, as is often the case? Would you dare to affirm that the club is less an occasion of crime than a good detective story?

While the reasoning methods employed by the detectives in these stories are sometimes a little superhuman, they more often follow natural channels. The lesson of close observation is forever being inculcated by these crime-solvers, and it is really beneficial. Almost incredible is the number of opportunities that we lose by neglect of trifles. Unless an object is as big as a mountain or as startling as an earthquake, we refuse to give it our precious attention: but the time often comes when we would give fortunes to know that trifle which we passed over so carelessly. We would do well, then, in this particular, to follow the guidance of these mysterious heroes.

In considering the detective's method, we must certainly be astonished at his wonderful intuitive faculties no less than at his ability in observation and in connected reasoning. These inborn powers of his recall to our minds the power of the Almighty, who has given all benefits to men; they lead us, moreover, to reject the theory that men are created in all things equal. No more fallacious statement was ever made; its falsity is well demonstrated by the superior ability of the detective, as well as the genius of the poet, the artisan and the mechanician.

The reading of stories of this type is particularly ad-

vantageous to those who thirst for fame in the world of literature. The novelist in embryo should lose no time in making himself acquainted with this sometimes despised variety of the species novel. The plots in these stories are deeper and more intricate than those in most other novels. Their careful solution under the guiding hand of the great detective, therefore, is a source of intellectual pleasure. The student, while reading passively, is able to imbibe theories of plot-construction that will import much to him in after years. Suspense is the great thing necessary in the novel. To hold the reader in suspense is to secure his interest and attention. No one will say, we hope, that this feature is not more sustained in the mystery story than in ordinary fiction. It is our opinion that had James Fenimore Cooper had the opportunity of studying the detective plot, he would have overcome the difficulty apparent in the disconnected manner in which he led up his climax. But for a certain looseness of style, he might have been ranked with Scott. And so, we repeat, the study of the mystery plot will be advantageous in constructing plots for romances and other kinds of fiction.

The student at school or college needs some kind of light reading to refresh his mind, to make it ready to absorb new currents of learning. The novel is the first thing of which he thinks; and it is only logical that he should do so. Now, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray are not very light, to say the least. They are fine books to study with a view to perfecting one's own style and expression. But they are rather drawn-out, as it were, and are not removed very far from certain of his text-books. He passes them by and seeks the modern novel. Now, if the gushing love element were eliminated from the modern novel, the rest of it would not be worth two cents. These stories do not appeal to a serious-minded student; they were written only for persons of a soft or frivolous disposition. But, at last, he finds one to suit his fancy, the detective story. We shall not deny that there is an under-current of love in most detective stories, but we assert that the romantic portion is always subservient to the mysterious. It is so negligible, indeed, that the student can pass it with a slight glance and devote himself entirely to solving the mystery. You may laugh at the idea, but it is none the less true that a reader is often able to solve these intricate puzzles for himself; after one has read several stories, he is able to employ detectives' methods and arrive at some solution of the mystery. Is it not a source of keenest pleasure to derive some conclusion from the circum-

stances attending a certain mystery, and then to read the author's gradual unravelling of the threads to see how nearly correct your judgment was? To a student of logic, this process would be beneficial, as it starts the mind in performing its operations by giving it food for thought. "Things are not always what they seem," and nothing proves this so conclusively as the detective story.

The detective story of the modern type is yet in its infancy, but, like the first novel, the first detective stories stand near the head of their class. Defoe in his "Robinson Crusoe" is surpassed only by the triumvirate mentioned above, and Poe's "Monsieur Dupin" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" are excelled only by Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" and "A Study in Scarlet". This type of story has received the attention of many writers prominent in other walks of literature. It is needless to say that their mystery stories have been as excellent as their other productions, and rightly so, for the production of a story of this kind calls forth the best there is in a man.

The enemies of Poe would like to create the belief that his intellect and imagination were diseased from dissipation. His body may have been, but it is certain that his mind was not. If it requires a diseased intellect to produce those lovely lyrics of his, or a diseased imagination to produce "Monsieur Dupin", then, indeed, to have one's mind diseased must be a happy alternative.

Poe had little or no precedent on which to base his first detective stories. It was his genius or his vivid imagination that suggested to him the possibilities of such a story. He set to work and produced "Monsieur Dupin" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue". Among the series of adventures in the latter volume is one under the same heading as that of the novel, "The Purloined Letter" and "The Gold Bug". The first of this series is a very grotesque bit of fiction. Two women are murdered in a house, with the utmost cruelty. The circumstances of the murders show that no one could have entered the building. The mystery is finally cleared up by showing that a gorilla had climbed up the spout, jumped into the room, committed the crimes and then escaped the same way. "The Gold Bug" is a story of adventure, in which a long-buried treasure is discovered by hanging the gold bug on a certain tree. "The Purloined Letter" deals with the theft of a document, in which the detective searches the room of the suspected thief, finds the letter desired, and exemplifies the somewhat paradoxical principle that the best

way to hide an article from most people is to place it right before their eyes.

Passing from Poe, we come to Conan Doyle, the originator of Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. Doyle makes Holmes a very changeable sort of person; full of energy at one time, full of ennui at another. He has published three volumes of short stories in which Holmes took part; the first of which is "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"; the second, "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes", in the last story of which volume Holmes apparently meets his doom at the hands of London's greatest criminal; the third, "The Return of Sherlock Holmes", in the first story of which Sherlock returns to his old haunts again. Doyle has published also, "The Sign of the Four", a story of an injustice, perpetrated in India, righted in England; "A Study in Scarlet" dealing with Mormonistic revenge; and the "Hound of the Baskervilles", a weird tale of villainy and fear, featuring a dog that was supposed to be a ghost. Doyle has also another series of mystery stories in which Holmes does not figure, under the title, "Round the Fire Stories". Lately, he has published a new adventure of Sherlock, entitled, "The Valley of Fear".

Among this list we must not forget a local woman who has written some very excellent stories of this type. Mary Roberts Rinehart is a very successful novelist and especially so in regard to detective stories. She has published "The Circular Staircase"; "The Window at the White Cat", a mystery story in which dishonest politics is the theme; "The Man in Lower Ten", a story of a night's adventures on a sleeper between Pittsburgh and Washington; as well as a novel dealing with the North Side during the flood of 1904.

Many authors have tried to imitate Poe and Doyle in featuring some shrewd solver of puzzles. Not the least of these is Chesterton, who published a series of stories entitled, "The Innocence of Father Brown", in which an innocent looking priest shows how misleading appearances can often be, by neatly solving many a little mystery.

Similarly, Adams has published "Average Jones", the hero of his series, who used the classified newspaper ads to help him in his work. In one case, he prevents a whole neighborhood from being poisoned by his timely solution of the mystery. In another, he saves a friend from being infected with the poison of a deadly spider.

Such a series is Jacques Futrelle's "The Thinking Machine",

who wagers that he can escape from poison in a short time, and wins the bet, too. Such is "The Triumphs of Eugene Valmont", which begins with the said Valmont's being excused from the government secret service and entering the private business for himself. Goron's "Truth About the Case" is another assemblage of short detective stories which the author claims to have adapted from cases actually dealt with by the French government. Hornung has a clever little group of stories dealing with the same locality, which is supposed to have a curse resting over it by reason of the life of wickedness and debauchery led by a baron who had formerly owned the place. "Witchery Hill" is its title.

These are a few of the short stories of this type that have met our observation. There are, however, many interesting novels concerned with the same subject. We must not forget Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson", which seems almost prophetic of the Bertillon finger-print system. Then there is Arnold Bennett's "The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard", which has for its hero a young surveyor who, by reading cypher and by minute calculations, discovers treasure buried in a swamp for over two centuries. The author of "Average Jones" has produced a very fantastic novel in "The Secret of Lonesome Cove". Another novel that claims our attention because of the fact that the struggle between capital and labor is portrayed therein is the "Stillwater Tragedy".

Cholmondeley has produced a fine story in "The Danver's Jewels", and Collins has done equally well in "The Moonstone". Davis' "In the Fog" deserves commendation.

Stevenson has given us a good sample of treachery on the part of a Frenchman in "The Holladay Case" and not less interesting is his "Mystery of the Boule Cabinet". Webster's "Whispering Man" is a story dealing with an actor who is becoming insane and criminal at the same time. The plot is well worked out and the reader is kept in suspense till he turns the last page. Of the magazine writers that have lately sprung into favor, a more than ephemeral fame seems to be reserved for Arthur B. Reeve, the author of the Detective Burns stories, and Sax Rohmer, who, in the "Fu Manchu" series, has combined a fascinating science, the mystery of the East, and the personality of an almost supernaturally gifted detective.

These are only some of the many artists that have produced stories of this kind. No one dare say that Poe, or Bennett, or Doyle are not great novelists,—and their fellow-writers follow them, though often in lesser degree. The detective story is beneficial and should be read more than it is at present, not only for pleasure, but for instruction as well. If we learn the detectives' methods, we shall certainly have a clearer insight into life.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.

Day and Life.

MORNING! And through the clouds' mysterious haze
The golden sun bursts o'er the sleeping world,
Dispels the darkness with his crimson rays,
Marching with golden standards all unfurled.
Each sombre glade 's alive with fluttering wings,
With bird-songs, and with insect whisperings;
And odors sweet the dew-kissed flowers bewray,
Reflecting back the light of new-born day.

Noon! And the sun, high in the bronzed sky,
Glares at the parching earth, and for a space
His splendor radiates, and with dismay
Fills all the world. No soothing breezes sigh;
No fleeting cloud sails o'er the coppery face
Of heaven, to break the spell. His conquered prey,
The blushing roses droop: 'tis noon of day.

Evening! And now the potent lord of day
Has kissed the western hills and sunk to rest.
Deep shadows mingle with his dying ray;
And drops the twilight mantle softly down.
The silvery moon peeps o'er the eastern crest
And sheds her ghostly light on tranquil town,
On sentinel trees and drowsy flow'rs, caressed
By whispering winds, soft melodies that play.
The world is slumb'ring: 'tis the end of day.

The winsome child, in life's fair morn, reveals,—
Unconscious of his radiant happiness,—
The bloom of innocence still fresh and gay:
And virile youth, at life's meridian, feels
The heat of passion, and temptation's stress;
The cool of twilight seems so far away!
But comes an hour that every burning heals,
When every hurt is eased and finds redress,—
Life's tranquil evening, crowning of the day.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Classical and Ecclesiastical Latin.

IN order to understand the differences to be found between Classical Latin, as we, in our lay schools and colleges, understand it, and Ecclesiastical Latin, or the Latin that is used in the official text-books of the Church, namely in the Bible, as well as in the Breviary and the Missal, it is necessary to make some preliminary remarks suggested by the history of the Latin language in general.

In syntax and literary method, including etymology and general grammatical construction, Christian writers do not differ from other Latin writers either anterior or contemporary. This principle will explain sufficiently why it is not necessary to institute or follow any particular grammar for the full and perfect understanding of the ordinary Ecclesiastical Latin. Furthermore, it will be found that the great writers or authors of Church Latin, among the Fathers of the Church, from whom most of the lessons or homilies in the Breviary, or the collects and prayers, in the Missals, are taken, are as pure in their latinity and as strict in their observance of grammatical rules, as Cicero, Caesar or Horace, and could easily be taken as models from which might be culled sentences illustrating every principle of our ordinary grammar. The chief exception, in this regard, consists of *hebraisms* introduced principally into the old Latin Vulgate translation of the Bible, of which I may be permitted to give the following example which I accidentally met with the other day in reading Bellarmin's Commentaries on the Psalms. In the 17th verse of the 93rd Psalm, ("unless the Lord had been my helper, etc."), the Vulgate text says "*Nisi quia* Dominus adjuvit me," where the regular Latin would be "*Nisi id accidisset, quod Dominus adjuvit, me, etc.,*" or simply "*Nisi Dominus adjuvisset me.*"

It was in the third century before Christ that the Greek influence began to be felt among the Latins i. e., in the time of Ennius. This influence was chiefly exercised among the cultured classes in Rome, and had two important results. First of all, it embellished the language—chiefly, however, the poetry; and it created a taste for what *we* would call polite Literature, or more artistic Latin. As a consequence of this, there arose a literary aristocracy whereby the lines of cleavage were very sharply and strongly drawn between the *reading* public, and the *speaking* public of Rome. The former had their *séances* for select coteries of literary critics (generally, of course, favorable) at the *Halls* or *Salons* of the wealthy and the great, as Horace describes

sarcastically in his 19th Epistle of the 1st Book (of Epistles), which is a defense against detractors and copyists, and in which he so strongly asserts that no Roman had been before himself in his special kind of poetry, wherein he had imitated nothing but the metre and the spirit of the old Greek poets.

"Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Non aliena meo pressi pede."

"Hunc (meaning Archilochus) ego non alio dictum
prius ore Latinus
Vulgavi fidicen; juvat immemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculisque legi manibusque teneri."

"Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector
Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus;
Non ego ventosae plebis suffragia venor
Impensis coenarum et tritae munere vestis;
Non ego, nobilium scriptorum auditor et ultor,
Grammaticas ambire tribus et pulpita dignor;
Hinc illae lacrimae!"

Secondly, the Greek language began to be spoken a great deal in Rome, among the cultured classes; and this was only quite natural, if we but remember, that in the time of Cicero, almost all the masters of Rhetoric and Philosophy were Greek scholars; and the principal, or only recognized, schools, especially of philosophy, were the Academy, the Lyceum, for the Peripatics, the Porch, for the Stoics, and the Garden, for the Epicureans. Even Horace, who was of much humbler birth and station than Cicero, had gone to school to Athens, as he tells us himself (in his 2nd Ep. of the Second Book); and even before he went there, it was principally on Grecian subjects he had been taught, while still at Rome.

"Romae nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
Adjecere bonae paullo plus artis Athenae;
Scilicet ut vellem curvo dignoscere rectum
Atque inter silvas Academi quaerere verum."

Thus there arose a very broad and marked distinction between the *written* language and the *spoken* language, not only amongst the educated or upper classes themselves, but more especially between these and the common people whose language was the "*sermo vulgaris*". With the frequent and decimating

Civil wars the number and influence of the educated classes decreased—and so did the purity of the classical Latin, or “*Sermo urbanus*”, spoken by the “*ingenui*” of Horace; and little by little even the written Latin began to borrow more and more from the ordinary or popular speech.

Just at this time the Church began to feel the need of a uniform tongue, for her ritual, and for her liturgy and ceremonies. In her early days, even when St. Paul wrote his “*Epistle to the Romans*”, the better known Greek was the language employed, and not only was Greek the vehicle of her liturgy, in Rome itself, but even down to the middle of the third century, Greek was the favorite language among the clerics, at the great school of Alexandria, in the north of Africa, and in such countries as Gaul, where Latin was spoken more commonly by the ordinary people, as well as all over the north of Africa. On the other hand it was from Africa that came the first great impetus in favor of the usage of Latin, as the liturgical tongue, through the great polemical writer and rhetorician, Tertullian, who was born in Carthage, (about 137 A. D.), and St. Victor, who was an African Pope in the beginning of third century, so that, although Tertullian wrote his first works in Greek, he ended by composing his later and best works only in Latin.

The first great need that was felt in Rome, and in the north of Africa, which was a thoroughly Roman province, was that of having the scriptures in Latin, and in such a shape as to be accessible to the common and uneducated people, not only because of the truths, doctrines and precepts contained in the Bible itself to be proposed to them as reading matter, but also because, at that time, even more so than now, the liturgy was made up in great measure from texts of the Old and New Testament. Two things, however, contributed to make these early translations of the Bible defective, at a literary and classical point of view, even to the extent of scandalizing many of the more educated pagan scholars who were tempted to study the Church's claims upon them, and ultimately to join her membership.

The translations were made offhand and orally on the spur of the moment from off the Greek text, which was the one most generally spread among the clerics who were supposed to read the Bible in public.* Being thus more or less improvised, they naturally were defective in strict Latin style, because the readers were more full of the Greek idiom, or the brief, abrupt Hebrew

expression, which did not easily respond to a Latin translation that would be at the same time literal and rhetorical.

Being aimed directly at the people, these translations naturally breathed the atmosphere of the *sermo vulgaris*, and thus contained a large element contributed directly from popular sources, which contribution would also explain their disregard for complicated inflexions, their analytical tendencies, and their alterations due to analogy.

The best known and oldest of these translations is the one known as the *Vetus Itala*, or Old Italian (Latin) Version, which surely dates from about 180 A. D.

Of this fact (that it was then used and spread, at least around Italy and Africa) we have abundance of excellent proofs, which it is not necessary here to enumerate. But the importance of this version lies chiefly in the fact that it is the basis of the actual version of the Latin Bible solely used at present and for many centuries past in the Latin Church. It is the one which was emended by St. Jerome on the order of Pope St. Damasus towards the end of the fourth century, and has been made the *sole, official* text of the scriptures, since the Council of Trent, in 1546-68. It is, therefore, on all these accounts, as well as because of the vast amount of material it contributes to the formation of the Breviary and the Missal, the most important single factor in the formation of the present Church or Ecclesiastical Latin. But, before analyzing briefly the part St. Jerome, had in its correction, let me return for a moment to the share that the great African scholars, or Fathers, as they are called, had in the evolution of the same Latin, both Biblical and Liturgical.

The three men who, from Africa, brought the greatest influence to bear upon this building up of the ecclesiastical Latin, were Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and St. Augustine, all three distinguished scholars, accomplished masters of Rhetoric, and all three from the same great classical centre of Carthage.

To the great Christian scholar, Tertullian, we owe directly many of the ecclesiastical Latin terms which are now considered most known and common, such as Baptisma, Charisma, Extasis, Idololatria, Prophetia, Martyr, which are Greek words in Latin

* N. B. These translations were very numerous, as we learn from St. Augustine, who, at times, complains of their multiplicity. He says: "The writers who translated from Hebrew and Greek can be counted, not so those who translated into Latin. For whenever in the early ages of the Faith a Greek codex came into a person's hands, and he fancied he had sufficient knowledge of the two languages to do so, he ventured to make a translation."

dress; or such as *Daemonium*, *Allegorizare*, *Paracletus* the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, which are Greek words, to which is given a Latin termination; or such as *Ablutio*, *Gratia*, *Sacramentum*, *Soeculum*, *Persecutor*, *Peccator*, etc., which are law terms or old Latin words used in a new sense. But the greater part are entirely new, though they are derived from Latin sources, and regularly inflected according to the ordinary rules affecting analogous words, such as *Annunciatio*, *Con-Cupiscentia*, *Christianismus*, *Trinitas*, *Coaeternus*, *Vivificare*, etc. Most of these are, if not absolutely and directly attributable to Tertullian, found in him for the first time.*

To St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage (about 258 A. D.) who came after Tertullian in the beginning of the third century, and who was also a well-known Master of Rhetoric, we owe fewer words and phrases, the more commonly used being *Clarificatio*, *Apostata*, *Magnalia*, *Mammona*, and some Hellenisms, as "*gazo-phylacium*". I may add here that St. Cyprian (probably because of his former position as teacher of Rhetoric) is amongst the most strictly classical of the Latin Fathers, and along with him may be mentioned in the order of classical perfection of Latinity, *St. Jerome*, *St. Augustine*, *St. Leo*, and *St. Hilary*, of Gaul, who all came in the fourth and fifth centuries.

As for St. Augustine (354-430) his great title to eminence as a prime contributor to the permanent Latin of the Church, is the fact that, although he was the most devoted to what may be called *popular* preaching, and aimed at the masses rather than the more educated people, he was always ready to eliminate the non-classical forms and inflections that had little by little crept in among the people in their use of the old and genuine Latin words,—he would not, for instance, tolerate *ossum* for *os*, nor *dolus* for *dolor*, etc. To him we owe such words as *Incantare*, *Tantillus*, *Cordatus*, also *Spiritualis*, *Adorator*, *Aedificare* (at least in their new, modern and metaphorical meanings).*

St. Jerome was the most correct Latinist among the Fathers at the literary point of view—though this might not appear to be the case, if we were to judge merely by that greatest work of his, namely, the *correction* of the Old Latin Version, of which we spoke just now; or, to the more exact, his *revision* of the Latin New Testament, and his *translation* of the Hebrew original (of the Old Testament) into Latin.

* A. Degert, in Cath. Encycl.

St. Jerome was born about the year 345 A. D. In 372 he left Rome, where he had been living since about his twentieth year, and went East to the desert of Chalcis, where he devoted himself to the study of Hebrew and Greek. To perfect himself, especially in the latter tongue, he went to Constantinople in 379, where he attended the lectures of St. Gregory of Nyssa. In the year 382 the Pope, St. Damasus, who was a great Latin scholar himself, invited Jerome to come to Rome to be his Secretary for Latin letters; and, while they were frequently together, they remarked to each other with pain and regret, how imperfect and unsatisfactory were the many Latin translations, especially of the New Testament. No wonder, therefore, that the Pope, at first suggested to Jerome, and then strongly encouraged him, to find some means of applying a remedy to this evil. It was therefore resolved that Jerome should correct the New Testament by the Greek. How he did this, appears from the saint's own words, in his letter to the Pope: "Only early manuscripts have been used. But to avoid any great divergences from the Latin that we are accustomed to read, I have used my pen with some restraint; and while I have corrected only such passages as seemed to convey a different meaning, I have allowed the rest to remain as they are." He next made a *first* revision of the Psalter by the Greek text, and this is known as the Roman Psalter. He was not, however, satisfied with this *revision*—but, having left Rome, in 385, after the death of St. Damasus, he went off to Bethlehem, where he buried himself in seclusion and study for the rest of his life (until his death in 420), and where he completed, in 388, a second and more careful revision of the Psalter, based upon the Greek of the Septuagint, but with the aid of the Hebrew. This revision is known as the *Gallican Psalter*, because, becoming speedily popular, it was introduced into the churches of Gaul by St. Gregory of Tours. It is the Psalter which is now in use throughout the Church, except in St. Peter's in Rome, St. Mark's in Venice, and in Milan, where the text of the former revision is still used.

During his stay at Bethlehem, he not only wrote numberless letters to scholars and clerics all over Christendom, and composed all sorts of commentaries on the Bible, and translated the works of many Greek writers, but managed to revise and re-translate into Latin from the Hebrew and from the Greek (Septuagint), the whole of the Old Testament. But the only portions of this gigantic task that have come down to us are Job and the Psalter, the rest having been stolen from the locker, as he tells us him-

self, probably by some over-zealous copyists who forgot to return the precious manuscripts!

This theft, however, instead of discouraging him, only nerved him to greater effort, and he once more undertook a second and more difficult, more careful and more correct, translation of the whole Bible, this time entirely from the Hebrew and the Chaldaic. It was only in 404 that this immense undertaking was completed.

It took a much longer time, however, before this great work was received with favor into the Church. Even St. Augustine, who was too much of a scholar not to recognize the immense value of St. Jerome's labors, was slow to accept them altogether, chiefly because he was afraid that the people to whom he was accustomed, in his preaching, to read the older texts, might rebel against the new translation. And, as a matter of fact, such a rebellion, in the shape of a protest in full assembly in the Church, at services, did actually occur—the people, hearing some new words, crying out "Tolle, Tolle!" But little by little the new text gained ground, so that, within a century and a half, it was as much in favor as the Old Itala which it was destined to replace. We find it used at Rome by St. Gregory the Great (604) at the end of the sixth century—also in Spain by St. Isidore of Seville (640), and in Great Britain by the venerable Bede.

It would be here the place to give a brief account of its subsequent fate, and of the various corrections that were made in later times to the many imperfect copies, and that, in the course of centuries, before the art of printing, were made to this very revision of St. Jerome, necessitating the creation of the present Commission for its final revision, at the head of which is the famous Abbot Gasquet, who has been recently on a visit and on a lecturing tour to this country.

St. Jerome was, therefore, a scholar—was a devoted student of Cicero—and had an ardent love for correct diction. But, in his revisions and translations of the Bible, he was compelled to yield to the necessity of using a great many Hellenisms and Hebraisms. He is, himself, responsible for the introduction of about 350 new words into the vocabulary of Ecclesiastical Latin. "Yet of this number there are hardly nine or ten that may fitly be considered as barbarisms on the score of not conforming to the general laws of Latin derivatives. The remainder were created by employing ordinary suffixes and were in harmony with the genius of the language." (Goelzer—"Latinité de St. Jérôme" Paris, 1884). They are both accurately formed and

useful words, which expressed, for the most part, abstract qualities necessitated by the Christian religion and which hitherto had not existed in the Latin tongue, e. gr., "clericatus, impenitentia, deitas, dualitas, glorificatio, corruptrix." At times, also, to supply new needs, he gives new meanings to old words, as Conditor (now Creator), Redemptor, Savior of the world. Communio, Communion. He also popularized a number of Hebraisms, etc., and modes of speech; such as "Vir desideriorum". "Filii iniquitatis—" "hortus voluptatis", etc.

Now, what about the Grammatical accuracy of the present or actual Ecclesiastical Latin as handed down to us, and just now used either by the Church, in her official documents, or by theologians and writers, in their works and discussions? After the death of St. Augustine, somewhat before the middle of the fifth century, the history of the Roman Empire is, to a great extent, that of the barbarian invaders,—Vandals, Goths, Visigoths, Lombards, who descended in turn upon the plains of Italy, Gaul, Africa, and the language, as well as the institutions of Rome, and of the Church, suffered for many a long year. This is true of the spoken, as well as of the written, Literary Latin, and were it not for the inherent stability of the Church at this period, the decay of Latin, which in Gaul and Spain, brought about the gradual formation of the Romance languages, would have brought about the ruin of the old genuine Latin (as a living tongue) even within the Church. But, even though it was preserved, nevertheless it suffered in grammatical accuracy, especially during the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth centuries, until the establishment of the great Cathedral and Monastic schools during the reigns of the Carlovingian kings, in France, and Germany, and Ireland. This latter country, during the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, was the chief home of the Latin and Greek literature and culture.

It will suffice to mention Alcuin, the great Master of the Palace schools, (735–804) under Charlemagne. Little by little the ravages of the barbarians were repaired, and the old grammatical accuracy was restored, until the Renaissance under Leo X (at the beginning of the sixteenth century) brought about the complete and lasting resurrection of the great old Latin language and literature of the Augustan age, and ever since that time, the Church, both in her ministers, and in her teachers, has insisted upon a scrupulous exactitude in the composition and use of the Latin language, in accordance with all the rules laid down by the most strict and accurate philologists.

A February Plait.

P. M.

FROM five to seven I shoveled snow.
My back did ache, my hands did glow.
That night, while I was fast asleep,
Snow fell until 'twas two feet deep!

A. M.

Next morn I worked to clean the street,
And had the job almost complete
When from the roof an awful slide
Hid work and workman! "Fudge!" I cried.

P. S.

Then orders came from the police,
"Remove the snow, to keep the peace!"
Two hours' more work; and then I saw
It had begun to thaw, *thaw*, THAW!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



The Posthumous Will.

ATTORNEY MARVIN sat motionless before his desk. He gazed abstractedly at a paper that lay before him, as if seeing in its depths a scene long since forgotten, but now re-enacted upon the stage of memory. I waited long before he emerged from his reverie. Finally, he pushed back his chair, strode over to the window, and looked down upon a wilderness of roofs. Many times have I seen him standing there, gazing out over that bustling, interminable maze of things living and inanimate, as if to wrest from it the solution of the problem that pressed upon his mind. This day, of all days, seemed to harmonize with his mood. The close, misty air of early autumn hung over the city. The subdued roar of traffic rose faintly to our ears. In the hazy distance tree-clothed hills decked in autumnal splendor stood out against a greyish sky. A few sun-rays filtered down, tingeing everything with a dull bronze.

For some time I sat watching him from my desk. I could never cease to congratulate myself on my good fortune in becoming his junior partner. Every line of his athletic figure told of the man's unalterable rectitude. The broad brow, the calm, dark eye, the quiet, firm mouth, spoke of unusual intelligence, wide experience, and strong will-power. But just now these gifts seemed to have failed him.

At last he turned from the window to find me gazing at him.

"Something troubles you, Mr. Marvin?" I began.

"It's always something, Jack," he replied in a far-away voice. "This however is serious, very serious, and either my wit's gone back on me or there is a great wrong being done."

I listened attentively, and he continued.

"You remember old Judge Hart, who died about three years ago? Oh, beg pardon," he interrupted himself, seeing me color slightly, "of course you do. How could I forget that you are interested in—in a certain member of his family? Well, the will, which was never found, has turned up at last. That is the document, over there on my desk. Read it, please."

I took up the crisp sheet and read this short and somewhat unevenly typewritten formula:

C—, September 25, 1911.

This is my last will and testament.

I, William Crisswell Hart, being of sound mind and in my sober senses, do hereby give, bequeath and devise

To my son Richard, the sum of three hundred dollars;

To my faithful secretary, Thomas Hempstead, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and my property at Wade, consisting of a four-room cottage and city lot;

To my daughter, Gladys, the rest of my estate and personal property, to be held in trust for her by my secretary, Thomas Hempstead, until her twenty-fifth year, or until her marriage, should it occur before that time.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name this 25th day of September, A. D. 1911.

WILLIAM CRISSWELL HART.

The will was attested and signed by George Thomas and Henry Black.

I stared in astonishment at the paper, and then at my senior partner. "Could the Judge have been sane when he made such a will? Or is the will genuine?"

"That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Marvin. "To all appearances the will is genuine. I cannot find any flaw in it. The signature is undoubtedly that of Judge Hart, or else a mighty clever imitation. Yet—yet I fear there is something wrong."

After a moment's silence, the attorney addressed me again. "Why, McCullogh, you know this family better than I do. Here's your chance to help me out, and show that you've a right to hang out your shingle with mine. Why, in the first place, should the Judge want to cut off his son with a few hundred?"

"Richard, you see, is the elder of the two children. He was wild and wayward enough at school, where we were class-mates and room-mates. This last circumstance I considered fortunate, for it gave me a chance to call—at his father's mansion during the summer holidays. When we finished our schooling and I installed my desk on the tenth floor of the Bradford Building, Dick chose the life of a gentleman, and hunted, golfed, motored, and painted the town red. He got into a good many—er—predicaments, on account of his idle life, and so enraged his father that he threatened to disown him should the scandal continue. You remember, sir, that Judge Hart died of paralysis. Gladys has told me that the stroke was accelerated by some escapade of Dick's. Well, do you know, since his father's death Dick Hart is a changed man. He went west shortly after, and is doing fine out there."

"So much for Dick," commented Mr. Marvin. "Of Gladys you have often sung the praises, and, if a tenth of what you say is true, I do not wonder that the old Judge doted upon her. But who is this Hempstead, in the name of all that is mysterious?"

"Well," I replied, "it is hard to get any facts about him. Lank, bald, bespectacled, he is not exactly good to look at. Where he came from, or who he is, only himself and the Judge seemed to know. It has been rumored that he once saved his patron's life, and, in consideration of this act, was made his private secretary. By the way, a secretary that writes with his left hand is an oddity indeed. Whenever I visited the Judge or—the family, the unapproachable secretary would eye me with suspicion, although I never got a sound from him; and thus I came to distrust him. He keeps the estate in good order, but hovers about, silent and mysterious as ever, and, if I must say it, very much like a ghost that can not leave the scene of its former wrong-doing."

"A most uncanny creature," was Mr. Marvin's rejoinder,

"and hardly a proper person to act as trustee of that young lady's estate."

I began to feel my anger rising, and was about to vent my feelings on this subject; but, with a smile and a deprecating gesture, my companion interposed, "Now, McCulloch, let us keep cool, and get down to business. Study that document at your leisure, and let me know the conclusions you arrive at."

As I had more than one reason to be interested, I needed no second invitation.

What were the results of my study of the "posthumous will" (as we dubbed it) may best be told by relating our visit to the Hart mansion twenty-four hours later.

We were admitted to the library by the secretary himself. We were accompanied by an officer of the law, who, on being introduced to Hempstead, unceremoniously snapped the handcuffs on him, telling him he was under arrest on a charge of forgery.

The man's coolness was remarkable.

"You will have to prove such a charge," he said, in icy tones.

"We might wait till the trial comes off," replied Mr. Marvin, "but just to set you at ease on the point this young man will show you how he has 'got you with the goods.'"

Trembling a little, I must confess, I produced the will. "That typewriting," I began, "is the work of an amateur, a left-handed person, and was done on a 1914 model Oliphant machine. It takes more than a superficial observer to note that all the W's, E's, R's, A's, S's, D's and C's are slightly darker than the other letters. That signature was drawn, up-side-down, from a document in the late Judge's handwriting, just as were these twenty-odd other signatures, extracted from your desk by a friendly confederate. Ditto for the witnesses' signatures. That paper, as the water-mark shows, is Old Amsterdam Bond, first manufactured by the Brunswick Paper Company in 1913. William Crisswell Hart died September 27, 1911. Hempstead, I am very much afraid you will suffer the punishment of a forger."

I had always prided myself on my abilities as a detective, but this was a moment of no mean triumph for me nevertheless. Hempstead was no longer cool and collected. "How—how—how—?" was all he could stammer. I did not favor him with the detailed explanation of my findings, but left him to the tender mercies of the officer.

Yes, Dick and his wife are living at the old mansion. Yes, Gladys and I will take the cottage at Wade on our return from the honeymoon.

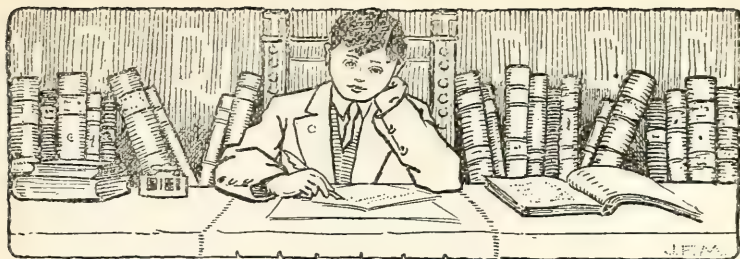
JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Dated February Fourteenth.

TO-DAY I got a "wireless"
From twenty people—through the mail.
But, bless me, I could never guess
Who sent them, though I'm on the trail
Of three or four. I'm kind o' glad
I don't know whom that Cupid lad
Inspired to send me red, red hearts
And quivers full of honeyed darts.
It might embarrass me to know
Just who it is regards me so:
But kindly feelings kindly shown
By those that are but "friends unknown,"
And notes that true with friendship ring
But ne'er expect a reckoning,
Are things so glorious and so fine
To have for Patron, Valentine.

LUKE O'BYRNE.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Beauty in Our Cities.

OUR foreign critics have frequently called us the unfortunate and helpless victims of the demon of greed and avarice, because, as a nation, they claim, we have regarded and do regard art as an entirely negligible quantity in our existence. It must be admitted that we Americans have long been living in an environment of work and utility that promotes commerce and high finance rather than art and beauty. But we have numerous conclusive proofs to show that, if it was not always so, we are now beginning to recognize beauty as a positive asset.

The great change that has taken place in the construction of buildings during the past thirty years, is only one of many refutations of the adverse criticism which is so commonly heard from Europeans. We have learned the lesson that the architecturally beautiful structure is valuable, not only in point of floor space, but also in point of its beauty, which, in the building of thirty years ago, was considered unnecessary. Business men have realized the fallacy of constructing unsightly as well as unsafe buildings, with the result that we can see a wonderful improvement in the architecture of our modern factories and business houses. At the present time men do not hesitate to pay for the fit adornment of their buildings, for experience teaches them that beautiful surroundings are not merely pleasing to behold but conducive to better work on the part of employees, and consequently commercially valuable to the employer.

It is a notable fact that the bridges of Europe have been built with the equally scrupulous regard for their beauty. Our country does not favorably compare with Europe in the number of beautiful bridges, since, as in the case of our buildings, most of

them have been built by the skill of the engineer to the exclusion of the art of the architect. While in our own city we have some examples of beautiful bridges with majestic arches and artistic approaches, there are many whose severe style of construction demands ornamentation.

The city art commission, however, gives us reason for hoping to see great improvement in the appearance of Pittsburgh during this year. It has planned to give a series of illustrated talks throughout the winter on the artistic advancement of the city, and arrangements have been made to disseminate this instruction through the various community centers in the hope that its plans and object will be generally discussed. Some critics may regard such procedure as fruitless and a waste of time; but it is decidedly a step in the right direction, and deserves liberal support as well as whole-hearted encouragement.

This improvement must come gradually, for we cannot expect a fairy godmother to appear with her magic wand that changes instantaneously unsightliness and disfigurement into charm and beauty. Our new market-house gives promise of progress in the beautifying process, and the plans for the approaches to the new bridge that spans the Allegheny river at the "Point", leave nothing to be desired. The laudable activity of the art commission will surely produce good results; let us do as much as possible to make the seed of art and beauty, which it has planted, grow and flourish.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



The Anglo-American Peace Celebration.

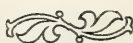
THE eighth day of January was the one-hundredth anniversary of the last battle between English and American soldiers. England and America had made great plans for a celebration to commemorate this long term of peace between the two countries, but alas! the war has upset all preparations. England is engaged in the war, and there is every possibility of America also being drawn into the affair. There are indeed many provocations, but let us pray and hope that we may be spared the hardships of war. There is much to be lost, but little to be gained, by this country through war. On the other hand, if we refuse to be drawn into the conflict, there is a rosy future in

store for us. It is peace that has raised this country to its high rank among the nations. Let us preserve this peace.

To preserve peace in the present state of world politics, it is necessary that we remain absolutely neutral. True, President Wilson has issued a proclamation of neutrality, and has exhorted the people to be neutral, but it appears as though there is a swaying one way or another among the people. Let us not attach ourselves too closely to any other nation. A quotation from Washington's Farewell Address will not be out of place here. "A passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupt, or deluded citizens facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding, with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base of foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation." How well is this remark of the great author of our freedom and liberty illustrated by the present war! It was the alliances and jealousies, etc., which not only brought about the war, but made it so great.

We can be thankful that we have at the helm of our ship of state men who are inclined towards peace rather than war. Let us commemorate the peace existing between England and America for so many years in a becoming manner, for we have rightfully won it with the blood of our forefathers. England can not take part in the celebration, but let this not prevent us from commemorating it.

EDWARD J. NEMMER, '16.



Sermons As Newspaper Advertisements.

AMONG the most noticeable columns of many of our large daily newspapers are those given over to the advertisement of sermons written by certain ministers who go to any length in order to secure notoriety and the dissemination of their doctrines. It is indeed surprising, not to say shocking, to see religious subjects held up to ridicule simply to satisfy unscrupulous cravings for exploitation. But even the advertisement of the sermon itself is not sufficient, for it must also have an accompanying picture of the author.

Not unfrequently these advertisements are printed at the expense of the writer himself, but it is more often the case that they have the financial support of some syndicate or association; occasionally the wealthy parishioner, under the delusion that he is rendering a benefit to his fellowman's spiritual welfare, provides the means for the diffusion of his pastor's preachment.

Although these advertised sermons do not deserve even passing notice, there are times when they call for not only our attention but even our emphatic protest, especially when such sermons as those of Pastor Russell are allowed to assail our eyes and sow their seeds of poison.

It is a regrettable fact that papers of high literary standing, which have for years merited the respect of their patrons for fairness and integrity, have been guilty of accepting a few paltry dollars for publishing articles that ridicule the Bible and its theology.

Just recently in one of the sermons by Pastor Russell, we read that he seeks to destroy the guiding motive that restrains men from committing sin; namely, the fear of God's punishment for violating His Commandments. In this sermon he distorts the Bible to suit his own purpose, and not only overlooks, but utterly ignores, the meaning of Our Lord concerning the punishment of the unrepentant sinner.

Now, though it may seem imprudent and even foolish to attempt to dictate policies to a larger newspaper, nevertheless we have a most substantial grievance against their methods. One Catholic editor, remarks concerning the *New York Sun*, are also applicable to other newspaper publishers: "It will not take the money from advertisers of quack medical cures of notorious disrepute, or of vendors of drugs of a physically deleterious nature. But poison to the human soul, it appears, stands on a different footing." Surely a newspaper should have more regard for its dignity and prestige than to descend to such a low position as to accept money in exchange for the loss of human souls.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

Exchanges.

THE Christmas numbers of our exchanges are full of material, throbbing with the Yuletide spirit; there are poems dedicated to the Christ-Child, stories of conversions through the mystery of the Nativity, as well as essays dealing with Christmas customs and music. There is another feature in most of them that recalls to our minds the death of one of the great lights of the literary world as well as of the Church; namely, essays and editorials giving a biography of the late Very Rev. Msgr. Robert Hugh Benson. It is not strange that he should be given so prominent a place among college magazines, inasmuch as he has left the literary world a wealth of volumes, many of which bid fair to make his name immortal. *The Laurel* furnishes us with the best account of his life. The author avoids the superficiality so often apparent in such reviews, and, by injecting much of his own style into his work, makes it extremely interesting. The article is rather abstract, dealing, as it does, with the mental qualities and personal influence of the great clergyman. However, the matter is presented in a fresh, clear-cut style that entices us, once we have begun, to continue to the end.

The Purple and Gray comes to us well-filled with solid material. The one thing lacking is poetry. Twelve little lines make up the sum total of all the contributions in this department. This fault is one that cannot be remedied too quickly, especially in a school journal, inasmuch as the flowing rhythm of verse relieves the comparative tedium of prose. There is no doubt that the standard of any magazine is incomparably elevated by dainty bits of verse scattered throughout its pages. It surely cannot be that the boys of St. Thomas' have no poets among them. Poets, we'll admit, are born, not made; but is it not often the case that talent is often concealed because it lacks cultivation? We think and hope this fault is the result of an oversight, and that a remedy will be applied in the next issue. "Two Missionaries of the North" is a masterful biographical essay. The author vividly portrays the zeal that led Fathers Allouez and Marquette, both Frenchmen, to tramp the unexplored regions of our country, to bring the light of the Gospel to benighted souls.

The eccentricities of the Indians are dealt with, their simplicity and superstition are admirably delineated. Too much of the article, in our humble opinion, is dedicated to Father Allouez, with the result that Father Marquette does not receive just treatment. "Scattered Thoughts" contains several

clever little articles, four of which deal with war and modern inventions facilitating warfare. The best of these articles is the "Art of Estimating Character", which is introduced with an illustrative anecdote, and proceeds to deal with a dry subject in a pleasant manner. The other articles are practical and instructive; "College Magazines", borrowed from an exchange, is a bit of good advice to exchange editors. It shows the inefficacy of destructive criticism, a thing with which we will have to treat further on. "The Fever of Antiquity" is a unique story of proper length that does great credit to the imagination of the author. As a parting advice, don't forget the poetry!

Our attention is drawn to the "Song of the Virgin", a poem of some length in the *Boston College Stylus*. The virgin sings of her Child's warm breath playing on her cheek "softer than a star's dim rays." Such sentiments of love and affection thrill us with lyrical devotion and lively religious ideals. "Christmas Night" and "Unto His Own" contain some tender verses, but tend to be somewhat prosy. "Our Christmas Customs" is a rather superficial treatment of some of our present-day Yuletide observances. "A Christmas Basket" is a seasonable lesson on charity. "Christmas Music" is a well conceived essay treating of the various forms of music used by the Church in celebrating the feast of Christ's Nativity.

"Salvation's Dawn" is the title given a very pleasing and rhythmic poem appearing in *St. John's University Record*. Lofty thoughts are expressed in noble language. "An Idle Hour" is a poetic Christmas reverie, abounding in local significance. "Jesus Our Strength" is a prayer for grace and strength, in verse. Two neat, seasonable stories are to be found in "A Belated Santa Claus" and "Failure and Success". "Loss and Gain" is a well-constructed plot in which spiritual gain is obtained through temporal loss. "Ireland, and the War" gives a fairly good account of the state of affairs in Ireland. We might suggest that an interesting essay or story is often handicapped by titles as general or as worn-out as some of those just quoted.

The Morning Star greets us with an affirmative and a negative essay on "Germany is Responsible for the Present European Crisis". The arguments on both sides are well presented, and it would be a difficult matter to arrive at an absolute decision. "An Appeal to Young America" is a good ethical instruction. "William H. Prescott" is an absorbing biography of that historian. "The Charm of Virtue" is a well-planned story dealing

with the conversion to the Faith, of a frivolous maid. But the exchange editor appears to arrogate to himself privileges not generally conceded. He is appointed to criticize, not to rebuke journals for plagiarism. The criticism made in the case is, to say the least, harsh. The editor seems to have been awaiting an opportunity for revenge for some criticism made by the journal in question. What if it did contain an article closely resembling one appearing in *The Iconoclast*? Is there no possible chance of coincidence? To our mind, it would have been sufficient to express disapproval, as benefit of the doubt should always be given. Let us hope that such destructive criticism will not appear again in this welcome exchange.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

Mr. Paul L. Simpson has taken charge of the chemistry and biology classes. In addition to the lectures, a very complete

biological laboratory furnishes the students with every facility for the thorough study of a fascinating science. Professor Simpson is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Bernard Liehr, late of St. Cyril's College, Chicago, is another addition to the faculty. He is teaching Latin and Mathematics.

Two very meritorious programmes were given for January's quota of literary and musical entertainments. The following numbers were rendered on "Commercial

Concerts Night", January 10:

March	Convention City, Allen	Orchestra
	Director, Professor C. B. Weis		

Recitation	The Gambler's Wife . . .	C. Herbert Dyson
Morceau Mignon	Salut d'Amour, <i>Edgar</i> . . .	Orchestra
Song	On the Shores of Italy, <i>Glogau</i> . . .	Joseph D. Sarandria
Piano Duet	Moonlight on the Hudson, <i>G. D. Wilson</i> . . .	
	Mr. F. X. Williams and J. Bernard Lynch	
Monologue	The Baffled Champion . . .	Augustine Swan
Violin Solo	Ballade et Polonnaise, <i>Vieuxtemps</i> , Op. 38 . . .	
	Francis X. Kleyle	
Vocal Solo	A Song of Thanksgiving, <i>Allstein</i>	
	Mr. F. X. Williams	
	Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe	
Waltz	Sweet Illusions, <i>Allen</i>	Orchestra

DEBATE: Resolved, That Employers Be Held Responsible for Accidents.

Chairman—H. A. Ringel

Affirmative—E. T. White, E. J. Boyle, J. T. Walsh

Negative—J. J. O'Connor, M. J. Bopp, E. T. Mooney.

A great deal of information was dealt out by the seven speakers, and the arguments seemed to have been nicely apportioned among them. There was a smoothness in the delivery that gave proof of much painstaking practice. The debate, as a first attempt, was singularly successful.

On January 17, the Seniors gave their last debate. To signalize the occasion, they prepared, with the coöperation of the Juniors, one of the best programmes of the year, and invited a large number of their friends. While it may seem invidious to single out any particular participant, the two songs given by Vincent S. Burke were in the nature of a pleasant surprise: the pleasing voice, the clear enunciation, and the varied expression, were a delight to all his hearers. The programme:

March	Stars and Stripes For Ever, <i>Sousa</i> . . .	Orchestra
Recitation	An Incident in the French Camp . . .	P. C. Lauinger
Violin Solo	5th Air Varié, <i>Dancla</i> . . .	Thomas P. Ford
Sketch	Mrs. Casey at the Euchre Party . . .	Jerome D. Hannan
Waltz Song	Pining, <i>Story and Toole</i> . . .	Orchestra
The Convict's Last Soliloquy	Edward J. Nemmer
Bass Songs	{ You'd Better Ask Me, <i>Lohr</i> }	
	{ Love's Trinity, <i>DeKoven</i> }	
	Vincent S. Burke	

Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe

Piano Duet	Rubexahl Overture, <i>Weber</i>
	Rev. J. A. Dewe and Leo A. McCrory	
Monologue	Sam's Letter E. Lawr. O'Connell
Class Song	The Garden of Dreams Seniors and Juniors
Overture	Youth and Riches, <i>Whiting</i> Orchestra

DEBATE: Resolved, That Mechanism Has Done More for Civilization Than Poetry.

Chairman—James L. Lavelle

Affirmative—Leo A. McCrory and Vincent V. Stancelewski

Negative—Joseph S. Szepe and John A. Urlakis.

Those who knew Francis Gregory were shocked to hear of his sudden death at St. Vincent Seminary. As he was a former student of this institution a Requiem

Mass for High Mass was offered in the University Francis Gregory chapel on January 20, for the repose of his soul.

Two of our fellow students, William Sehn and Paul O'Donnell, lost their fathers during the early part of the month.

They are both assured of our sincere

Sympathy sympathy and prayers.

The second quarterly examinations were held during the last week of January. The results were published in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday, February 2. One

Examinations hundred and ninety-five honor cards were awarded. The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) Joseph S. Szepe, Jerome D. Hannan, Philip Buchmann, Lawrence Urban; (Commercial Department) James J. Gianni, Victor J. Sweeney, Elmer A. Hayes, Francis P. McManus; (Scientific Department) Egidius C. Bechtold, William Falkenstein, George E. Callahan; (High School Department) Norman C. Miller, Walter R. Donovan, James M. McCarthy, John D. Scully, Paul C. Ruffenach, Francis Krone, Emil S. Wehrle, Leo Malinski; (Preparatory Department) Ernest A. Wassel, Henry R. Teese.

The past month saw a notable influx of new boys in all departments. The mid-year examinations for high school entrance in the public and parochial schools are partly responsible for this substantial increase in the student body.

Steps have been taken to inaugurate a new class in Public Speaking, beginning Tuesday evening, February 2, at 8 o'clock,

Public Speaking Class in the Vandergrift Building. This decision has been arrived at in response to requests on the part of professional and business men who are desirous of studying under the direction of Professor Clinton E. Lloyd. The course will be covered in a series of twelve lessons, one each Tuesday evening until the course is completed. Mr. Lloyd announces that he will be able to accept several more students for this class.

A catalogue descriptive of the courses to be conducted during the coming Summer Session, and beginning on July 6, has just been issued. Copies may be procured on application.

JOHN T. LITTLE, 4 H.

LAW SCHOOL

During the past month the First Year Class was augmented by the registration of Basil Dolphin, Michael McManus and Mrs. M. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy has the distinction of being the only woman to matriculate for the study of law in the University.

Mr. Loeffler, Lecturer on Contracts, was married during the month of November. Since his return from the honeymoon, he has been the recipient of many congratulations on the part of faculty and students. The MONTHLY also and again extends its best wishes for a long and prosperous married life.

The Duquesne University Law Club has been promising to hold a meeting for some time past, but up to the present moment nothing has come of this promise. This Club was organized to further the study and practice of public speaking among the embryo lawyers, and proved of immense benefit to the gentlemen who obtained degrees last June. Moot courts and debates are a feature of the meetings, and prove extremely interesting. Mr. Gallagher, president of the Club, has promised to call a meeting early in February, and we hope to have a report of this meeting in our next issue. The Law Club of 1914 holds its meetings regularly.

The members of the First Year Class are to be examined in Contracts, and Domestic Relations, in the near future. As a result most of the men are burning their quota of "midnight oil."

J. A. BURNS, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

We are often asked why it is that the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce of Duquesne University is attended by the more active and successful young business men of the community rather than by the younger and less practical ones who are apparently in greater need of education.

There is a reason.

And the reason is that it takes an intelligent man to realize his own shortcomings and to prepare himself in advance for the opportunities of the future. Attending Evening Classes requires ambition because studying consumes energy, the expenditure of which stores up earning power for the future. It is natural that the better and more ambitious young men should attend these classes, because the same ambition which has secured their advancement thus far leads them to seek further advancement. The man who is not interested in the subjects we teach acknowledges thereby that he is not interested in business, and such a man will rarely rise to a high position in his own line because of his indifference and lack of ambition.

The finest men of our times are constant students, the weaker ones are not. Every year the distinction becomes clearer and the opportunities of the educated man greater. The least capable men are those who know it all, blame the employer for holding them down, talk continuously of their good ability and bad luck, and are particularly profuse and full of logic when it comes to explaining why the University cannot teach business. When all other arguments are exhausted these self-important and all-wise gentlemen explain that they cannot attend any way because they haven't the time; business is pressing too heavily upon them. This reminds one of the old adage, "If you want something done go to the really busy man for it; the others haven't time."

Every young man falls under one or the other of these two classes: those who recognize their opportunities and shortcomings and who seek to educate themselves, and those who believe they possess a full knowledge of all subjects without ever having studied them. The first class includes the students of our School of Commerce and the second class includes those who think their employers should attend the school but that they themselves do not need it.

If you are a young man kindly stop at this point and decide which class you are in. Then when you have decided, the manner in which you spend your evenings next year will show whether or not your estimate of yourself is correct. If you are dead certain that the School of Commerce can teach you nothing of practical importance it might be well to drop in for an evening and find out more about it.

In addition to a lecture each meeting upon a practical phase of corporation management, the students in our Corporation Classes are asked to answer twenty-five practical questions and to solve five actual problems each week. Ask the Dean to see these questions and problems and then ask yourself how many of them you can answer correctly, supporting the answer with good reasons. If it is true that "the proof of the pudding is the eating," then the best way to find out the truth about the value of a higher business education is to investigate the work of our courses. Ignorance may be bliss, but neither commands a very high price in the market.



Alumni.

IT is the painful duty of the Alumni editor this month to record the death of several esteemed and promising members of the Association.

The Fathers of the Holy Ghost lose a valued and much-beloved confrère in the person of REV. AMOS PAUL JOHNS, C. S. Sp., '07. His death occurred at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, on December 10, 1914. In many respects Father Johns's life-history is remarkable, and his personality had a peculiar charm. A farmer boy in the vast plains of Kansas, a convert to the faith, a cook in a Wisconsin lumber-camp, a voracious reader and deep thinker,—all this he was before the idea of the priesthood and the missions occurred to him. His vocation seems to have been born and fostered by contact with the Fathers during the long months that he spent as a patient in a Wisconsin hospital following an almost fatal accident. As a student, he was remarkable for his deep insight into the problems of history, philosophy and

theology, due as much to his persevering application as to his natural aptitude. His conversation was at all times highly entertaining: now wholly serious, now sparkling with anecdote and quaint western humor. In his Junior year, his rare literary gifts won for him the editorship of the *Bulletin*, predecessor of the MONTHLY; and even then he gave promise of becoming a writer and preacher of note. His short priestly career was devoted almost wholly to the teaching of the sacred sciences in the Holy Ghost Seminary at Ferndale, Conn. The last few months only were spent in his native west, whither, in the hope that he would regain his failing health, his superiors sent him. The vision of a long and fruitful apostolate, which he had cherished, was not to be realized, save indirectly; may his example and his ideals inspire others to aim at that knowledge which is highest and that service which is noblest. *R. I. P.*

JOSEPH GLOEKLER, who was a student in the 80's and 90's, died suddenly on Saturday, January 9. His bereaved wife and family are assured of our deep sympathy.

DANIEL D. SULLIVAN, '01, died January 13, and was buried from St. James', W. E. He played the cornet at the time when this institution boasted of both band and orchestra. Since then he became a professional musician and played in several city theaters. To his surviving relatives we extend our hearty condolence. *R. I. P.*

JOSEPH DIXON, LL. B. of Notre Dame, died suddenly at Connellsville, Pa., December 6. Last year he was one of the best students of the Preparatory Law Class at Duquesne University. He passed the preliminary examinations in July and was shortly to take the final examinations for the Pennsylvania bar. He was a prominent Knight of Columbus at Connellsville, having held the office of Grand Knight of his Council.

REV. JOSEPH A. BAUMGARTNER, C. S. Sp., '01, has been sent to take charge of St. Augustine's parish at Melrose, Louisiana. We bespeak for him great success in his undertaking, which is not without its peculiar difficulties. But as Father Baumgartner is a southerner by adoption, endowed with certain rare social qualities, and an earnest, priestly man, we are sanguine of the future of his mission.

THE other day a letter was received by the Very President from FATHER STANISLAUS KOLIPINSKI, '05, C. S. Sp., hailing from

the war-zone. At the outbreak of the European conflict he was known to have been spending a few days with his family in German Poland, and since that time there had been no information concerning him. Various unofficial and unconfirmed reports caused some of his friends to feel quite uneasy. But they were reassured on reading among other items the following account penned by himself.

"Being a German citizen, and still subject to military duty, I was drafted to serve in a Red Cross corps. A previous appointment, however, by the Archbishop of Posen, as chaplain to an orphanage at Kluczewo, near Bucz, German Poland, has so far prevented my being called for actual service, though I am not permitted to leave Germany. I am kept quite busy assisting the local clergy and employing every spare moment to complete my thesis, and to prepare for the oral examination for the doctorate in Theology."

As soon as the war is over he expects to present himself for examination at the University of Fribourg, where he has been pursuing his studies, and then return to the United States.

FATHER KOLIPINSKI'S class-mate at Fribourg, REV. JAMES F. CARROLL, '08, C. S. SP., has made his way back to the old University Town, where, at present, classes are being conducted normally. A note in the *Columbia*, a quarterly review published by the American students at Fribourg, states that it was FATHER CARROLL that preached the panegyric for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception just past, in the presence of many notable persons.

SOME interesting items regarding the Brothers Briggs have been brought to our notice. BERNARD BRIGGS, ex-'07, returned from Panama last April, and since then he has been working for the Government as head clerk at Dam 43, West Point, Ky., 20 miles below Louisville. He is also secretary of the Board of Directors of the West Point Bank.

WITH his brother at Dam 43, Ohio river, is ADRIAN BRIGGS, '12 (com'l.). ARTHUR BRIGGS, '10, is assistant shipper with Campbell and Wood; and CYRIL BRIGGS, '11, is a draughtsman for the Carnegie Steel Co., in their city office.

FOR the past nine years, GEORGE BRAUN, '06, has been associated with the interests of the Millvale Bank. He has now attained the important position of cashier.

CHARLES CLAIR, '07, was a recent caller at Duquesne. For the past five years he has been a draughtsman and engine inspector for the B. & O. He expects, in the near future, to become a salesman of machine tools.

A BRIEF note from Tulsa, Oklahoma, tells us that HOWARD J. LAWLER, '08, whom many will remember as actor, musician and poet, is located in that city. HOWARD JOSEPH, Junior, also came to locate there on December 4, as his card, enclosed with that of his parents, informs us.

ON Monday, January 4, in the University dining hall, a dinner was given to the priests of the Alumni Association. A few of the younger pastors and a large sprinkling of assistants in the city and immediate vicinity, responded to the invitation. The cares of office were forgotten, and, for the nonce, all were but school-boys together again. We give a partial list of those present. Reverend Fathers George J. Bullion, '09; James R. Cox, '07; Joseph P. Danner, '95; John J. Dekowski, '06; John F. Enright, '99; Charles F. Fehrenbach, '07; Ralph L. Hayes, D. D., '05; Charles B. Hannigan, '07; Charles M. Keane, '05; J. L. Jaworski, '06; Joseph B. Keating, '07; Edward B. Knaebel, '04; Michael A. McGarey, '98; Bernard McGuigan, '08; Eugene N. McGuigan, '06; John F. Malloy, '04; Albert B. Mehler, '93; Joseph A. Pobleschek, '05; Frank A. Retka, '97; Joseph A. Rossenbach, '08; Frank X. Roehrig, '07; Gustave Schoppol, '02; Frank Shields, '10; Michael J. Sonnefeld, '97; Theodore J. Szulc, '10; Leo J. Zindler, '07.

There is nothing to strengthen the bond of union and good feeling among the graduates, and between them and their *Alma Mater*, like a return to the old halls and the old professors, whether it be at a dinner of this kind, at the smoker, or at a game of football, basketball or baseball. There is undeniably something in the atmosphere of the place, that no amount of reading or correspondence, and no number of meetings elsewhere, can impart. The Alumnus who returns, feels that this impression does him a world of good, and he is glad of any chance that comes his way, to renew it. Fellow Alumni, *credite experto*.

The editor of this column desires to thank those Alumni that have furnished him much of the matter incorporated in this article.

WILLIAM C. FIELDING, '15.

ATHLETICS

' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

SINCE the last issue of the MONTHLY the 'Varsity played four games, winning three and losing one. Needless to say, the students are enthusiastic over this showing, considering that the team is not heavy, and some of the members are playing together for the first time. The 'Varsity players are undeniably good shooters, and, once the passing game is mastered, then look for high scores.

DUQUESNE, 67—CALIFORNIA NORMAL, 1.

In the first game after the holidays, January 12, the 'Varsity team ran away with the Normal boys. Marvelous guarding was the bright feature of the game. Gillis, Pierotti and Sorce were in great form, whilst Morrissey and Shortley also found time to drop a few baskets. The Normal boys put up a plucky fight, but their team work was poor.

Field Goals—Gillis, 11; R. Sorce, 6; Pierotti, 4; Morrissey, 3; T. Sorce, 3; Madden, 3; Shortley.

Foul Goals—Gillis, 5; Hemer. Referee, Dr. Sexias, Columbia.

DUQUESNE, 23—LAWRENCEVILLE "Y", 17.

In the second meeting between the two teams, on January 23, the "Dukes" scored a great victory. This was the first defeat of the "Y" team on their own floor in three years. The playing was fast and furious. Referee Eyman was strict to the extreme, and called fifty-two fouls against both teams. Gillis, Shortley and Morrissey scored all the points, but Pierotti's and Howard's great defensive work elicited much applause. Young and Share starred for the "Y" boys. Much credit for the victory must be given to the many students who rooted uproariously for old Duquesne.

Field Goals—Gillis, 2; Shortley, 2; Morrissey; Lewis, 2.

Foul Goals—Gillis, 13 out of 17. Aver and Share, 12 out of 35. Referee, Eyman. Scorer, Searle. Timekeeper, Dolphin.

DUQUESNE 31—W. & J. 35.

On January 29, our quintet journeyed to Washington. Although we were beaten by our old rivals, the defeat itself is

equivalent to a victory. It was one of the greatest games ever seen on the W. and J. floor; the spectators were in continual suspense as to the outcome. In the first quarter we were in the lead by the score 9-1, but good playing on the part of the Collegians, brought the score to 14-13 in our favor at the end of the first half. When play was resumed, it was evident that the second half would be featured with many thrills. Pierotti and Gillis put forth their best efforts, ably seconded by Shortley; and Howard played like a demon. Then the unexpected happened; Duquesne's machine like-work faltered, allowing W. and J. to score three goals in succession, yet our boys played on with dogged perseverance. Morrissey's foot bothered him a great deal, but he played a hard game and caged three baskets. Although beaten, Duquesne was not disgraced; and it was the general opinion, even at Washington, that the better team lost. We must praise the W. and J. players for this great exhibition, and to Referee Sterrett we extend the hand in appreciation of his fine work. The line-up:

Duquesne				W. and J.			
Pierotti	.	.	F.	.	.	Fisher	
Gillis	.	.	F.	.	.	Null	
Shortley	.	.	C.	.	.	McCreight	
Morrissey	.	.	G.	.	.	Peelor	
Howard	.	.	G.	.	.	Goodwin	

Substitutions—Nuss for Goodwin, Goodwin for Null. Field Goals—Null, 5; McCreight, 4; Goodwin, 3; Fisher; Pierotti, 6; Morrissey, 3; Shortley. Foul Goals—McCreight, 9 out of 16. Gillis, 10 out of 15. Referee, Sterrett (Geneva). Scorer, Searle. Timekeepers, Murphy and Heimbuecher.

DUQUESNE, 28—WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, 21.

The many visitors and students present for this game, witnessed one of the greatest contests ever seen here. Considering the fact that both teams had played the previous evening, the form displayed was above the ordinary. At the outset the 'Varsity players seemed to rely too much on individual work, but in the second half their team work improved wonderfully. Gillis and Morrissey made some excellent shots, receiving some fine passes from Howard and Pierotti. Shortley and Ice had a battle royal at centre. Captain Race and Keisting played well for the visitors. Race is a capable foul-shooter. The line-up:

Duquesne	West Virginia
Pierotti . . . F.	Hite
Gillis . . . F.	Keisting-Mullinex
Shortley-Madden . C.	Ice
Howard . . . G.	Louden
Morrissey . . . G.	Race

Goals—Morrissey, 4; Gillis, 3; Pierotti, 2; Kiesting, 3; Ice, Race and Hite. Foul Goals—Gillis, 10 out of 15; Race, 8 out of 12. Referee, Dr. Sexias. Scorer, Searle. Timekeeper, Heimbuecher.
E. N. M.

THE ACADEMICS.

Seven games won and two lost is the record of the Academics since the last issue of the MONTHLY. There is no doubt that last year's enviable record will be equalled. With the exception perhaps of that with the Cathedral Guards, the games were hotly contested and won only in the last few minutes. The Aliquippa High School and the Barry A. C., of New Castle, were beaten by a narrow margin on their floors. Return games were scheduled with both teams on the 'Varsity floor. Both teams threatened to get revenge; the Barry A. C. did capture the game by one point; it was a duel between the foul-shooters, McAleer and Crandall, in which the visitor carried off the honors and the game. The other defeat was met at the hands of the fast Crafton High School at Crafton. It is to be regretted that Crafton High School did not give a return game; for that might have enabled the Academics to divide honors, as they have done in the case of the Two Color Lyceum Juniors, who, while they defeated the Academics on their floor, 35-15, were themselves beaten, 39-25. The team-work of the Academics has won for them warm applause from the audiences of the places where they played. Captain Callahan in his own quiet, unassuming manner is contributing largely to the successes of the team both by an occasional encouraging word and by his own splendid playing. Crandall and Obruba have been sharing honors with him for the number of field-goals. Connelly, Bleichner and Hudoch have done good work at guard, and in some games prevented their opponents from making a single field goal.

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No. 6.

The Last Vision of St. Thomas.

A MORTAL, borne on angels' wings aloft
Unto the threshold of th' Eternal Gate,—
Where voices strangely beautiful and soft
The praises sing of Jehovah the Great,—

The saintly Doctor lingers by the shore
Of Wisdom's ocean, crystal in the light
Where images and shadows are no more,
Where dwells creation's Beauty and Delight,

In Nature, simple, one; in Persons, three;
Transcending all the bounds of space and time :
His purest mind, from earthly trammels free,
In vision sees this mystery sublime.

Our mortal nature likewise he detects
In that most faithful Mirror all-divine,
Which all creation faultlessly reflects;
Now, in th' Eternal Sun, he sees them shine.

The vision past, to earth again he's swept :
His lips are silent, dimmed his piercing eye;
His pen within his fingers silent slept;
The Godhead seen, there but remains to die.

" Oh, pray, Fra Thomas, whence this sudden change ?
In vain to sound the mystery have we tried.
Ope, then, your soul ! Whence comes this silence strange ? "
In accents sweet, the humble saint replied :

" Of palaces celestial now I dream.
Henceforth my hours breathe silence and desire

To bathe my soul in Love's eternal stream :
 My feeble thoughts upon my lips expire.

" Oh, how I wish, before I bid farewell
 To earth (where as an exile I have trod)
 Of that profound felicity to tell
 Which makes of each elect in Heaven—a God ! "

Then, as the rose its perfume doth unfold,
 Like rising incense in the holy place,
 Like song saluting the aurora's gold,
 His soul hath fled unto the Throne of Grace.

His panting spirit burst its prison bars
 And passed beyond the realms of starry night;
 Reposeth now, where nothing earthly mars
 Or dims the brightness of Eternal Light.

E'en though he's gone, his worth and genius rest
 Within one book, the light of every age,
 A masterpiece—the *Summa*—his bequest.
 Eternal dawn will turn its latest page !

—'08.



Transition.

THE sea is gray to-day, and gray the sky.
 Upon the dim horizon's farthest verge
 A gray mist hangs—while slow, with sobbing urge,
 The undercurrent moans unceasingly
 Of old, gray memories that will not die.
 The whole wide ocean chants a questioning dirge,
 That only yesterday with eager surge
 Of valiant joy, shouted a trumpet-cry !
 With rattling musketry and booming roar
 And white manes tossing, rushed the chargers bold,
 Thundering in dauntless courage up the shore.
 In vain ! Yet on that far rim, gray and cold,
To-morrow beckons gloriously once more
 Along a sudden, widening path of gold !

W. B. B.



Peace—the World's Desire.

AT the present time there is no subject so much and so generally discussed as that of war, and unquestionably the most pertinent proposition that arises in the discussion of this vast and many-sided topic is its abolition. In favor of the utility of militarism are those who claim that war is the one permanent condition in a world of ceaseless change, the one thing so inextricably interwoven, and so intimately bound up with human nature that it is considered practically inevitable; while the negative side of the world-debate is upheld by the pacifists, who teach that the future of war can not be judged from history, and from their point of view its terror and sufferings will some day be a thing of the past.

Although there are many who say that this war has destroyed the dreams of promoters of world peace, we have abundant reason for expecting the realization of these very dreams. Since the issue of the war is doubtful and its effects upon the world are now matter only for conjecture, it is difficult to interpret the events of the times; but even now we see on all sides evidence that the sheer madness and the extreme barbarism of battle in which man is fighting, not against man but against machines, have divested mighty Thor of his cloak of romance, presenting him to humanity in all his naked and repellent hideousness.

The ideal of those who favor the plow-share and pruning-hook rather than the sword as an instrument for the growth and advancement of civilization has often been described as a Utopian vision, a phantasm of specious and gilded beauty; and it may be so characterized only until their theory and principles are proved true. But contrary to the contention of militarists, it can not be denied that the ideal of peace itself is the same compelling force that has acted upon human thought and conduct as far back as the beginning of history. Opponents may say that it has never been realized; we may answer them with the question, what ideal has ever been fully realized? Very often it has been "doomed to

death, yet fated not to die," and strange to say its influence is more powerfully felt when the world is in the grip of war :

And out of the air and up from the plain,

The ancient battle-story !—

Of stricken love and laughter slain

And hearts beneath the hoofs of pain—

But not a breath of human gain,

And not a word of glory.

The glory and romance of war have been painted by poets and taught by philosophers who impose upon their credulous disciples theories that make war the principal means of redressing grievances, resisting oppression, aiding human progress, and fostering civilization; but they are not the men of action who face the grim reality of battle. Soldiers learn that courage does not consist in facing a fire of shrapnel that comes from behind a hill miles away, nor in idly passing the time away on a vessel that may in an instant be shattered by an invisible deadly torpedo or submarine.

Even some of our great poets have been guilty of glorifying war. Tennyson's verse of triumph that "the long, long canker of peace is over and done" was so shocking that he rewrote the offending line. But as a true poet he could not express sentiments that were directly opposed to the true interpretation of life; since, although it is the poet's work to idealize, poetry must have "its root in truth" in order to "blossom into a beauty." Hence we hear Tennyson's tones pure as the dawn, and clear as the starlight, singing of truth unrealized, but not a dream, in his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"—

Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single
tongue—

I have seen her far away—for is not Earth as yet so
young?

Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she
smiles,

Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles.

Thus the poet presents peace, not as a "canker" "over and done," but a figure "with his hand against the hilt" pacing the troubled land, ready to guard and vindicate itself.

Universal peace is not a mere flight of truant fancy experienced only by poets, even if this subject has been the inspiration for many of the noblest poems. The desire for peace seems to be an inborn instinct of humanity, for it has been at all

times a living power, and for all ages a mold of man's character. It is founded not solely upon our religion, since its seed was first implanted by the earliest poets and philosophers of whom we have record; but it was on Christmas night that the beautiful doctrine of peace blossomed in the town of Bethlehem.

In reading the works of ancient writers we frequently meet with this thoroughly human feeling. The poet Virgil in his fourth eclogue sings of war and future wars, as well as the need of armament, even at the birth of the Golden Age, but adds that the fleeting years will leave behind all but a sad tradition of the agonizing grief and woe of armed conflict. Then the Georgics tell us of man's fundamental desire for peace, and the glory and delight accruing therefrom. The narrative of the Aeneid hinges upon the same subject, and even though peace is to be won at the cost of much blood and many tears, the tears will be turned from sorrow into joy, when the thankful people will shout their chants of deliverance amidst wreck and ruin. Later the poet pleads for the establishment of peace throughout the world, and we read of the reconciliation of the estranged Powers of Heaven. The great prominence of the ideal of peace is strikingly brought before us by the erection of its altar in the Roman senate-house beside the Fortuna Urbis, the golden image and symbol of the Empire's sovereign sway and masterdom.

If we examine the history of the Middle Ages, we shall find the same steadfast aspiration to peace, the same yearning for its joy and beauty. The poet Dante voices the opinion of the time in one of his vigorous and pithy sentences—*Pax universalis est optimum eorum quae ad nostram beatitudinem ordinantur*. But even preceding Dante's presentation of the plan of universal peace in his "De Monarchia" at about the time of his boyhood, we read of the young lawyer Pierre Du Bois, who first suggested a peace conference which should be the tribunal for the settlement of international questions; but his project did not immediately take root. The people of this period at all times fixed their attention upon a universal Empire, in which universal peace would always reign, hoping thereby to secure some measure of the peace found in God and in His Kingdom. But the transition from the middle period to our modern times which gave rise to the movement known as Humanism, also gave to the world one of the foremost champions of the grand ideal of peace, one in whom the thought of the time found its culmination, namely Erasmus. His work "De Bello" was written in behalf of peace.

Before giving it to the world, he had seen his native country comparatively freer from the blight of war than other countries, but England was destined to suffer with the rest of the world during the following hundred years of conflict that cast its dark pall over the bright hopes of the nations. In these years of strife peace was again doomed to die; but the innate love for this human ideal gave it a new lease on life, and prevented the death of mankind's faith in an institution which had its birth long before "war or battle's sound" was heard.

In the year 1624, the appearance of the book, "The New Cyneas", by Eméric Crucé, secured a development of a system of arbitration. It was later followed by the "Great Design" of Henry IV., which was the first real scheme for establishing an organization that would use legal methods in place of war for deciding disputes. Both works, however, failed to obtain the realization of their aim and object; it seemed that the time for so doing was not yet ripe. The world's history records another attempt to propound the doctrine of peace in the exhibition opened by Queen Victoria on the first of May, 1851; and, although the good results were hardly appreciable, nevertheless, it helped to encourage the hopes of those who were striving for peace. The poet Swinburne in the year 1887, admirably expressed the condition of the time in these lines:

Hope, wide of eye and wild of wing,
Rose with the sundown of a reign
Whose grace should make the rough ways plain
And fill the worn old world with spring,
And heal its heart of pain.

Men were hoping to secure peace by means of love and knowledge, but the poet continues:

Strange clouds have risen between, and wild
Red stars of storm that lit the abyss
Wherein fierce fraud and violence kiss
And mock such promise as beguiled
The fiftieth year from this.

Not daunted by such a disheartening prospect, the poet lifts his voice in a chant of hope for the future.

The morning comes not, yet the night
Wanes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be
When conquered wrong and conquering right
Acclaim a world set free.

On July 4, 1899, about 600 years after the proposal of the establishment of a peace conference by the young Frenchman, Pierre du Bois, the first Hague conference was instituted and modelled after his plans by a hundred diplomats.

Now, in the year 1915, which opens the third Hague conference, or rather should open it, and also marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of the first Peace Society, formed under the leadership of David Low Dodge, we see the ideal of peace held in contempt, and once more the banner that proclaims "Above all nations is humanity," is trampled in the dust by the feet of marching armies. But shall we despair? Surely not, when we hear so many voices raised in protest against warfare, and when we think of the many promoters of peace who are battling to abolish the defacing blot of war from the earth.

The Swedish authoress, Ellen Key, in an address recently delivered in Stockholm, said that one good result of the present war was the feeling of abhorrence for its inhumanity that has been incited in the minds of those suffering in the field of war. In her own words: "Among the new psychological phenomena, which promise well for the future, one thing stands out clearly,—the feeling that war is barbarous,—based on uncountable protestations and ever-growing abhorrence for war by the soldiers themselves. Human nature is being justified as being essentially sound, in that many of the officers have lost their minds, when compelled by discipline to put into execution deeds simply destructive of human life."

At all events we may look forward to the day when universal peace shall "lie like a shaft of light across the land." Even in the storm clouds of the present war, we can see a bow of promise, for we know that humanity has its hand stretched out towards better things. Let us hope for its success and progress; and, meanwhile, men can strive for that peace which the world can neither give nor take away; for individuals must pave the way for a realization of the grand ideal, and this realization may be obtained only by a strict adherence to the message of "Peace to men of good will."

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Rags and Tatters.

THROUGH the hurrying crowd a little crippled newsboy shoved his way, calling. But his weak voice was hardly heard above the din, and customers were very few. Boys older, louder-voiced, and more aggressive, got ahead of him almost every time.

As he hurried across the wet street in answer to a whistle from some one, his crutch slipped, and Rags staggered against a woman in a splendid gown, his papers scattering about the street. "Can't you watch where you are going? I suppose you have got mud on my skirt." The tone was fretful, the glance unfeeling, though one who looked at the woman's face might have expected something different. Little Rags did not answer. Tired and discouraged, he was more hurt by the look and tone than by the wrench to his poor weak back. Rags stopped on the corner to take a rest. He saw boys with happy faces file past, hurrying some-place, with "some-place" to hurry to.

"It's just me, I guess," Rags thought sadly, "just me who ain't got nobody to look at and talk to and love." He thought of the rough man he called uncle, and of the scant house-room so grudgingly given him. He wondered if some day there would be room for him, or if those who now, as older newsboys, shoved him aside, would later on, as older men, always shove him aside and always want his place.

"Rags" had reached the age of nine—an age at which no greater grief than a lost ball, no greater hurt than a stubbed toe, should have burdened him. And yet there he stood, lonely, heart-sick, tired already of the hard struggle to live, and asking in vain the mere chance to be heard.

Across the street stood a woman with a basket of long-stemmed violets on her arm. She caught the look of trouble in the child's face, and when the way grew clear, she crossed over and pressed a few of the little flowers into his hand, hurrying away again before he could put his thanks in words.

Rags began to cry on account of the unexpected kindness, so he took a firmer grip on his crutch and walked to the next

corner. But there, attracted by the shouts of a crowd of older "newsies", Rags worked his way toward them, wondering what the excitement was. In the centre of the ring Rags saw a dog, small, hairless in spots, with yellow eyes that matched its matted coat, and a nose long out of all proportion. "If it only had a piece of its nose on the end of its tail, now, it would be a howling beauty," said a man behind Rags. "Don't insult its tail. That's the latest cut," answered a companion, laughing. Rags had to smile, though his heart ached for the poor little fellow, caught like a rat in a trap. "Oh mister," said Rags softly, "won't you get him for me? He is so scared and I have no dog." The man shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"I'll get him for you." Gently, but firmly, the lady who had spoken, forced her way through the ring, lifting the dog into her arms. She was the lady with the basket of violets. "Shame on you!" she cried. "Shame on you!"

The crowd scattered and some of them were ashamed. Rags received the little dog with a timid "Thank you", and on his way a long warm tongue wormed its way between his neck and collar. He laughed happily. "Don't do that, old fellow, because it tickles. Still, I suppose you'll have to wag your tongue, as you've no tail to wag. I'm goin' to call you 'Tatters' because the kids call me 'Rags', most of the time, because I'm kind of raggedy almost always."

Through the dusk they went away together, away from the rush and roar. Once Rags stopped, and, looking down into the bright eyes looking up into his, said slowly, "Nobody wanted you, Tatters. Nobody wants me. We're two too many, I guess."

S. A. GAWRONSKI, '18.

Heart-Cries.

FAITH groweth dim, and Love doth languish,
Hope giveth place to fear and anguish.
Crucified Lord, to Thee I cling:
Save me again from the serpent's sting!

Effort and striving seem unavailing;
Daily transgressions am I bewailing.
Save me again from the serpent's sting:
Crucified Lord, to Thee I cling!

L. O'B

The Roll Call.

(Dedicated to the Members of the Stove League)

I.

“**R**EAD out the names!” and Clarke sat back—
And Chance threw out his chest,
And Muggsy, smiting the bench with a smack,
Looked out upon the rest—
Who’d gathered round that ancient stove,
To tell the tales of yore,
And strive, as of old, they bravely strove,
To win the pennant once more!
They all had seen ye olden time,
The time of the golden age,
When the Nation’s sport was yet in its prime,
And was writing its golden page.
“Well, here’s to the flag, and let nobody brag
Too much!” said the Giants’ Sage.

II.

“Wherever there’s Chance, there’s trouble,” said Clarke;
“But wherever fighting ’s the game,
Or a spice of ginger to put in the work,”
Said Muggsy, “you’ll find *my* name!”
“And do *we* fall short,” said Fred, getting sore,
“When it’s touch and go for the plate?”
Said Chance, “’Tis twenty-odd years, or more,
Since I left the Golden State,
And never would rest, nor ever would tire,
Till I woke the Cubs from their trance!”
’Twas then you could see the flashing fire
In the “Peerless Leader’s” glance!
“So here’s for the sake of the City by the Lake!”
Said the brave old war-horse,—Chance.

III.

“’Tis we’ve had the men, the arms, the brains,”
Said Muggsy,—with lifted face—
“We, Giants, have got the blood in our veins,
We’re sons of the fighting race;
The Cubs must bow to the Giants—Chance,—

Beside us your glory must fade;
We were all over England, Japan and France :
We showed how the game was played;
Anson, and Evers, and Brown, and Kling,
Are names you love to unfold !
But *we*—all our seven-fold trophies we'll bring;
Our place at the front we'll hold !
So, here's to the game, and New York's first claim ! ”
Cried Muggsy, the warrior bold.

IV.

“ I grant all you claim,” said the Pirate Chief
To both—with a knowing smile—
“ You’ve *nearly* made out a winning brief,
But—we’ve beaten you all, a mile !
You may brag of your flag, and your men and your brains,
Of the Cubs, the Giants, the Braves;
But greater than all you can boast of, remains,
Wherever the old pennant waves—
The one man whose name spells the National game,
While that game keeps the vital spark,
The name that has brought to old Pittsburgh its fame—
Old WAGNER—of athletes the high water mark ! ”
“ Let the welkin, then, ring for the Diamond King ! ”
Said Muggsy, and Chance, and Clarke.

P. A. M.

(With apologies to the author of “ The Fighting Race ”)



Jenkins Meets His Match.

THE lumber camp was seething with excitement. Big Bill Jenkins had been in another fight, and as usual, had come out the victor. This time, however, it was not a big burly lumber-jack that was the object of Bill's wrath, but a young fellow, not above medium stature, whose ill-fitting clothes concealed a lithe and active body, and who had learned apparently how to accept defeat in a philosophical fashion; far, after recovering from his severe beating, instead of uttering maledictions and threats against the bully, he had taken his few belongings, and without speaking to any one, had struck a course into the silent pine woods.

The camp, whose appraisalment of a man went no farther than a discussion of his height, breadth and weight, made an exception in this case; and frequently, an illusion was made to the young stranger, who had so pluckily fought in the face of overwhelming odds.

"There's a lad with a stout heart," said one.

"Aye, and as sturdy and strong as a young oak."

"Give him the experience Bill has had—."

"Take my word for it," said the oldest of the gang, "he'll come back with experience enough for two men, and it will be a sorry day for Bill Jenkins when he does."

"His name? I heard some one call him North; Jack North, I believe."

Such discussions were carried on only in Bill's absence, for no one cared to incur the bully's displeasure, and although no one could say he knew Bill intimately, nevertheless every one in that district had a wholesome respect for his prowess. He led a complex life. He had a restless, roving spirit, which craved for excitement; and the many shady escapades in which he engaged, gave him a very unsavory reputation.

All winter long the men toiled. At last, the Spring with its warm rains came, and, melting the snows on the mountain sides, made a rushing current on the usually placid river.

The memory of Bill's fight with the young stranger had left the minds of the men, all whose energies were now centered on the arduous business of conducting the "log drive". Stray logs that grounded in shallow bays and indentations on the edge of

the river had to be returned to the floe, and log-jams, things to be dreaded, must particularly be avoided. Every man had to be alert, his senses keyed to their highest pitch; and narrow escapes were daily and expected occurrences.

On the eighth day of the drive, the dreaded thing happened. A sharp bend of the river, followed by a narrow channel, through which the current rushed at marvelous speed,—a momentary clog at one point,—a larger one a little farther on,—and then the whole front mass of logs jammed, and those rushing along behind, piled up higher and higher, causing a permanent delay to the drive.

The jam had to be loosened, as each hour the channel became more and more clogged. After much discussion among the men, a certain jumble of logs was decided upon as being the key-stone of the jam. If those could be moved the whole mass would be loosened. It was perilous work, as any moment the logs might collapse and bury any one who was standing on them. Bill Jenkins, bully though he was, undoubtedly had courage, for he was the one who volunteered to do the job.

Swiftly and surely he worked, pulling out one log after another, until it looked as though a mistake had been made, that the logs could not be released at this point.

Suddenly, however, with an internal rumbling, the logs began to move, the upper ones rolling and tumbling down, and in a few seconds the solid mass was converted into a jumble of individual logs rushing through the narrow outlet of the channel.

Quick as Jenkins was, he was caught before he reached the shore, and, to the horror of the men, was seen to be carried under the surface. Not a man had the courage to face almost sure death to reach him. They stood as though petrified. Suddenly, however, a figure was seen to dash out from the bank and, hopping nimbly over the logs, reach the place where Bill had disappeared.

"The figure was vaguely familiar. "Jack North, as I live!" ejaculated one. No one answered. It was no time for comment on the stranger's identity.

The watchers on the bank could see him frantically searching about while maintaining a precarious balance. Then they saw him suddenly reach downward, struggle a moment, and pull a limp form out of the water.

To the watchers, his journey to shore with his heavy burden, was thrilling in the extreme. Several times, destruction seemed

inevitable for both of them, but each time, through herculean efforts and marvelous good luck, the danger was averted.

The men recognized Bill's rescuer. They did not say a word, but each one pressed forward and shook his hand.

For many weeks Bill was in the hospital recovering from the severe shock and bruises which he had received. At length, he returned to his old environment, but his narrow escape had evidently made a new man of him. Having learned that he owed his preservation to the man he had once beaten, he immediately began search for his rescuer. He was told that the man's departure was as mysterious as had been his most opportune arrival.

A few years afterwards, however, lumber men might have been heard speaking of a firm gradually gaining power in lumber circles, and they could have told you that, of the two controlling heads, one was a big, bulky, reformed lumber-jack, and the other a quiet capable fellow, junior partner of the firm "Jenkins & North".

MAURICE J. SEARLE, 4 H.



Erckmann-Chatrian.

1815—1915.

THE epical events of the era 1805—1815 appeal to all with an added significance in 1915, when analogies with events that happened a century ago, are of such frequent occurrence. At present, we find Europe in practically the same embarrassing circumstances as prevailed there one hundred years ago, that is, in the turmoil of war. To-day we are witnessing the Dual Alliance—Germany and Austria—fighting with might and main to hold from their boundaries the immense armies of England, France and Russia. A century ago, it was France that was facing the leagued battalions of Europe—England, Russia, Austria and Prussia. As then, so now the same unreasoning chauvinism has brought on this great struggle that is converting the smiling fields of Europe into deep-furrowed battle-grounds, and her thriving villages into heaps of desolate ruins.

The events of that period, which are to-day, almost in detail,

being reproduced, have been moralized for us by two great authors, who are to-day neglected rather than forgotten,—MM. Erckmann and Chatrian.

Erckmann and Chatrian were both born in 1822, and, naturally, their youthful minds were vividly impressed by the relation of the stirring deeds, in which took part nearly all the old men around them. Hence, we find in their narration, which is generally autobiographical, that they have a great partiality for writing in the rôle of a veteran. M. Erckmann was a clever lawyer; and, in spite of the numerous romantic stories that have been circulated about these authors and their co-partnership, we are led to believe that he was the inventor of the tales; his collaborateur, who was at one time a glass-worker and afterwards a school-master, was his literary agent, but also his censor and critic.

The best remembered works of the joint authors, the so-called "*Contes Nationaux*", form an irregular epic, as it were, of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period. "*L' Histoire d'un Paysan*" (1868) takes the reader by installments from 1789 to 1802. "*The Conscript*", "*The Invasion*", and "*The Blockade of Phalsbourg*", make up the history of 1815 and 1814, and the series culminates historically with the volume on "*Waterloo*".

These volumes present an untilled field of human interest, and they fascinate people of every class by their realistic portrayments of war. They show the position of the humbler classes in France towards the Napoleonic cult. They point out also, in convincing language, the inherent weakness of that cult after Napoleon began his wild career of attempted conquest for the sake of glory. No other writer has shown with such photographic exactitude, the flexibility, and even the fickleness, of the French people.

The evils of conscription are vividly portrayed, together with the sufferings of the drafted recruit, the distress of his family, the privations of the march, the horrors of the battle, and the inferno of the hospital. Especially so, can we review all this distress in "*The Conscript*". The reader cannot but sympathize, when he reads of the uncertainty and anxiety that precedes the conscription, the grief and fear that seizes all, especially the mothers and fathers, lest their sons be snatched from their happy homes, and be forced to endure the terrible privations of a soldier,—even death. Then come telling descriptions of the sadness and weeping that follows, when some loved one has been

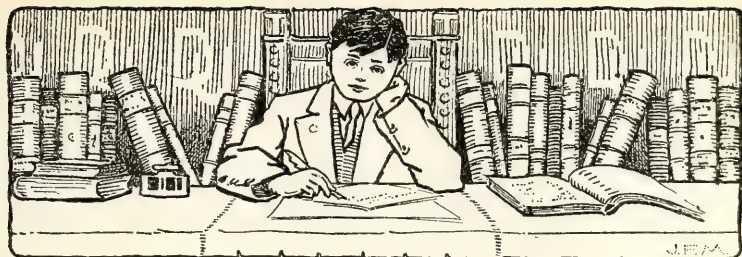
drafted, the heart-rending scenes at the parting, the untold sufferings of the unhardened youths, occasioned by the long, weary marches through drenching rains and severe cold, and the bivouacking at nights, exposed to the cruel elements, with the wet ground for a bed. The horrors presented to the conscripts at their first engagement with the enemy are pictured. We get an insight into the terrible feeling that must creep over these mere boys, who had never even thought that things half so bad could happen in this world. How they tremble to stand for the first time exposed to the fire of the enemy and hearing the bullets whistling all around them! Now and then they see one of their comrades fall heavily to the ground, pierced by a musket-ball, and they even see wide gaps torn in their ranks by the heavy cannon-balls that sweep away all before them. What a sight this must be to them who had hardly dared to think of seeing one man slain! Now they behold hundreds lying on the ground giving up their souls to their Maker. Yet there are scenes more terrible to behold,—the hand-to-hand engagements. The soldiers of all ranks are mingled together, killing each other with their bayonets or with the butts of their guns. The ground is covered with wounded and dead, who are trampled on by the rushing soldiers and horses. Pitiable cries are heard above the roar of the cannon, heavy clouds of smoke overhang all; and this, with the whistling of the bullets and the strange crackling noise of the volleys, makes the whole field seem like a reproduction of the bottomless pit. So the armies grapple and tear like two wild beasts until one has conquered; the field is covered with heaps of dead and wounded, many of them buried under the disabled guns and overturned wagons. What a terrible sacrifice for any gain!

Such are but shadows of the vivid descriptions that were portrayed by these two great authors years ago. And such, too, we read of to-day, as we review the affairs of Europe.

MM. Erckmann-Chatrion were reproached with belittling the profession of a soldier. Their reply was that, if war meant aggression and foreign conquest, they would ever denounce it in unequivocal terms; but, that on the other hand, if it were a case of defence or the security of *la patrie*, they would ever admit the pleas of duty and necessity.

The lesson taught us by these worthy writers is by no means inapplicable to-day. It is that hate and war must be avoided as one would avoid pestilence, murder or sudden death; but, when it does come, to face it with courage, prepared and unafraid.

P. N. BUCHMANN, '17.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Local Indications of Prosperity.

JUDGING from the present state of affairs in the commercial world, the outlook for prosperity is rather hopeful. For some time past manufacturers and tradesmen throughout the country have been discouraged by the fact that so many shops and factories were forced to discontinue operations on account of the alarming decrease in the demand for their products. But happily, conditions have taken a change for the better within the past month, and it is encouraging to note in the daily newspapers of Pittsburgh that many of the mills are resuming operations. Orders received, and others coming in, together with the urgent desire for prospective purchasers to appoint dates for delivery, are certainly indicative of the growing activity in all plants within the country.

Henry Clay Frick, on his recent visit to Pittsburgh, said that though the improvement in industrial conditions is not startlingly rapid, it gives promise of continuing its momentum indefinitely.

Another indication of prosperity is the activity along building lines in the city and its environs. It has been said very justly, that as a rule owners put the superfluity only of their gains into building. Many Pittsburgh property holders must be making a superfluity.

Still another sign of prosperity is the large enrollment in the schools of secondary and higher education. If the times were hard, the boys and girls would have to be earning money instead of spending their parents' earnings.

LEO A. McCrory, '15.

An Ever-Popular Patron.

THERE is *one* particular record in the history of every Christian people which seems never to grow dim in the recollection of successive generations. It is that of their transition from paganism to Christianity, a transition which demanded mighty effort on their part, and transcendent grace on the part of the Apostle to whose agency, under Christ, was due that solemn and happy achievement. In all other works or schemes of men, however great at the time of accomplishment, there is no stability, no permanency—the elements of blight are native to their essence. The proudest, the most illustrious have faded. But this one epoch of which we speak will never be forgotten, will never sink into oblivion, because it partakes of the lasting character of the works of God; it implies a relationship with the Creator Himself, it keeps over man the durability of control, which was established once for all by Him, whose work never wholly dies.

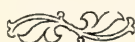
On the other hand there is no agency, nor station in life, no condition nor position, where success depends more on Heaven's immediate choice, that is, upon divine vocation, with all its attendant gifts, than that of Apostle, and especially of first Apostle to an entire people, because the obligations are more serious, the duties more onerous and more heroic, demanding, not so much energy, daring and enterprise, as virtue, and grace, and coöperation from on high.

Now, surely, if this mantle of the Apostleship, with all the adornings of virtue, and all its efficacies, ever rested on man in its descent from heaven, this man was Ireland's illustrious Apostle. The scene of his operations, of his heroic and gigantic work, of his wondrous career, was a small one—a petty island of a few hundred miles in length, and scarce more than half a hundred in average breadth—a speck amid the continents of the world, and cast, like a tiny reef, upon the bosom of the western ocean. And yet, it is safe to say that, from the disappearance of the last of the twelve Apostles down to the present day, there has been no land, no nation, no people that could boast of a greater Apostle—none, of a more remarkable conversion—none, of more wondrous achievement—none that exercised such deep and lasting influence over the rest of the world, as the one to which St. Patrick was sent by the choice of Divine Providence.

And who but God, that creates things out of nothing, could

even have thought to fashion the mightiest Apostle of all subsequent ages out of a poor abandoned child, driven apparently by capricious fortune from his father's house, and sold as a slave to tend the herds of swine for a tyrannical and hard-hearted taskmaster? With us who know the history of his early childhood, of his youth as a slave, of his saintly, solitary life of prayer, humility and suffering, there can be no hesitation in discovering and recognizing in his person, at every stage of his career, the marks of the coming Apostle. Are not the supernatural elements of sign, and wonder, and heavenly choice, already visible, which designate the being destined not only to liberate a people from the oppression of paganism and guide them to the land of promise, but to build up such an indestructible and living monument to the Christian faith as should be a beacon of light to other lands, and other peoples, in succeeding ages?

No wonder, therefore, at every recurring anniversary of this festival day, the memory of that great epoch, of that great achievement and of that saintly man, is so fresh in the hearts of his own children in every clime, and so potent for influence over the minds of all men throughout the world.



The Catholic Theatre Movement.

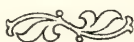
THE good results already obtained by those who inaugurated the work known as the Catholic Theatre Movement merit our recognition. Just a year has passed since the birth of this very praiseworthy organization, and in that short period its influence for good fully justifies its existence. The *Bulletin*, which is the official publication of the Society, has maintained a standard which should be looked up to and supported by all Catholics.

True, this good work has been frequently criticised; but the ability to withstand adverse criticism is an indication of strength, and this movement has thrived under such discouragement. Some critics feared that the selection of plays for the "White List" presented an insurmountable difficulty. Under intelligent and considerate censorship this difficulty has disappeared; and the editorials show that the work of the *Bulletin* is in very capable hands.

The character of many recent plays is not beyond reproach, and this makes the existence of the Society all the more urgent and necessary. The great majority of patrons of the drama are careless in considering the kind of play they are going to see. There is a general tendency on the part of many Americans to do things without deliberation. Hence we meet with persons who imagine that a play which has a religious title or a religious character in its cast is necessarily unobjectionable. This is only one among many good and practical reasons for the Catholic "White List". Intelligent discrimination in selecting plays is rare, and particularly is this true of youth. Those at the head of the Theatre Movement are well qualified to distinguish the good from the evil. This cannot be said of the average person, especially at the present day, when evil is so skillfully clothed in the insidious garb of virtue.

His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, in a recent issue of the *Bulletin*, says: "The Catholic Theatre Movement is essentially a work of preservation. It seeks to maintain publicly the Catholic standpoint with regard to the theatre. As that standpoint is, in an intelligent manner, made more widely known, I cannot but believe that the movement will secure the coöperation of all right-minded men and women." Let us then endeavor to secure the realization of Cardinal Farley's hopes by lending our aid, however small it may seem.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



The Seeing Eye.

SMALL things, and humble, greatest lessons hold,
Which to the seeing eye they soon unfold—
As on some thorny road my way I pass
I get new courage from a blade of grass,
Which 'mid the turmoil, and the weeds that kill,
Holds fearlessly its course appointed still!

J. K. B.

Exchanges.

THE general impression that remains after looking carefully over the college magazines for January, is a very great satisfaction caused by the abundance of verse dealing with the exit of the Old Year and the advent of the New. The subject is naturally appropriate for the first issue of the year, and it is by no means an empty exaggeration to say that it receives excellent treatment at the hands of many embryonic poets. Poetry is the most gracious medium for representing the pathetic parting between ourselves and the Old Year; it is the most joyous to express the commencement of a new lap in the voyage of life.

The Loretto Magazine introduces us to its pages with "The Birth of the New Year". The verses flow in rhythmic cadence and, though here and there the imagery is rather imperfect, in the main it presents vividly to our imagination the line of demarcation between the "gloom funeral" of the passing year and the "blooming flowers" of the new. *St. Mary's Messenger* contains what appears to be the best specimen of New Year poetry on our table. It abounds in figurative language, and harmonizes, in an admirable manner, the sound with the sense. The poet limns for us "the Old Year burden-weighted" as he "goes to his resting place;" and he traces with skillful brush "the bright rainbow tints" that unfold "with Aurora's dawning". The author is to be congratulated on his conciseness no less than on his clearness of imagery.

The Niagara Rainbow has a striking poem, "The Mothers of the World". Abounding in noble sentiments, it advises mothers to copy "the tenderest Mother of the holiest Son." "An Ode to Health" clothes some rather common-place thoughts with elegant language. "To Albert, King of the Belgians", lauds the heroism of that brave monarch. "A Killarney Rosebud" is a bit of verse appealing in its tenderness. Several other poems of real worth meet the observer's eye—"The Hand of Mercy" and "To-morrow". "The Nation of Mothers, the Greatest Gift in the World" is a pathetic treatment of the sorrows of mothers in war-ridden Europe. "The Pioneers of Civilization" is the caption under which appears the most thoroughly treated article in the magazine. While the subject is naturally somewhat abstract, clearness of language and profuseness of illustration present to the imagination well-defined pictures of the matter in hand. The author identifies the pioneers of civilization with the Church. The Gospel of Christ, as preached by

her ministers, he claims, lays down the principle which, more than any other, sharply distinguishes us from barbarians,—the principle of self-sacrifice. Very apt is his illustration of this spirit as practiced in the modern world. "In a ship-wreck, the captain will leave his vessel only after the others, after the women and babes, after even the cripples and idiots have been placed in safety." In pursuing the subject further, the author makes a lively comparison between this attitude of the Church in a pagan and barbarian environment, and the stand made by Telemachus in the Roman arena, when he exhorted the gladiators to quit their bloody sport. One of the first achievements of Christian civilization, he proceeds to tell us, was the manumission of slaves. Skillfully he traces the endeavors of the various popes to put an end to such an evil traffic, attributing their success to the democratic principles of the Church, as well as to their own lowliness of birth. Altogether, we must say that the article in question is one of the most thorough-going that it has been our lot to criticize. "The Character and Temperament of Shelley" is a fairly complete and uncommonly entertaining essay on the various moods of that ethereal poet. "Sub Rosa" is a refreshing treatment of the war question, and is unlike many others that have come to our notice in the appropriate introduction of many pleasing witticisms.

In *The Magnificat*, "Bethlehem" is a poem of some length in which the longed-for coming of the Messiah is majestically described. "How the Christ-Child Came" is a sweet piece of verse, contrasting the human humility of Christ with His Divine Omnipotence. Two other poems appear under the titles, "Gifts" and "The Casket". "The Doves of the Press" is a carefully-worded essay condemning the foulness of modern literature and praising the clean and virtuous reading contained in Catholic books and magazines. The introduction is especially worthy of condemnation. "The Catholic Writer and Literary Ideals" pursues the same strain of thought in a style that is both noble and convincing. "What Will You Give Your Child?" is a lecture to mothers on the necessity of implanting ideas of right in their children's minds in early life. Several praiseworthy stories will repay careful reading, among which, "The Two Gifts" and "Kaji, the Sword-Maker" deserve special notice.

The Villa Sancta Scholastica should find many appreciative readers. "All Hail" is dedicated to Bishop McGolrick on the celebration of his twenty-fifth year in the episcopate. The diction

is superb and the imagery is delicate. "Pen, dipped in sunlight traced on glinted silk paper, would feebly emblazon such deeds or such fame." Three other bits of verse attract our attention; namely, "Home Lights", "A Christmas Wish" and "To A Trimmed Fir". "Bishop McGolrick—An Appreciation" is a concise summary of the achievements of the holy bishop during the long years he has ministered to his flock. A certain grandiloquence, however, is too evident, and greater moderation would elevate the tone of the biography. "The Education of Women in Ancient Athens" resents the position in which the Greek woman was held, and attributes the inefficiency of the Athenian city-state to the almost servile position of the women. The authoress, however, is kind enough to let us persevere in our own opinion, for she concludes, "Which class of duties requires a mind best trained,—the duty of the training of children and the making of the home beautiful, or the duty of amassing the wherewithal to keep up the home? We will let our readers answer this question; and upon the answer rests the exoneration or the incrimination of the Athenian system of educating women." "A Theme of Clubs" is rather short, but none the less witty and original. "Poisoned Wells" is a timely editorial lamenting the lack of Catholic historical text-books and advising the edition of a composite text by professors of leading Catholic colleges. Three short stories attract our attention and, more than that, hold our interest; "To Give is Better Than to Receive", "Johnny's Conversion" and "Kidnapped—A Story of Real Life". Two essays dealing with the period of the French Revolution must not be overlooked, inasmuch as they show thought and careful preparation, as well as a familiar acquaintance with the conditions of that time and the years immediately preceding it. They are "The Judicial System of France before the Revolution" and "The Nobility of France before the Revolution". There are several other essays whose presence is required to complete the unity of this number, and among may be noted; "Nature", "Woman's Education in Ancient Greece and in the United States Compared" and "The Greek Tragic Chorus". Even from the foregoing brief summary of its contents, this quarterly shows that a very active staff and a very enthusiastic crowd of contributors are engaged in its publication.

"Modern Inventions in War" is the title under which appears a rather exhaustive treatment of all that renders war so much more terrible in these days of civilization (?) than it has

been heretofore. The article appears in *The Exponent*. The author, in introducing his subject, says, "Until the invention of gunpowder, the idea of war was a hand to hand conflict. With the introduction of explosives, the opposing armies gradually draw apart from each other in proportion as the use of fire-arms was perfected." "A Story of Carnage" deals with a supposedly heroic incident of the present war, the heroes being two officers of the French army. "Selfishness" and "Suicide" are essays, both of which have been written conjointly; they present the matter, in itself more or less abstruse, in a fresh, pleasing style. "Her First and Last Appearance" is a delectable short story. Several seasonable editorials appear, notably "New Year's" and "Godless France". Though the magazine is exceptionally well-filled with prose, there is a woeful lack of verse. The one poem that does appear—"War"—ranks high in diction and poetic thought. Others there must be who can and will follow the writer's footsteps. Brothers of the pen! Do not neglect verse; for, if this particular phase of literary endeavor is overlooked, that is lost which, for the polish and refinement expected in a college paper, is most important and at all times essential.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



The Euchre.

THE Annual Reception and Euchre took place on February 2 at the Colonial Auditorium, East End. It was more than ever before in the hands of the Students' Athletic Association, and a very gratifying measure of success attended their efforts. Every committee worked with a vim, and several displayed an amount of initiative that was altogether and unqualifiedly praiseworthy. Some individuals on the Prize Committee, for example, by their single efforts, secured as many as fifteen and eighteen prizes. The Programme Committee added to the usual programme some of the new dances, very judiciously chosen. The Refreshment Committee saw to it, in many ingenious ways, that an ample and delectable lunch would be provided for every one of their guests. The Euchre Committee was well drilled and very faithful to their exacting duties. The Door and Financial Committees were untiring, and the Reception

and Floor Committees the acme of knightly courtesy. But that all these committees should have worked so well was due in great part to the wonderful spirit infused into them by their chairmen, members of the Executive Committee, and notably by the president of the latter, William C. Heimbuecher, '15. At several mass-meetings, these last named gentlemen made some telling addresses, whose cleverness surprised even the professors present in the background.

There was one important portion of the work which the boys had to leave to their sisters, and their sisters' friends—serving the lunch. This task was very efficiently performed by the following young ladies: Misses Margaret Ackermann, Agnes Blattner, Flora Blattner, Catherine Blattner, Mary Clifford, Blanche Creahan, Loretta Creahan, Jane Callahan, Mary Dorgan, Mary Desmond, Ella Duffy, Catherine Duffy, Margaret Dougherty, Jean Donnelly, Majorie Easton, Margaret Easton, Esther Graves, Bridget Gaughan, Sidney Gaughan, Marie Hegerich, Mary Hèssrich, Jeanette Hardie, Carrie Kaylor, Mary Madden, Margaret Madden, Anna Madden, Jane Morgan, Marcella Monahan, Nellie Mickley, Anna Moore, Mary McCarthy, Nan McEligott, Margaret McNelly, Alice McGuigan, Phoebe McGovern, Marie Nee, Sarah Nee, Genevieve Pace, Elizabeth Pace, Nellie Ryan, Catherine Ossler, Marie Rosenthal, Esther Rosenthal, Edna Slattery, Anna Sterling, Jeane Wilson.

One hundred and sixty-six valuable prizes had been donated, and were distributed among the luckiest of the four hundred-odd people that played euchre.

PRIZES	DONORS	PRIZES	DONORS
Desk Lamp.....	Spear & Co	Lady's Parasol.....	Haworth & Dewhurst
½ Doz. Cut Glasses.....	Gilmore Drug Co	Umbrella.....	G. M. Wilson
Bust of Pope Pius X.....	A. Sperl	Picture—Sacred Heart.....	Mrs. Ella Letzkus
Ornamental Vase.....	Mr. Yaggi	Hand-Carved Ink Stand.....	T. A. Curran
Head Rest.....	Mrs. Krier	Picture—Students, '14.....	Wunderly Bros
Fancy Vase.....	Miss E. Heine	Fancy Vase.....	Mrs. C. R. Kaylor
Fancy Sugar Bowl.....	Mrs. Weilesbacher	Doll.....	Miss E. P. Kaylor
Fancy Tobacco Bowl.....	Mrs. C. Lorch	Perpetual Calender.....	Miss D. E. Kaylor
Fancy Cushion.....	Mrs. C. Terheyden	Gas Lamp.....	Mrs. L. W. Schwab
Picture—Holy Family.....	Linus Krieger	Bust of Lincoln.....	Kaufmann's
Picture—Japanese Art.....	A. Hazin	Brass Jardiniere.....	Kaufmann's
Berry Set.....	Oriental Glass Co	Cut Glass Celery Dish.....	Mrs. F. McGinnis
Suit Case.....	D. Maginn	Pocket-Book.....	L. & J. Schlein
Champagne Glasses.....	J. J. Sullivan	Coin Purse.....	George Haines
Fancy Stein.....	Mrs. F. Gillet	Safety Razor.....	Woodwell Co
Cushion.....	A. Adler	Cuff Links.....	Grafner Bros
Quilt.....	Mrs. J. Yunker	Fountain Pen.....	A. W. McCloy Co
Picture—Payne Home.....	Friend & Co	Order for Doz. Photos.....	D. Rosser
Umbrella.....	Mrs. C. Nauman	Club Letter Paper.....	F. Gillis

PRIZES	DONORS	PRIZES	DONORS
Piano Scarf.....	Francis X. Kleyle	Fancy Vase.....	Joseph Horne Co
Fancy Towels.....	Mrs. F. Ford	Picture—Landscape.....	P. J. Fahey
Base-Ball Glove.....	Spalding's	Slippers.....	Ruffennach Bros
Fancy Slippers.....	Miss Mary Talbut	Combination Set.....	George Schwarzel
Fancy Head Rest.....	Joseph Amrhein	Pen Knife.....	Caspar Peppel
Statue of B. V. M.....	F. Kirner	Household Lighter.....	Theo. A. Weber
Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Wm. McDonough	Cuff Links.....	Edw. Korb
Scarf.....	Mrs. Wm. McDonough	Cuff Links.....	John C. Grau
Fancy Tobacco Jar.....	Miss E. Wolf	Slippers.....	Robt. McBenan
Child's Juliets.....	P. Blemling	Cut Glass Center-Piece.....	A. Karabasz
Pair of Vases.....	T. Pschirer	Picture—Evening.....	Kaufmann & Baer
Large Glass Vase.....	Terheyden Co	Vase.....	J. P. Murphy
Violet De Lonne.....	T. E. Wall	Corner Chair.....	Renvers & Co
Child's Sweater Coat.....	Joyce's	Box of Chocolates.....	Mrs. A. Brown
Berry Spoon.....	B. White & Son	Vase.....	Lucas Dufner
Collar Box.....	F. Immekus	Pictures—Dolorous.....	K. Madden
Order for Photos.....	P. Fallert	Hand-Painted Plate.....	Miss C. M. Baum
Box Seats.....	Lyceum Theatre	Hand-Painted Plate.....	Miss C. M. Baum
Imported Lady's Purse.....	Gillespie Bros	Silver Center-Piece.....	John Hague
Safety Razor.....	Otto Helmold	Five lbs. Swiss Milk.....	Reymer Bros
Berry Spoon.....	B. White & Son	Electric Shaving Light.....	Doubleday-Hill
Ruby Scarf Pin.....	O. Pasqualli	Box of 25.....	James Mulgrew
Bronze Cigar Holder.....	A. O. Scott	Box of 10.....	James Mulgrew
Hand-Painted Plate.....	Schenk China Co	Doilies.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Cuff Links.....	Edw. F. Korb	Box of 10.....	James Mulgrew
Gent's Arm-Bands.....	A Friend	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Embroidered Table-Cover.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Hand-Painted Shaving Cup.....	A Friend	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Crucifix.....	A. Klein	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Berry Spoon.....	B. White & son	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Sweater Coat.....	W. Jaskolsky	Hand-made Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew
Hand-Embroidered Towels.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Fancy Vase.....	Mrs. M. Loap
Tea Set.....	Anna Heilman	Two Vases.....	Mrs. Somarest
Shumate Strop.....	J. Broskey	Pen Knife.....	A Friend
Gent's Scarf.....	J. Reiman	Cut Glass Dish.....	Mrs. C. P. McCrory
Embroidered Doily.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Desk Clock.....	A Friend
Table Set.....	Anna Heilman	Ruby Scarf Pin.....	William Smith
Japanese Vase.....	J. G. Lauer	Fancy Vases.....	John W. Power
Tea Tray.....	Wunderly Bros	China Chocolate Set.....	Mrs. C. P. McCrory
Embroidered Doily.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Lady's Parasol.....	V. Burke
Sherbet Set.....	W. C. Heimbuecher	Ink Stand.....	A. Gloekler
Album.....	J. D. McConegly	Ink Stand.....	A. Gloekler
Bullion Cnp and Saucer.....	Schenk China Co	Lady's Purse.....	A Friend
Picture—Landscape.....	Boggs & Buhl	Foot Stool.....	Edw. Eichenlaub
Embroidered Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Picture—Old Oak'n Bucket.....	Mrs. M. Shanahan
Cut Glass Fruit Dish.....	Joseph Horne Co	Box of Chocolates.....	A Friend
Necktie.....	Ubinger Co	Box of Chocolates.....	A Friend
Sweater Coat.....	N. J. Hildenbrand	Opera Slippers.....	A Friend
Doily.....	Miss M. Gawronski	Hand-Bag.....	J. Weissner
Lady's Handkerchiefs.....	F. Hoffman	Life of Ven. Libermann.....	Paul Schmidt
Embroidered Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Life of Ven. Libermann.....	Paul Schmidt
Gent's Umbrella.....	Joseph Horne Co	China Nut Set.....	Miss Marie Heilman
Box of Candy.....	H. J. Wiethorn	Box of Havana Cigars.....	P. Rosswog
Salad Fork.....	F. Keating	Jewel Case.....	S. B. Weinhaus Co
Cigarette Box.....	J. G. Bennett Co	Fern.....	C. Wehrheim, Jr
Box of Chocolates.....	John J. Cairns	Tea Urn.....	Mrs. Joseph A. Glesenkamp
Hand-Painted Dish.....	Miss M. Herbst	Milk and Cream Set.....	Mrs. J. A. Glesenkamp
Embroidered Center-Piece.....	Mrs. Mulgrew	Center Table.....	M. McNamara
Fruit Dish.....	Mrs. L. Sell	Lunch Set.....	Pickering's
Plumber's Friend.....	A Friend	Necktie.....	Mr. Heinroth
Romeos.....	Goettlers	Tie-Clasp.....	C. A. Oache
Gent's Slippers.....	Ruffennach Bros	Picture—Slumber.....	Miss M. I. McCullough
½ Doz. Tea Cups and Saucers.....	A Friend	Slippers.....	Halli Shoe Store
Talcum Powder.....	A Friend	Crocheted Center-Piece.....	Mrs. J. Schroeffel

CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The first Friday of February saw renewed the time-honored and impressive ceremony which officially enrolled a host of new recruits in the battalions of the Lord.

Sodality Grouped under their various standards, and
Reception bearing on their breasts the badges of their
 respective sodalities, the candidates pro-

nounced the formulas of consecration with devout earnestness. The Very Rev. President officiated at the blessing and distribution of the badges. The preacher on this occasion was Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp. Recalling the thought with which Fr. Gavin concluded the final instruction of the retreat last October, Father Mehler told the boys they were to be knights of God, combatants in a holy warfare, bearing aloft the banners of the Prince of Peace. He then commented briefly on the different sodalities in turn, on their special work and their holy patrons; and he warmly exhorted the sodalists to be true to their promises and devout to their heavenly protectors.

At the invitation of the Spiritual Advisor of the C. T. A. U., Very Rev. Stephen Walsh, Vicar General and Chancellor of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, addressed the students

Father Walsh's after Mass on Wednesday, February 10,
Address on some aspects of the drink question. We
 cannot forbear making some quotations.

"Every man has an influence on his fellow-men. He may be unconscious of it, as he is unconscious of the contagion that emanates from his body; yet, if light is within his intelligence, he casts a light around him also; if darkness enshrouds his heart, it likewise spreads its gloom over others; if poison, he corrupts, and if pure, he purifies. And if this is the case with the ordinary man, how much more must it be so for the college man—the man who thinks for others, who guides others, to whom the world looks for light and leading! I do not mean the man that has spent a year at college; perhaps the most dangerous thing that could happen to a boy is to go to college for only a year. . . .

"Education that is built on pride often ruins the individual

and makes him a laughing-stock before the world. Many young men that have received a good education make failures of themselves because they aim at the highest position from the beginning—they are unwilling to begin at the bottom of the ladder. Others fail because they have cast their lot in places for which they were not fitted. But one of the most frequent causes of the utter failure of educated young men with bright prospects is that they fall by the wayside through drink. There are many such men in this city, who should be the guides and leaders of their fellow citizens, and the glory of the institutions that educated them; but their families, and their friends, and their *Alma Mater*, must bow their heads in shame when these men's names are mentioned." The Reverend speaker characterized the drink evil as America's problem, and drew a sharp contrast between English-speaking lands and the countries of southern Europe. Some good people, he asserted, have gotten into the saloon business by mistake, and are anxious to get out of it; but the American saloon, nevertheless, is a degraded and degrading institution, whence every refinement of the world is debarred. Father Walsh told of a young man, whose parents stinted themselves to give him an education at college and law school, but who, on account of drink, never made them any return, either in material help or in the comfort which the knowledge of a decent life would have afforded them. He forgot the obligation of gratitude he owed his mother—forgot it until she died, and it could no longer be discharged.

"Pledge yourselves to total abstinence, my dear young men," concluded Father Walsh. "If you do not wish to belong to the Society, at least tell the priest of your resolve; but better than that, join the Total Abstinence Union, and let it be known on which side you stand. Then you will have an influence for good on the lives of those around you, which, with God's grace, will not be without a corresponding blessing for yourselves."

The college and university presidents of the State held their annual meeting in Harrisburg on Friday, January 29. Some thirty colleges and universities were represented. The President at Harrisburg The Very Rev. President represented Duquesne University, and was present at the morning and afternoon sessions. After the ordinary routine business and the election of officers, the important question, "What Legislation is Needed for Education in the State of Pennsylvania", was the chief topic of discussion.

At luncheon, in the Harrisburg Club, the members of the Association and the members of the State Board of Education were the guests of Dr. Edwin Erle Sparks of State College, who was president of the Association during the past year. During the afternoon session the newly-elected President, Provost Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, called upon our Very Reverend President for some remarks on the work of Duquesne University for higher education, especially its work in behalf of teachers for high school and college work.

It falls to the lot of another *Chronicler* to record in detail the success of the Annual Euchre. Several "side issues" deserve to be noted here. One is the practice given to

Euchre budding orators in the frequent committee meetings and mass meetings. This opportunity they themselves considered invaluable; and they certainly profited of it very visibly. Another feature of the preparation was the campaign of advertising that was carried on with considerable show of enterprise. Every day—sometimes twice a day—new placards, strikingly worded, appeared on the bulletin-board. That they bore fruit, we can joyously testify.

Twelve of the Red Masquers have begun behind closed doors the Saturday morning rehearsals for THE ANNUAL PLAY. We are not at liberty as yet to disclose the title, but

The Big Play we make no secret of the fact that it will be a thriller in more senses than one. That its funny situations will tickle the risibilities o'er and o'er, goes without saying; but in addition, there is an element of mystery in the story which makes the farce all the more enjoyable. Mr. Clinton E. Lloyd, dean of the School of Oratory and Dramatic Art, is coaching the players,—in other words, the success of the performance is a foregone conclusion.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

During the past month the students of the class in Industry and Commerce have visited the extensive plant of the Westinghouse Electric & Machine Company and made

First-Hand an extensive tour through the wholesale
Information produce commission district.

The trip through the Westinghouse plant was made on Wednesday, February 10. Through the kind-

ness of Mr. Bell, the assistant treasurer, passes and guides were secured. The details of the trip, the impressions and feelings of the class, have been expressed by one of them, and will appear in a subsequent issue of the MONTHLY.

Through the courtesy of Mr. McClay, arrangements were made to inspect the wholesale commission district on Washington's birthday. The exhibit of twenty-seven carloads of citrus fruit was seen in the Pennsylvania depot on Twenty-first street; then an hour or more was spent in attending the auction-room in which thousands of boxes of oranges, lemons and grape-fruit were disposed of in short order. The methods of receiving, handling and distributing poultry and produce were taught the class at first hand. Displays of fresh fruits and vegetables were inspected and sampled in commission houses, owned by men who were formerly students at old Holy Ghost College.

The students of the Day School organized a Class Club, Thursday, February 25. After a lively campaign the following officers were elected: Raymond Pierotti,

Elections President; John J. Lappan, Vice-President; Vincent N. Steinkirchner, Secretary; Myron H. Wagner, Treasurer; and Thos. P. Connelly and Edward Larkin, Marshals.

On the following day the Debating Society was formed. Debating teams were organized for weekly debates. After a period of training, challenges will be sent to several of the best debating teams. The class looks forward to much pleasure and profit in these combats.

F. P. A., '16.



Alumni.

ONE of the hardest workers of last year's law graduates was, by all accounts, T. F. DOHERTY, to whom we extend our heartiest congratulations for the success which he has already achieved before the local Bar. Plenty of good practice seems to be coming his way. He has linked his fortunes with the firm of Stowe, Greenberger & Price, with offices at 336 Fourth Avenue. Mr. Robert E. Price, with whom he is thus early associated, is also, like Mr. Doherty, a citizen of Braddock. Mr. Edwin W. Stowe, head of the firm, is one of the most eminent members of the Allegheny County Bar.

It was with great pleasure we had a quiet little confab the other day, with our old friend, DAN J. MCFARLIN, '10, who, during the three years he spent at Carnegie Tech, after leaving the Bluff, made one of the most enviable records merited by any of the Tech graduates. The dean of the Engineering School used to seem delighted to quote Dan as a model student at that institution. He is now assistant superintendent of the big plant which the Concrete Production Co. have put up on Neville Island, where Dan is busy overseeing the production of pipe, curbstone and other materials, for which there is, at this time of the year, quite a healthy demand. Just now the Company is finishing some big contracts for the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie R. R.

W. J. McELLIGOTT, '01, is always a welcome visitor—though, we must admit, a rare one. But he is quite busy, not only as assistant sales manager for the Pittsburgh Meter Co., out in East Pittsburgh, but also as field secretary and State organizer for some of our fraternal bodies. From the details he gives of the big contracts they have had to fill lately, both at home and abroad, one can gather an idea of the vast amount of business which, in all lines of trade, radiate from this great industrial centre. For instance, just now they are getting out 10,000 new meters for this city alone—while they have been sending carloads of the same kind to Italy, New Zealand, Japan and other distant countries. The present war, however, has been a serious and formidable handicap in the transaction of all business with Europe.

RAYMOND A. SIEDLE, Commercial, 1912, along with the members of his family, is one of our most faithful patrons at all social gatherings and academic seances. Indeed, we have almost begun to feel as though an entertainment is dull and spiritless unless we

see thereat some members of the Siedle family. No wonder that Ray, although engaged in serious business with the Real Estate Trust Company, is still with us, in our down-town department, having entered the course of Accounting and Finance.

ANOTHER faithful and studious patron of the Finance Course, in the Vandergrift Building, is J. J. LAPPAN, B. A., '12. But not satisfied with a partial training in these important branches, he has given up the lucrative position in the County Building, which he had held since graduation, and given all his time to the study of the full curriculum in the day course of Corporation Management and Finance. He talks enthusiastically of the entire department and the excellent manner in which it is conducted by the splendid corps of expert professors and lecturers.

DR. C. F. LAUER, '07, has already, after the lapse of only two years since his graduation at Pitt Medical School, been eminently successful in establishing a first-class practice out in Lawrenceville. He finds the Butler Street clientele an excellent medium for the practice of ordinary medicine and general surgery. He is doing very well, and has never yet felt the need of engaging in any partnership. The doctor is a loyal member of Duquesne Council K. C., No. 264.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, was the day of the Alumni Smoker, and about four-score responded to the secretary's invitation. They represented all the years from '80 to '14, but the younger element predominated. Instead of the musical and literary programme, which the undergraduates have been accustomed to provide, a basketball game between the 'Varsity and St. Jerome's Lyceum formed the evening's entertainment—in addition to the "combustibles" and the renewing of old friendship. After the lunch in the old dining-hall, the following officers were elected: President, John P. Egan, A. M., '11; Vice-President, Dr. Richard Moroney, '04; Secretary, Rev. H. J. McDermott, '94; Treasurer, William Weiss, '92.



ATHLETICS

' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

It is a pleasure to record that the 'Varsity team won six straight games during the month of February, making the record so far, ten games won, and one lost. The points scored are 526 against 219 for opponents. This is a remarkable showing, when we consider that three of the games were played within a period of six days. The goal-shooting of all has been unsurpassed in these circles. The passing game has practically been acquired, and the games have become correspondingly more interesting. The students are proud of the team, and never fail to be on hand; even distance is no barrier to their enthusiastic support. Ray Baum deserves credit for his great work as cheer leader, whilst to Dr. Sexias (A. A. U.) we extend the hand in appreciation of his services as official in all our home games.

FEB. 6—Duquesne, 37; St. Ignatius College, 17.

The 'Varsity players won their fifth game at Cleveland, against the strong St. Ignatius team. The first-half was uneventful, although Pierotti had some good shots. During the second period, better team-work and passing and more accurate shooting on the part of Pierotti, Gillis and Shortley, enabled the 'Varsity to double the score. Morrissey was injured, and could not put forth his best efforts. Howard came to the front with two good baskets, and allowed only one score to be made against him. For the home team, Brady and Sommer played well.

Field goals—Pierotti 7, Gillis 4, Shortley 2, Howard 2, Brady 2, Sommer, Daly, Fuerst. Foul goals—Gillis, 7 out of 16; Sommer, 7 out of 11. Referee, Murphy. Timekeeper, Heimbuecher. Scorer, Hoffman.

FEB. 9—Duquesne, 63; St. Jerome's Lyceum, 25.

Before an enthusiastic reunion of old "grads" and former students, the 'Varsity scored an easy victory over St. Jerome's Lyceum, Charleroi, Pa. Madden played superb ball, and caged eleven goals. Howard made good with fine passing and guarding. St. Jerome's team was light, but played the game until the last second.

Field goals—Madden 11, Shortley 7, Gillis 5, Pierotti 5, Howard; Clark 5, Lentz 2, Messiniert. Foul goals—Gillis 5 out of

12; Clark, 9 out of 14. Referee, Dr. Sexias. Timekeeper, Lavelle. Scorers, Morrissey and McIntyre. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

FEB. 12—Duquesne, 50; Hiram College, 26.

In their first contest with Hiram, Duquesne came off an easy victor. The spectators were treated to a wonderful exhibition of passing and shooting. Hiram played well, but after getting the ball into position, they were unable to locate the basket with precision. Captain Pierotti played a stellar game and was closely followed by Gillis, as the score shows. Howard and Shortley guarded well, and made long passes to Madden for good scores. Soller for the visitors played a good game throughout. Simpson was an eminently satisfactory referee.

Field goals—Pierotti 9, Gillis 6, Madden 2, Shortley 2, Soller 6, Hale 2, Adams and Calvin. Foul goals—Gillis 10 out of 13; Soller, 7 out of 18; Hale 1. Referee, Simpson, Pitt.

Duquesne, 48; Beaver Valley, 30.

Strengthened by McCarter and Hicks of Geneva College, Beaver Valley, formerly the K. of C. team of that place, played a great game on the Bluff. The spectators pronounced it one of the best contests this year.

Field goals—Gillis 7, Shortley 5, Pierotti 2, Morrissey, Howard, Madden; Hicks 5, Harrigan 2, McCarter 2, Reilly. Foul goals—Gillis, 14 out of 20; McCarter, 8 out of 14. Referee, Dr. Sexias. Scorer, Hoffman. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Duquesne, 60; Franklin College, 14.

The 'Varsity team continued its winning streak by overwhelmingly defeating Franklin. A large audience welcomed the players. The 'Varsity men passed and shot well, Gillis this time taking the lead. In all Franklin made only four goals, Howard's and Gillis's guarding preventing other scores.

Field goals—Gillis 7, Pierotti 5, Morrissey 5, Shortley 5, Madden, Shivers 2, Forsberg, Williams. Foul goals—Gillis, 14 out of 18; Forsberg, 6 out of 17. Referee, Dr. Sexias. Scorer, Hoffman. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

Duquesne, 90; Canisius College, 20.

In this, the first meeting between the two institutions, Duquesne achieved first laurels, by piling up the largest score of the year. The Buffalo boys came here with a great reputation,

and this they upheld several times during the game when their passing was excellent; but, as shooters, they could stand no comparison with Duquesne. All the students were on hand to cheer their favorites, and well did they respond to Baum's energetic leadership. The gym re-echoed with "Rah! Rah! Rah! D-u-q-u-e-s-n-e!" But with true sportsmanship, they also cheered every good play by Canisius. Baskets were made from all angles; Morrissey alone scored sixteen goals, this being the real feature of the game. Gillis and Howard, considered the best two guards produced on the Bluff, prevented all scoring at close range. In brief, every member of the team played well, and demonstrated beyond all doubt that Duquesne possesses one of the best teams in the State.

For Canisius, Nash and Lyons played the best ball.

Field goals—Morrissey 16, Gillis 9, Shortley 7, Pierotti 3, Madden 3, Howard 2, Lyons 2, Nash, Rowan, McMullen. Foul goals—Gillis, 10 out of 16; Nash, 10 out of 12. Referee, Dr. Sexias. Scorer, Hoffman. Timekeeper, Heimbuecher. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

E. N. M.

THE ACADEMICS.

The Academics closed their successful season March 2. Twenty games were played; of these fifteen were won. Crafton High and Ralston High had only one game scheduled with the Academics, hence it was not possible to divide honors with them, as was the case with the other three opponents, who carried off a game each. Only two games have been played since the last issue of the MONTHLY, as several teams cancelled their dates. The two games were with the Park Institute and the St. Mary's Lyceum from Lawrenceville. The former were defeated, 61-13, the latter took revenge for a former defeat, 36-20. Taking into consideration the difficult schedule which was arranged for the Academics, and the fact that Crandall was the only veteran from last year, all the others being new members, it may be said that the Academics have done remarkably well. Captain Callahan expects all the players to be on the floor next year, and promises to eclipse this year's record.

THE JUNIORS.

Through an error, this team did not get the mention it

deserved in the February MONTHLY. Amends are hereby made—and apologies.

The class of ball displayed in the course of last month, is an evident indication that the Juniors have made admirable progress. These sturdy youths are growing in reputation as basketball players, no less than in other lines of sport.

The games up to date have been played with great vim and energetic spirit. All the players have kept in good condition by regular practice. James Madden's captaincy inspires confidence in his team-mates. Both he and James McCarthy are excellent forwards and are often applauded for their sensational floor-work. Herman Fuchs and Charles Haendler are a wonderful duet of tossers. Riva has along been outjumping his antagonist at the position of center. Canty is very useful as an all-round player. Carl Haferman, though surpassing his fellow-players in avoirdupois, is remarkably fast at any assigned position.

The following is the list of games played up to the present issue :

January 11, Juniors 43; E. E. Bergmans 11
 January 19, Juniors 16; Seminole Five 22
 January 20, Juniors 57; St. Richard Jrs. 7
 February 2, Juniors 68; Allentown 32
 February 11, Juniors 28; West Penn Jrs. 20
 February 17, Juniors 31; I. H. A. 30
 February 19, Juniors 43; Beltzhoover 18
 February 22, Juniors 16; Lawrenceville 25.

J. SELD.

CLASS GAMES.

During February, as during the preceding month, many fine games were played, and some good material for next season was brought out. The boys were enthusiastic, and, when any team had to wait more than five days, it was hard, sometimes, to suppress very justifiable whimpers. Such tactics as roughness or playing foul were unknown. The only requisite was a good referee, master of the situation; and this, to everybody's satisfaction, Father McGuigan proved himself to be.

Although it is very difficult to name a real championship team, we can justly say that the First Commercial and Fourth High are about the best in the Senior division; whilst among the

Juniors, Second High A and First High A are considered supreme. Some of the scores are as follows:

Freshmen 30, IV. High 25; Scientific 16, I. High B 20; Sophomores 13, III. High 23; Commercial 22, II. High A 23; Commercial (I.) 17, II. High B 20; I. High A 43, Preparatory 12; III. High 14, IV. High 26; Sophomores 26, Freshman 14.

E. N. MACK.

' VARSITY BASEBALL PROSPECTS.

With the basketball season nearly over, the students are looking forward to the time when the greatest of outdoor sports—the National Game—will again come into its own. During the last of February the 'Varsity candidates took advantage of the warm weather to have some batting practice. With Harenski, Hunter, Ringel, Shortley, Sweeney and Tracy—of last year's squad—on hand, the 'Varsity team is already well fortified in several positions. The following new candidates have reported: Mulroy, Nyce, Morrissey, Howard, Garahan, Lynn, McGarrall, Gallagher, Holland, Madden, McClain, Pierotti, Hudock and Gillis.

Last year, the team made an enviable record, losing only to W. and J. This year, our rivals, after an exchange of letters, practically agreeing to two games, called them off without giving any reason. A good schedule has been arranged. Pitt and Tech could not be booked; both managers claim that their schedules are completed. The following games have been approved of:

April 17, Braddock Collegians, Home; April 23, West Virginia, Abroad; April 28, Allegheny College, Home; April 30, West Virginia, Home; May 3, Alumni, Home; May 5, California Normal, Home; May 8, Thiel, Abroad; May 11, Westminster, Home; May 14, Grove City, Home; May 17, Indiana Normal, Home; May 20, Muskingum, Home; May 24, Chinese University, Home; May 30, Pending, Abroad; May 31, Pending, (2 games), Abroad; June 3, St. Ignatius, Home; June 4, Westminster, Abroad; June 9, Indiana Normal, Abroad; June 11, Alumni, Home; June 12, California Normal, Abroad; June 15, Grove City, Abroad.

E. N. M.

Duquesnicula.

AN EXHAUSTIVE TREATISE ON EXAMINATIONS.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY considered, exams are highly detrimental. During the period of preparation the nerves are kept at high tension, and while they are actually in progress, every energy, except that needed for football or baseball, is completely exhausted. Certain muscles and tendons are in some individuals subjected to a severe and prolonged strain; and all this necessitates thereafter a more or less protracted abstention from scholastic endeavors for the purpose of recuperation. Meanwhile, of course, the energies not exhausted may be put into play quite freely.

SOCIOLOGICALLY considered, exams have a baneful influence. They develop inchoative criminals, thus: the home authorities demand a mark of 85 per cent. under severe penalties; the school authorities give tests that make the attainment of such grades chimerically impracticable. Hemmed in between two fires, the pitiable student takes the way of least resistance. Occasionally, however, he finally decides that the best way out of the dilemma is to get down to brass tacks and study.

ETHICALLY considered, while there are certain drawbacks, exams promote the practice of virtue to a degree that is admirable. They teach selfish young people brotherly love and sympathy. All being in the same jeopardy,—borne down by the same calamity, so to speak,—are brought closer together in the bonds of a kindly, helpful fellowship.

ECONOMICALLY considered, exams give the student, tired of lectures and recitations, a chance to get acquainted with his textbooks and thus realize something on the money his parents have invested in providing them.

WE started out to make this treatise exhaustive. We have exhausted our store of energy but not our range of ideas. We have probably exhausted your patience, kind reader, as well as the space at our disposal. Therefore, au revoir.

JOHN L. DOBBINS, 3 H.

P. S.—Not approved by the censor.

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No 7.

Wafted on the Wind.

A LINGERING winter vainly tries
To stop approaching spring,
And envious blows his frosty sighs
On every budding thing.

But though these jealous blasts of chill
Disturb their earthly beds,
Oh never fear! No mortal ill
Can reach their cozy heads.

And wafted on the wet spring wind
O'er scentless grasses gray,
There comes a message gay and kind—
'T is zephyrs' time to play.

In soft and gentle whispering way,
From wintr'y sleep they wake
All Nature's verdure. Come, sweet May,
This joy let us partake.

A brook's faint tinkling sound is heard,
A blithesome cuckoo call;
The plash of brook and note of bird
Sweetly our souls enthrall.

Though life's bleak winds your heart have wrung,
Go forth, dear heart, and sing;
The new wind calls to old and young
Live, and be glad—'t is Spring!

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

Goethe's Literary Excellence.

IN the history of letters Goethe is a figure such as seldom occurs. "He is a literary Proteus, presenting numberless forms, each so elusive that we can scarcely grasp it, each living in its own *milieu*, careless of any definite conformity to an exact type, and whose unity is as hard to realize in imagination as is the unity of Nature herself. Such a grand human puzzle was never given mankind to read." His is, indeed, a versatile genius: romantic, scientific, humanistic. He was an active spiritual factor in contemporary German life. Scientists often meet him in many of their own provinces. Lovers of literature consider his works among the most important Germany has sent forth. All are agreed in this, but even those men who have devoted years of serious study to Goethe find it difficult to form a true comprehension of his complex nature. Room is lacking here, even if competence were not, for an adequate outline of his works. However, the romantic Goethe exerted the most abiding influence, and it is he, the poet, with whom we are chiefly concerned.

Even the most cursory glance over Goethe's literary productions shows him to be an artist in the highest sense of that term. He is certainly a master in poetry. He cultivates his art with a noble, disinterested love, and we can trace in his creations "some touches of that old, divine spirit" which possessed the masters of long ago. He has that subtle, indescribable spiritual force, which is the birthright of the true poet, the expression of innate genius. His poetic faculty is no mere "mental handicraft"; but by it Goethe himself speaks to our entire being: "it is the voice of the whole harmonious manhood." In representing and moving the affections, Goethe is highly successful. He speaks the magic word that unbinds the feelings and experiences of the human heart, the spell that breaks the fetters of unnamed emotions, releasing them and "bringing them forth to liberty and light." His is, to an eminent degree, the happy gift of transforming his own feeling into life, a gift which is conspicuous in his realistic verses and in his genuine characters. A high aspiration, an earnest and loving insight into truth and nobleness are ever his characteristics. "*Wahrheitsliebe*", he says, "*zeigt sich darin, dass man ueberall das Gute zu finden und zu schaeetzen weiss.*" How exactly his own definition of "love of truth" applies to the master-genius!

The poetic temperament of this "colossus of German literature" is always keenly alive, and the many influences that operate on his own sensitive soul he faithfully reproduces. Through the action of his powerful imagination, great aspects of his nature resulted from the most simple incidents or the most remote suggestions. Not only what is actually present, but even the unborn, that which is "still in the womb of time", touches him. At the patriarchal age of seventy he had still a youth's capacity for emotion; or, as Eckermann has it in his "Conversations", he had still "a fresh vivacity of heart." To this susceptibility and buoyancy may be ascribed "the buds and flowers of sentiment and spiritual passion" that enrich his verses. Through his rare vision he sees, not differently, but more, than other men; and his intensity of feeling makes Goethe's poetic temperament one of the greatest human creative forces. Yet he does not merely create: he also interprets. He has discovered the "capital secret" of the poet's profession, and converts life into truth. Though he is one of the most lofty and aerial and imaginative poets, he has a practical understanding, and derives the matter and strength of his works from the earth. No idle dreamer is Goethe, engaged in vainly building with empty words. He renounces Rousseau's world of revery and turns "from dreaming to doing", rearing a glorious structure that serves as a lighthouse to German literature and life.

Goethe's mind ranks among the strongest and most complicated the world has known. An exalted understanding and an extraordinary share of intellectual power brought him a "wonderful, nay unexampled reputation and intellectual influence among forty millions of reflective, serious and cultivated men." He was more than a literary ornament: his vital mental force made him the teacher of his age. "Goetz von Berlichingen" and the "Sorrows of Werter", his earliest works, are thus referred to by a contemporary critic. "It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the literature of Europe, than these two performances of a young author; his first-fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. 'Werter' appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear." In it Goethe touches the chords of human life, even though it shows that the state of his mind was at one time gloomy and almost despairing. Doubtless, the condition of his own mind was in concord with the prevailing spirit, and is

probably imputable to the influences of the times. But his doubt and dejection were soon dispelled, and he came to smile on this performance of his youth. A better vision showed him a world full of loveliness, and he realized that whatever has being also has beauty.

*“Wer nie sein Brod mit Thraenen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Naechte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennet euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Maechte.”*

Here he gives us a clue to the causes underlying his transformation. Doubt was only a passenger in his soul, not a permanent inmate; and thus in “Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship”, published twenty years after “Werter”, he has passed from hesitation and restlessness to decision, serenity and peace. The roaming youthful genius has now matured into the calm man. “The lofty enthusiasm which, wandering wildly over the universe, found no resting place, has here reached its appointed home, and lives in harmony with what long appeared to threaten it with annihilation.”

Having once found his tranquil haven of truth and resolution, Goethe never again embarks on the wild main of doubt. His words, “*Wer fest auf dem Sinne beharrt, der bildet die Welt sich,*”

have become the spring of all his actions. His mind has gained the victory; it is no longer controlled by influences. “The brightest and most capricious fancy, the most piercing and inquisitive intellect, the wildest and deepest imagination; the highest thrills of joy, the bitterest pangs of sorrow” continue to be his, but he has ceased to be theirs. “His heart is still full of warmth, though his head is clear and cold; the world for him is still full of grandeur, though he clothes it with no false colors; his fellow-creatures are still objects of reverence and love, though their basenesses are plainer to no eye than to his.” Goethe remains the man with rich red blood, but he refuses to become flushed with passion; sympathy in all the ways of men is still a part of his very being, but he shares these ways no longer. The sway of his reason over passion is more than mild: it is a tyrannical control. Not that it is “mere brute exertion of his will,” but it is grounded on principle. Henceforth,

*“Will holds the royal sceptre in his soul,
And on the passions of his heart doth reign;”*

henceforth, "he is king of himself and of his world;" he rules and is not ruled.

While many of Goethe's works bear their significance "written on their forehead", others appear strange and almost inexplicable. Their excellence cannot always be seen at a glance, but often requires deep thought; and it is only after patient examination that in them, too, we discern the earnest features of Beauty and Grandeur. With greater intimacy, apparent blemishes resolve themselves into ornaments, and unsuspected graces are unfolded before our view. "Obscure gleams, misty shadows turn out to be complete units of a mountain-world, each with its uplands, terraces, rivulets, and a babbling stream that hastens to pour its silt and fertility into a broad river sweeping majestically through the plains." This is especially true of "Faust", Goethe's supreme and most characteristic work. He is not without his faults: he were no son of Eve if he had none. Nevertheless, he is as nearly perfect as any writer that ever lived. We may think that he is cold, "an organ of pure intelligence," but many things reveal the man of feeling as well as the speculative thinker; we may think of him mainly as the "calm, clear, cosmopolitan philosopher," yet when we read the "Faust" dedication our eyes are filled with tears. Did he lack religious elevation? His words disprove it.

*"Die Wuensche verhuellen uns selbst das Gewuenschte;
die Gaben*

Kommen von oben herab in ihren eignen Gestalten."

And so his own works meet almost every adverse criticism and throw it to the ground. Nor do such criticisms detract from Goethe's excellence: his severest judges have been men who avowedly did not understand him. The opinion of such cannot be taken into consideration in the final award of merit.

The style of the German master stands in the airy heights above differences of opinion. All are agreed upon its superiority. It is simple and apparently common and easy of imitation. Only when one attempts to copy it does he become aware that Goethe is inimitable. In his hands "language is the body of which thought is the soul"; it teems with meaning and significance; its dominant trait is calmness, which is rivaled only by its beauty. Now it is precise and simple; and again, rich and melodious: here, strong and expressive; and immediately, mild and illuminating. We have glimpses of an unseen, ethereal world, and back of it all we discover a high and noble mind and a culture pro-

portionate to its wisdom and beauty; we are conscious of a power of utterance wearing "an invisible bond of enchantment" about the whole; we detect "an eye and a heart" for all, a poet and a thinker. When our imagination is not gratified, our powers of reflection and comparison are employed. Here is "a writer whose resources have been accumulated from nearly all the provinces of human intellect and activity"; there is no danger, however, that he will cause civil war among the muses. He is an expert in using these complicated instruments: this "chaste abundance" of matter flows along gracefully in a style that is considered the highest specimen in the German tongue.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.



Quoth the Raven. . . .

(without apologies)

FIVE good Sophs at a baseball game;
 Yo-ho and a bottle of pop.
 One called the umpire a naughty name,
 Oh, floppetty, hoppetty, plop.

Four Sophs sitting, all filled with glee;
 Yo-ho and a bottle of rum.
 A foul tip came and then there were three,
 (funeral music)
 Tum, titty-tum, tum, tum.

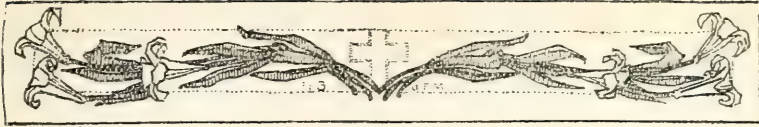
Three Sophs cheering till red in the face;
 Yo-ho and a bottle of catsup.
 One slipped down and fell into space,
 Oh, hattetty, tattetty, ratsup.

Two Sophs, surrounded by joy and bliss;
 Yo-ho and a glass of Duquesne (pump water)
 A curve was pitched that the catcher did miss,
 Oh, rain, sad rain, sad rain,

One Soph left, alone in the sun;
 Yo-ho and a bottle of ink.
 He had bet wrong, 'cause the 'Varsity won,
 (oo goody—served him right)
 Oh, plinketty, plinketty, plink.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.

Also published in musical form in three keys.



The Coward of Corliss Hall.

WE were standing by the window in the club on Sixth Avenue the other evening, when our attention was called to a splendid machine passing down the avenue. It was quite late, and the car was traveling very fast; but Fred O'Rourke recognized the sole occupant of the car, as it passed the club. When the car neared Wood Street, we were horrified to see an old man step immediately in front of it. Quick as a flash, however, the man at the wheel, rather than run down the pedestrian turned his machine onto the deserted pavement and ran against a pole.

After all the excitement was over and the injured man was removed to the hospital, we all returned to the club,—and, sitting about the cozy fire, began talking about this and other heroic deeds.

There were about six or eight of us altogether.—Jack Danvers, Charlie Farrell and his brother Jim, Fred O'Rourke and two or three others.

Fred O'Rourke was a reticent sort of man. It was seldom, indeed, that he told a story, and whenever he did tell one, we all listened attentively.

That evening he seemed to be in the humor for telling stories, and so we waited, with as much patience as we could master, for him to begin.

At last he started.

This happened, he said, at a little college called St. Regis—our pet name for it was "Saint Rex"—does n't matter where.

It was about the second week of February and the beginning of a new term at St. Regis. An early thaw had melted the snow, and the Racquette—a good-sized river nearby—was fast rising. The river, frozen solid the week before, was now full of floating blocks of ice. The threatening crack which sounded now and then, made standing on the ice near the shore very dangerous.

A large crowd of college students and of the inhabitants of the village stood about watching the flood. The small boys, scorning the danger, played on the ice.

Suddenly a wild cry filled the air. One of the lads, the son of the leading merchant in the place, had been caught on a block of ice as it broke away and started on its wild career down the river.

About a quarter of a mile down stream was a sharp bend. On account of this bend, there was a space of about twenty yards that was free from ice. On a pier built nearby stood a young fellow of about eighteen—a freshman who had just started at St. Rex. I shall call him Johnston, though later he was known by but one name—"the Coward of Corliss Hall". He was tall, well built and athletic.

As the ice bearing the boy was passing the pier, Johnston seemed as though he were going to attempt to save the boy. Suddenly he seemed to see something, and he shrank back, covering his face with his hands, and crouched on the floor of the pier. Every one saw him.

Running swiftly along the pier was a short wiry senior, whom I'll call "Shorty Connors". Shorty cast a contemptuous look at the inert Johnston, hissed one word, "coward", and then dove after the imperiled village boy.

The struggle was short but furious, and soon the boy was at home. Johnston crept through the crowd, hearing on every side the contemptuous word, "coward".

For the next month, Dante's *Inferno* was paradise to the life Johnston led. Everywhere he went, he heard, as he passed, "coward, coward!" Not a student spoke to him except to taunt him. As he passed through the village, the boys hooted at him and threw mud and stones at him. It was no use to complain; no one would pay attention to a coward.

We might have known that he was no coward, for none but the bravest could live through those days without running away. But the very fact that he stayed aggravated the general feeling against him. And especially so with Connors,—*he* would go far out of his way to molest Johnston.

Then came the climax. It was on the 24th of March. A day or so before, a new director of athletics had come to St. Rex. He was talking to a crowd of the boys just before the last study period of the day about our chances for a good baseball team. Just then Johnston passed by. The professor hailed him, "What do *you* do, Mr.——?"

Johnston was taken off his guard.

"Why I—I—," he stammered.

Shorty interrupted him. "Johnston? He's a coward, sir. Why, last February—"

"Oh! This is the Johnston. I've heard of him," the coach observed and turned on his heel. Johnston went white. He tried to speak, but words refused to come. He seemed to choke, and then, turning, staggered back to his room in Corliss Hall. When he reached his cheerless quarters, Johnston packed his grip. He roomed alone, for no one would be seen in his company, much less room with a coward.

He consulted a time-table. A train would leave at 5:15. His trunk and grip being packed, he sat down and wrote a letter to his worst enemy, Shorty Connors.

It lacked just twenty minutes of train time, when a cry outside on the campus awakened Johnston from an unpleasant reverie. He got up and looked out the window. Across the campus about fifty yards from Corliss stood Franklin Hall, where the richest and most influential students roomed. Out of the corner room—he noticed that it was Shorty's—a very volcano of smoke was pouring.

The students below on the campus were greatly excited. Shorty had been quite popular. Now no one seemed to know where he was.

Suddenly, as if in answer to the question on everyone's lips, Shorty appeared at the window. He climbed uncertainly to the ledge; he swayed unsteadily for a moment and then fell backward into the fire. The angry flames burst through the open window, seeming to laugh mockingly at the awestricken watchers below.

Meanwhile Johnston had come down from his room and had mingled with the crowd. He saw Shorty as he fell back into the flames.

"Coward, am I?" he was heard to mutter. "*I'll show these heroes how to face death.*"

With these words he ran swiftly forward, and was mounting hand over hand the ivy-covered building, before any one could make a step forward to stop him.

He felt the branches sway under him, and at times they seemed almost ready to break. As he reached the window the flames and smoke rushed forth with redoubled fury, as though intent on smothering the man who dared to rob them of their prey.

The watchers below saw a far different young man from the one they beheld that day in February. Then, it seemed, they saw a coward, one to be despised; but now they saw a man,—a

brave, fearless man, from whom they could not withhold their admiration.

Johnston hesitated but an instant, and then disappeared in the smoke and flame of the room. After an age—though it was less than half a minute—he reappeared, carrying Shorty on his shoulder. He started his perilous descent amid the shouts of encouragement of the students.

He was half way down when the vine broke. Down they came, with "the coward" underneath. Tenderly they were picked up by the students and hurried away to the hospital.

The fire engines arrived soon after, but the fire was beyond control. Everything in Franklin Hall was lost.

It was not until the following afternoon that Johnston regained consciousness. He looked around the room, and his eyes rested on Shorty in the next bed.

"Im sorry I played the coward that day, but—I—couldn't swim," he said, and lapsed into unconsciousness again.

The letter that was found in his room explained everything; how in his early childhood he had witnessed the terrible death-struggle of a drowning boy, whom he was unable to help. Since that time he had had a fear of drowning.

The story-teller arose, and reached for his hat and coat.

"That letter," said he, "is my most valued possession. You see, I was the Shorty of that story, and the man in that machine a few minutes ago was 'the Coward of Corliss Hall'."

JAMES F. KERNAN, '17.

Yesterday.

THY limnèd page no more can be unrolled :
Forever thou hast passed beyond recall.

What comfort or regrets thy records hold
Repose now in the mightiest Love of all.
With waters sweet hot desert sands are riven
And mourning turns to laughter by this Love;
Wrongs made aright, offenses all forgiven,
And noble deeds find rich reward above.
Thy memories sad and tender here repose,
Lingering like perfume on the drooping rose.
Thy deeds are locked secure in Love divine :
Thou, yesterday, art God's, though thou wert mine.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

Unfinished Masterpieces.

THE BIG FELLOW.

HE was a big, stout fellow, over six feet tall, with a large, round, jovial face. He was walking up and down the station-platform with a suspicion of a frown on his brow and a hint of impatience in his stride; I thought something untoward must have happened to bring such a look on his ordinarily good-natured physiognomy.

"A banker," I said to myself, "and some one has failed to keep an appointment. Or perhaps, an official of the railroad, and something has gone wrong." At any rate, he was evidently some person of power, and I mentally sympathized with the individual upon whom his wrath would fall. As the time went by he was becoming more and more impatient, looking up and down the broad platform, and occasionally taking out his watch or fumbling a train-schedule that he held in his chubby hand.

At last a broad smile lighted up his countenance, and he hastily turned and walked in the other direction. I craned my neck as far as was decorous, but I could espy no one coming to meet him. It is true that a diminutive young woman—in whom he could not by any possibility be interested—was advancing along the platform. Then—

"I was afraid we wouldn't be in time for class," I heard him say, in a ridiculously high, piping voice; and for the first time I noticed that both wore the tartan ribbon of T— School.

M. J. SEARLE, 4 H.

THE RESCUE.

I WAS passing a camp one fine summer's day, when I stopped short, attracted by one of the queerest sights I had ever beheld. In a cleared space before the tent stood a powerful young man. He was stripped to the waist. He stood in the hottest rays of the sun, and the sweat was pouring from his bared head and shoulders.

This might have been curious enough by itself. But he began to dance around. Suddenly his arms shot up, to defend himself, it seemed, from some unseen foe. His pace became furious, and one hand, then the other, jabbed and punched rapidly at—the air.

I was not far from Marshalsea, and went at once to notify the authorities. An attendant accompanied me to the camping-

ground. The young giant was still there, furiously rushing this way and that. The attendant leaped upon him. At first the young man was stunned by the force of the blow, but he soon recovered, and began to maltreat the attendant as he had before maltreated the atmosphere, grinning the while in great glee.

It was fortunate that just then a short man appeared from the tent, and saved the asylum attendant from a terrible beating.

Explanations and apologies were then forthcoming. I learned that I had happened upon a boxing camp when the champion heavyweight of the camp was shadow-boxing.

JAMES H. SHANAHAN, 4 H.

O MERCY ME!

HE approached the water's edge with a firm, determined tread, heaved an almost involuntary sigh and clutched his throat convulsively. Here, I thought, is a scoop for my paper; here I make a stand and scoop it in. I approached him cautiously and with my pocket "Carona", noiseless in operation, clicked down the story of a rejected suitor.

Stop! He leaned over the water's edge and cautiously tested the aqueous fluid. "No," I heard him say to himself, almost regretfully, "No, it cannot be."

He turned and walked past me, sighing dismally, and these words fell from his lips: "Poor little dear, I wonder if she would miss her—Ah, no, I must not say this. How will she bear it? Poor little dear, how sorry am I that—doggy—will miss—her evening bath!"

EDWARD SULLIVAN, 4 H.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Our Literature.

A VIEW of our present day literature by James Bryce in a recent number of the *North American Review* strikes an optimistic note that sounds joyfully clear above the sad symphony of pessimism now so constantly played by discontented critics. Coming from the author of "The American Commonwealth" we need not hesitate in placing our confidence in his opinion of our literary life. It is certain that his analytical and deep-searching mind would not be content with a superficial survey of anything that commands his attention, much less this subject which is undoubtedly interesting to a student such as we know him to be. It is not without reason, therefore, that we attach importance to what he says.

He tells us that the advance in the quality of our literature is very noticeable, and gives as a probable reason for this the great increase in the number of schools and universities. The progress of education has given impetus to the reading and study of books of philosophy, history, economics, and science; and we have evidence of this from book publishers who claim that there is a greater demand for serious literary works.

But Mr. Bryce also has a good word for fiction. He remarks that the American people of the seventies could not point with pride to such a number of excellent novelists as we can to-day. His observations on the change in the kind of novels produced are interesting. He says: "The American novel is now no longer content to depict phases of local life, though that is still effectively done, and the romantic element that has long been associated with the Far West is now so fast fading away that it will soon

cease to be available for 'local color'. But several of the best writers of to-day are grappling with the newer issues of life, in an imaginative way, and in a more continental spirit, so to speak, than any of their predecessors."

His comments on present day poetry are not so optimistic. He writes that we have not had any great poetry during the last thirty years, although the appreciation of poetical works still lives. In opposition to this statement the late Kentucky poet, Madison J. Cawein, stated that "There is really as excellent poetry being produced at the present time—although publisher and public do not admit it—as was being produced on both sides of the Atlantic fifty or a hundred years ago." At all events publishers tell us that there is a remarkable change in the public's attitude toward poetry, and that no longer is the muse submerged in the flood of fiction. The average man is learning to look upon poetry as having neither a vain nor an impractical existence. It is interesting to note that the works of Masfield may be placed in the class known as "best sellers" and that the sale of Tagore's "The Gardener" in America alone was over 100,000 copies.

In the face of this encouraging comment we can safely say that appreciation of literature is undying, and that the advance in the quality of the literary output is a good indication that a taste for the best is being cultivated.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



The Pope's Prayer for Peace.

THE Catholics of America, on Passion Sunday, bowed down before the hidden God of the Eucharist, moved by one common impulse, stirred to the depths of their hearts by an irresistible appeal—the appeal of the Holy Father himself—and prayed that God might give back to the world peace and tranquillity. No doubt it seemed to many that that prayer of Pope Benedict XV. gave them a new insight into the character of the Father of the Faithful. Biographers have told us much of his family, of his talents, of his attainments, tastes, and habits. His first encyclicals have given us a deeper view of his wide scholarship, his penetrating wisdom, and his practical judgment. But this short prayer for peace reveals a deep faith, a tender piety and a yearning, almost motherly sympathy with humankind that

win for Benedict XV. an admiration and an affection similar to that which went out from every heart in Christendom towards his lamented predecessor.

God grant that he may live to see the fulfillment of his ardent longings!

E. J. N.



Renaissance of the Gregorian Chant.

CHURCH Music in this country, as well as in Europe, is gradually undergoing a transformation along the lines of dignity, appropriateness and regard for churchly traditions. Numerous are the articles and discussions to be found emanating from the foremost authorities on the subject of Church Music. These men, by their knowledge of what is best towards the advancement of Sacred Music and through their zeal in its interest and development, have organized the Society of St. Gregory, the aims and purposes of which are to re-establish and preserve the chants as they existed in the time of Pope Gregory, the learned musical authority of the Fifth Century. Just at that time, as we know, there was much discontent and uncertainty as to what was the most suitable and appropriate form of music for religious worship. Amid such circumstances Pope St. Gregory introduced a new reform and extension of Church Music—a series of simple, dignified and uniform chants destined to survive all changes. This system known as the "*cantus planus*" was so governed by ecclesiastical laws that it has come to be known as the "fixed chant".

During the succeeding centuries and down to the present time, these chants have undergone many changes, as was foreseen, and have been subject to elaboration of style. Since the Motu Proprio of Pius X., in 1903, however, the popularity of the mixed choir and of elaborate performances at church services has been on the wane and the Gregorian chant once again introduced instead. After all, it is the most appropriate form and best adapted to the service of the Catholic Church, and therefore now universally adopted. The air of antiquity which pervades the Gregorian Music is so fitted to the service of the Church that one seems the perfect complement to the other.

LEO A. McCrory, '15.

Exchanges.

IT would be something rather unusual were we to do nothing but praise; it is a privilege of our office to criticize adversely as well as favorably. Such, then, is our position that, while we find much that is commendable in the journals on our table, there are also many faults therein that may easily be corrected. We have noticed that several of our contemporaries, overcome with an inflated opinion of their own literary ability, have presumed to dictate to others in telling them in just what manner a college magazine should be conducted. This is evidently a mistaken spirit and should be remedied. But an exchange column handled in this way is certainly better than none at all; and such is the state of affairs that we meet in not a few of our exchanges. It is not our intention to fall into the fault that we have recently criticized, but we will say that the exchange department is a most effective link to unite in spirit our various institutions of learning, as well as an excellent spur to the achievement of literary pre-eminence.

A new and welcome visitor in our midst is *The Gonzaga*, hailing from the northwest. The utmost simplicity is manifested in the cover design but there is something about it that instinctively gives promise of interior strength. The author of "A Glimpse at Literary Ireland" shows a thorough grasp of the matter in hand and combines interesting facts with a delightful, though somewhat diffuse, style. "Fundamental Duties of Parents", though rather extensive in treatment, must be admired for conciseness of style. "On Erin's Isle" stamps the author as poetically gifted and a careful composer as well. The metre of "A Mexican Exile's Prayer" well suits the plaintive character of the poem. "Life's Seasons" and "Into Eternity" are particularly successful in producing an impression of grandeur. The plot of "Jake Halstead" is well-constructed and the story will repay careful reading.

The essays appearing in *The University Symposium* are all interesting papers on current subjects. "Some Historians and Catholic Subjects" has received an exhaustive treatment in an elegant style. "Efficiency Systems" is concisely written, while "The Literacy Test" supports that bill in a finished style. The editorial, "A Gala Day in the House", is seasonable and well-chosen, as is the language in which it is expressed.

We notice with pleasure *The Fordham Monthly*, one of our worthiest exchanges. "The Monk of Florence", a masterful

paper, quite conclusively proves the justice of Savonarola's fate. "The Penitent" attains a worthy degree of sublimity, while "A Sprig of Shamrock" is equally potent as a tender lyric. The number and quality of the editorials must receive our especial commendation. We regret very much that this excellent magazine is without an exchange department.

Several praiseworthy essays appear in the April number of *The Morning Star*. To favor one more than another would make us guilty of partiality, for all are very good. The paper on Macbeth struck our peculiar taste as being somewhat in the foreground, however. "A Soldier's Death" is a pathetic piece of verse of some length, notable, especially, for its diction and rhythm. We notice with some regret that the exchange editor is still on the warpath. After favorably criticizing several literary attempts appearing in our pages, he has devoted himself to condemning us for plagiarism. Our little quota of advice has, we see, calmed to a great extent his bellicose spirit, for his tone is much more subdued than has been its wont. However, if we are to judge the thoroughness of his comparison by his transcription of the title, we can easily see that he made it hastily and haphazardly, and could therefore easily have fallen into error. The title as he has transcribed it is "A February Complaint", whereas the title appearing in our pages is "A February Plaint". Again, would it be too much to ask the worthy editor to cease writing anonymously?

And now, a word to others of our critics. It is a source of unmixed gratification to note that, month after month, several of our esteemed contemporaries gave place in their columns to a review of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY. Whether the views expressed were commendatory—as they usually were—or the reverse, the fact that our efforts have been noticed this year far more than in any previous year, is a sure indication that our writers are attaining to a standard that calls to itself the attention of others fired with a similar laudable ambition. A criticism that has appeared at least twice, regarding the size of our journal or the relative paucity of distinctively literary matter, calls, we think, for an answer. Granting that the columns we devote to interests almost purely local sometimes come near balancing those in which the various forms of literary composition find place; granting that our Chronicler is inclined to be verbose, our Alumni Editor, too much a *laudator temporis acti*, our Athletic Writers, enthusiastic to excess, and our Jokesmith beyond

measure capricious; granting all this, might we not still claim that our journal is keeping very well within its sphere? Is it not intended primarily for its subscribers? Is it not the school's newspaper, whose first purpose is to let parents and alumni know what the school is doing, and to inform the students of one department of the activities of the others? College men! Let us not strain ourselves in the ambitious effort to usurp the sphere of *The North American*, of *Scribner's*, of *America* and of *The Catholic World*!

"*Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque*" (Hor.).

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The Right Rev. J. Biermans, Vicar Apostolic of Uganda, Africa, celebrated the usual weekly Mass for the students on Wednesday, March 10, and afterwards Bishop Biermans delivered an address on the pressing needs of the African missions. His appeal met with a generous response, collections being taken up for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood.

The advantages of athletic sports were ably and exhaustively thrashed out by the students of the Commercial Department, on March 7th. The Commercial Debate was preceded by a varied and interesting literary and musical programme.

March Philharmonic, *Gernert* Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis

Recitation Marco Bozarris . . . Thomas P. Ford
 Valse Delight, *Rolfe* . . . Orchestra
 Recitation Gualberto's Victory . Anthony M. Gunkle
 Vocal Solo There's a Little Spark Still Burning . . .

Joseph D. Sarandria

Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe

Bubbles, from "High Jinks", *Friml* . . . Orchestra
 Monologue Lines to Mary Jane . Thomas A. Drengacz
 Vocal Solo A Little Bunch of Shamrocks . Charles J. Deasy
 Galop Saddle-Back, *Allen* . . . Orchestra

DEBATE:—Resolved, That Inter-collegiate Football Promotes
 the Interests of Colleges

Chairman, Regis C. Hague

Affirmative, F. J. Fisher, V. J. Sweeney, W. T. Hughes,

R. J. DeLowry

Negative, J. J. Gianni, J. A. Lackner, A. E. Swan, J. P. McClain

A Special Entertainment of unusual merit was given for
 Saint Patrick's Day. A very large audience was present, the
 Aides at the Euchre being specially invited.

Special Concert Many were the surprised and delighted comments as musical, dramatic and gymnastic numbers followed one another in pleasing variety. The Pyramids, in particular, were ingeniously thought out and brilliantly executed. The programme:

March Under the Grand Old Flag, *C. D. Brisbin* Orchestra
 Director, Professor C. B. Weis

Recitation The Picture on the Floor . Patrick A. Diranna

Saxophone Solo Just a Dream of You, Dear . . .
 Dominick J. Mosti

Accompanist, Bernard J. Lynch

Reading Shamus O'Brien . . . James W. Kelly

Medley of Irish Airs, Arr. by *Recker* . . . Orchestra

Recitation Tom . . . Cornelius H. Becker

Song Killarney . . . Freshmen

Accompanist, Rev. J. A. Dewe

The Safety-Razor Merchant . . . Anthony T. Sorce

Cornet Solo A Little Bunch of Shamrocks, *Tilzer* . . .
 Paul P. Fidel

Monologue The Learned Negro . Stanley P. Balcerzak

Song The Wearing of the Green . . . Freshmen

Declamation Cigarette's Ride and Death . Leo A. McCrory

Parallel Bar Exercises and Pyramids—Captain, M. F. Obruba, C. B. Ackermann, S. B. Butrym, E. A. Cronauer, R. E. Donovan, T. A. Drengacz, H. J. Fuchs, J. Hudoch, O. E. Kelley, J. M. McCarthy, F. J. Nyce, J. J. Pastorius, L. Urban, C. E. Caldwell, J. I. Gustin, C. H. Hafermann, J. Madden.

Director, Rev. E. N. McGuigan

Finale Old Stand-By, *Hildreth* . . . Orchestra

The contest for medals in Elocution and Oratory is scheduled this year for April 30. At the preliminary examination a large number of contestants presented themselves, and competition was exceedingly close. On Elocution Preliminaries account of the notable increase in the lower classes of the High School Department, a fourth division has been added.

The following qualified for the finals: FIRST DIVISION, Arthur L. Depp, Raymond A. Etzel, Howard F. Murphy, Lawrence J. White; SECOND DIVISION, Stanley P. Balcerzak, Cornelius H. Becker, James F. Lynn, William J. Turley; THIRD DIVISION, Robert E. Donovan, Anthony M. Gunkle, Walter T. Hughes, Patrick Sweeney; FOURTH DIVISION, Patrick Diranna, Aloysius J. Gloekler, Michael F. Obruba, James H. Shanahan.

In the Oratorical Preliminaries, the following were successful: Raymond J. Baum, William C. Heimbuecher, Jerome D. Hannan, E. Lawrence O'Connell.

Very gratifying progress is being made in the rehearsals for the play. That old-time favorite, "My Friend from India", will be given at the Lyceum Theatre on May 19. The cast will be as follows:

Augustus Keene Shaver, "my friend from India",	Patrick Sweeney
Erastus Underholt, a retired porkpacker	Raymond Baum
Charlie Underholt, his son	Lawrence O'Connell
Tom Valentine, Charley's friend	Vincent Steinkirshner
Rev. J. Tweedle, a missionary	J. Bernard Lynch
Johann, a servant	Edward Nemmer
Bill Finnerty, a policeman	Eugene Boyle
Marian Hayste, Charlie's affianced	Arthur Depp
Mrs. Arabella Beekman-Streete, a widow	Frank Anton
Bernice Underholt	} daughters of Erastus { James Shanahan
Gertie Underholt	

Molly, a maid	Joseph McIntyre
Glass-man	Thomas A. Drengacz

On St. Patrick's Day, Mass was celebrated by Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp. During the Mass St. Patrick's Day a number of Celtic Hymns were sung by a selected choir. The customary half holiday was observed.

On the same day the University was honored by the presence of several distinguished visitors. Lieutenant-Governor Frank B. McClain was one of the gentlemen. Accompanying him were Mr. Frank Harris, County Treasurer; Mr. Shaughnessy, Assistant County Treasurer, also Secretary of the A. O. H.; Hon. James Drew of the Allegheny County Court; and Samuel J. Grenett, Delinquent Tax Collector.

The third quarter closed with Easter. The five days preceding the Easter recess were devoted to examinations. Written tests were given in all the branches, and the students were examined orally in mathematics, chemistry, biology, physics, zoology and physiology. Highest honors were obtained by the following in their respective classes: Junior, Jerome D. Hannan; Sophomore, Philip N. Buchmann, Freshman, Lawrence Urban; Prep. Law, Edward A. Cronauer; Fourth High, James M. McCarthy; Third High, John L. Dobbins; Second High A, Stanley Witkowski; Second High B, Cyril Kronz; First High A, Emil Wehrle; First High B, Leo A. Malinski; Third Scientific, Egidius C. Bechtold; Second Scientific, Clarence Robertshaw; First Scientific, Herbert Burgman; Third Commercial, Paul J. Durkay; Second Commercial, Walter T. Hughes; First Commercial, Ralph Strobel; Second Prep., William R. McNamara; First Prep., Harry R. Teese.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

The School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce of Duquesne University confines its teaching almost entirely to practical matters and is attended mainly by business men. Many who have never examined into the work of the Department may not realize the practical benefit to be derived from such

instruction. Perhaps a few of the questions taken from the Mid-year Examinations will illustrate clearly the character of the subjects that the students of this Department are required to master. Read these examination questions and stop after each one to see if you can give a correct and concise answer.

(1) What is a Sinking Fund? What are the three correct ways of establishing a Sinking Fund, and under what circumstances should each apply? How should a Sinking Fund be managed in the best interests of a manufacturing concern, and at the same time protect the creditors for whom it was established? When should a Sinking Fund not be used and for what purpose ought it to be used? What alternative may be employed to protect creditors and do away with the Sinking Fund? Why should a Sinking Fund never be employed when it can be avoided?

(2) What is meant by Reserve, speaking from the standpoint of the corporation accountant? What are the correct principles on which Reserves are established? What is the difference in principle between Sinking Funds and Reserves? To what extent and in what manner should Reserves be considered in establishing the dividend policy of a corporation?

(3) When is it necessary and when is it not necessary for corporate profits to be predetermined with accuracy for purposes of financing extensions of the business and maintaining the credit of the company? How may profits be determined and how should the dividend policy be decided after profits have been determined? What accounts upon the general ledger are used in calculating profits? To what extent does this calculation depend upon accurate cost-keeping?

(4) Define the following terms, and state the differences in their meaning: Capital, Capital Account, Capitalization, Investment, Valuation, Par Value, Cost.

(5) What are the various meanings given to the word "Capitalization" and what bearing upon corporation accounting have these definitions? When is a corporation properly capitalized? When overcapitalized? When undercapitalized? When is stock watering a good thing and what are the evils usually attributed to it? What may be done to remedy these evils?

(6) When is the corporate form of doing business preferable to the partnership? What are the various kinds of partnerships and corporations and for what purpose is each most suitable?

7. When may a corporation accountant or employe become

criminally liable from the negligence of his employer? What rights have corporations in conducting business outside of the state which chartered them? How far can stockholders go in dictating the management of a company and compelling the declaration of dividends? In what ways can minority interests protect themselves in the conduct of corporations?

The above and hundreds of other questions that space will not permit us to print here have appeared upon the examination papers of this Department. Every question is taken from practical business and if you cannot answer correctly you are to that extent poorly informed. It won't do to relieve your conscience with the remark that you know the answer but cannot express it, for in that case you are no better off than the woman who swallowed her carfare—she had it, but could not get it—and your only recourse is to join Father McDermott's class in Business English.

LAW SCHOOL

Things are getting along in lively fashion in every Department of the Law School, especially amongst
 ' 15 Men those of the Third Year class, who are now
 busily engaged in their earnest preparation
 for the Final Examinations that will entitle them to Graduation.

The Professors of this, the closing year, have every confidence that those amongst them, eight in number, who will go up for the State Board Examination, will acquit themselves with as much honor and distinction, and with as much unanimity of success as their predecessors of '14, whose absolutely unbroken record will stand forth for many years to come as a challenge to future generations of students in the Law Department of Duquesne University.

Bernard J. McKenna, Esq., who, as we have already recorded, passed successfully before the State Board in December, 1914,
 has opened an office in the Bakewell
 ' 14 Men Building, Diamond and Grant Streets. We
 feel assured that Bernard will be heard from
 very soon in a marked and even brilliant fashion.

Another of the recent successful candidates, Frank B. Cohan, Esq., has also opened an office in the Hartje Building. All his old friends and companions, especially those of St. John's Hall, where he had taken up residence during the last two years of his course, will wish him every success. Those amongst us who knew and admired his brother, the late Attorney Cohan, whose demise was

such a blow to his family and acquaintances, will not be surprised to see Frank achieve the success and distinction that the former had won for himself among all his clientele, as well as his associates.

The Faculty has lately received a welcome and substantial addition to its numbers as well as to its efficiency in the person of Oliver K. Eaton, Esq., who is delivering a series of highly interesting lectures on Criminal Law.

Mark R. Craig, Esq., of the Potter Title and Trust Company, has just finished his series of lectures on Conveyancing. To those who know the studious character of Mr. Craig, the depth of his investigations and the wide extent of his experience in the matter of Deeds and Titles, it will not be a surprise to learn that his lectures were followed throughout the course with the deepest possible interest and attention.

We have reason to believe that there is a large number of young men in Pittsburgh and its vicinity who have passed their preliminary examinations or who have

Class Hours College Degrees entitling them to enter upon the study of Law, and who, because they have become engaged temporarily in other occupations, find it practically impossible to attend classes that are held in the late afternoon, and would regard evening classes as a distinct and welcome convenience.

Taking into consideration this fact and also the earnest request of many young men desirous of qualifying for practice at the Bar but prevented by circumstances from attending the afternoon classes, the Faculty decided last October to render possible the attainment of their laudable ambition by inaugurating evening sessions for the First Year, these sessions to be conducted from six to eight o'clock five days in the week. The response has been highly gratifying, Professors appreciate the change. The students have increased in numbers and utilize the hours before and after sessions in consulting the many volumes at their disposal in the Law Libraries.

So pleased indeed are the Faculty with the results achieved that they have determined on a further modification, and have decided to hold the classes of the First and the Second Year's Law next year in the evening from 6 to 8. We feel confident that this arrangement will appeal strongly, not only to a large number of prospective practitioners, but also to many business men who appreciate at its just value a knowledge of Law as a safe guide in business transactions.

The Third Year's classes will be conducted next year in the afternoon as heretofore.

J. A. B.

Alumni.

PETER A. McCULLOUGH, B. Sc., '05, made his reappearance in our midst lately after a long absence from all Alumni gatherings. Ever since his graduation he has been engaged in various lines of Mechanical Engineering, being at present with the Aluminum Co. of America, which is located in the Oliver Building. His department,—where all kinds of special machinery are designed—is a busy one. There is no limit, it seems, to the number and variety of machines for which designs are requested or submitted. He tells us that the Aluminum business is rapidly spreading, and that it is one of the best-paying lines of industry, at present, in Pittsburgh. The Company to which Pete belongs has its headquarters here, but has branches and plants in all parts of the United States. Up to this they have got the raw product mostly from France; and although a certain amount is still coming over, it is problematical whether the issue of the present war will not cause a serious modification in the trade. A good deal of it, however, is now being mined within the United States, and probably we could get along, at least for our own uses and purposes, with what is produced at home. The price, too, of raw Aluminium has of late years been considerably reduced. Only a few years ago, it was almost as dear as gold. Now it is only 17c. per lb. It is almost incredible to hear Mr. McCullough enumerate the uses to which this metal is now being applied in every form of vessel, utensil and instrument.

If war were not going on in Europe, and spreading its blighting influences even to the Antipodes, JOE MCGRAW, '10, would now, in all probability, be purchasing in Australia and New Zealand, raw wool for his father's big concern, the P. McGraw Wool Co., of this city. But now that Joe has to curb his ambitious designs of traveling to such remote and distant lands, he has made himself busy at the home plant, on River Avenue, over on the North Side, in the department of combing and spinning. There is, he says, a good deal of competition in this branch of industry, especially in the East; but although the times have been threatening and prices below the highest mark of some preceding years, the business is fairly prosperous, and there is every prospect of a successful year. While the Australian and New Zealand markets from which they usually got their raw material, are practically closed, they have the South American countries to call upon for their supply of wool, hides and sheep-

skin. For the moment, however, and, in all probability, for a lengthy future, there is no fear of a shortage from those vast grazing lands of the south. There is little or no export to foreign countries, at least of Europe, as it is almost impossible for Americans to compete with the extremely low cost of woollen manufactures on the other side. On this account the trade is entirely domestic; whatever export trade takes place, is with Boston and the New England towns, where many mills for the higher grade of goods have been erected and put in operation within late years.

THE board of governors recently elected by the Pittsburgh real estate board to serve for the coming year organized at the end of March and elected executive officers. EUGENE S. REILLY, head of the firm of Eugene S. Reilly & Co., and a director in several financial and industrial corporations, was chosen as president, to succeed Henry P. Haas, the retiring president of the board, who declined re-election.

JOHN C. MOORHEAD, '07, when asked to tell on himself for the Alumni column, reported that he has "something soft." He is employed at the Logan Sanitary Bedding Manufactory Plant, which equipped this institution with mattresses thirty-five years ago, and has continued to supply it since that time.

OUR corridors were brightened by the presence of JOHN J. DEAN, '07, of the smiling countenance, who paid us a visit recently. He is in the commission business on 21st Street. He boasts that he has never been employed by anyone else. He supplies many large institutions, among others St. Francis Hospital, and is doing an amount of business which, in his student days, he would have considered fabulous.

GEORGE H. BORN, '06, is clerk at the Duquesne Club.

BYRON J. McCANN, Ex-'08, who left in his Freshman year to take up engineering at Pitt., has been sent by that institution to the Panama Canal. He has received his B. S. in engineering, and has worked for several large contracting firms.

ALBERT M. FREDERICK, '13, is a book-keeper for Hum & Leatherman, lightning-rod makers.

CHAS. FLAHERTY, '13, is writing policies for Logue Bros. & Co., Fire Insurance, situated in the People's Bank Building.

LEO McMULLEN, '98, is an architect, and has been for some years associated with Olaf M. Topp, in the Jenkins Building. His firm designed the Jenkins Arcade, the Empire Building, and a number of churches and schools. Mr. McMullen is also organist at St. Andrew's Church, North Side.

ANOTHER old graduate has donned the doctor's cap. Word came early in March that REV. JAMES F. CARROLL, '08, C. S. Sp., had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, with the mention *magna cum laude*, at Fribourg University. His thesis is to be published shortly.

HENRY J. GILBERT, '11, was ordained subdeacon on February 24, at St. Vincent's.

A LETTER has recently reached us from FAUSTIN BOENAU, '09, who will be remembered as first violinist in the Pittsburgh College Orchestra. He is still faithful to the old place, though he has been settled in Cleveland for five years.

PAUL FRIDAY, Law, '14, has opened an office in the Frick Annex.

CHAS. D. FINNEY, '99, in his college days known as "Senator" Finney, is still working for the Government, in the Postal Service, but expects to take up Law next September, at the Duquesne University Law School.

FRANCIS A. KEATING is President of the Grogan Co., Jewelers and Silversmiths, 541 Wood Street. His eldest son, Lynford, is now a student in the Preparatory Department.

WILLIAM C. FIELDING, '15.



ATHLETICS

' VARSITY BASKETBALL.

THE 'Varsity team finished the basketball season on March 13, at Indiana, Pa. The students are proud of the record made by the team—twelve games won, and one lost. The number of points scored, 631 in all, indicates a heavy scoring machine. The passing of the team improved notably as the season progressed, and heavier opponents were overcome with ease, particularly in the Marietta game.

Captain Pierotti deserves great credit for his gameness throughout the whole season, especially in displaying plenty of "pep" and imparting to his men some of the same useful commodity. Morrissey, as his side-partner, was a good, steady forward, ever striving to do his best. In Gillis and Howard, Duquesne had the two best guards in this section, and few were the goals made against them. Gillis proved himself a clever shot, and Howard's powerful arm could hurl the ball any distance with accuracy and rapidity. At centre, Shortley rounded out a well-balanced aggregation. At times, some of his opponents were veritable giants, but this only made him work harder. Charlie Madden deserves a world of praise for his faithfulness and unassuming ways in the midst of victory and praise. Every position was familiar to him, and, in this way, he rendered invaluable service to the team. Until the Canisius game, he shared with Gillis the honors of caging eleven goals in one game, but Morrissey topped this mark with sixteen baskets against the Buffalo lads.

The students were loyal to the team, in spite of distance and cold weather; their rooting, under the leadership of Ray Baum,—let us repeat it—was one of the bright features of the season. Frank Hoffman proved a faithful and devoted student manager. Dr. Sexias merits our unlimited thanks for his fine work as official referee: every college team visiting the Bluff received from his hands a square deal. We hope, next year, to have him with us once more.

E. N. M.

The complete record of games and players is as follows:—

Duquesne, 28; Lawrenceville "Y",	13
" 67; California Normal,	1
" 23; Lawrenceville "Y"	17
" 31; W. and J.,	35
" 28; West Virginia University,	21
" 37; St. Ignatius College,	17
" 63; St. Jerome's,	25
" 50; Hiram College,	26
" 48; Beaver Valley,	30
" 60; Franklin College,	14
" 90; Canisius College,	20
" 36; St. Mary's,	21
" 53; Marietta College,	14
" 27; Indiana Normal,	27
Total points scored	—
Duquesne, 631	Opponents, 281

Won 12—Lost 1—Tied 1.

Gillis . . .	63 goals
Pierotti . . .	53 "
Morrissey . . .	49 "
Shortley . . .	38 "
Madden . . .	23 "
R. Sorce . . .	9 "
Howard . . .	7 "
T. Sorce . . .	3 "

245 goals—490 points

Gillis scored 141 foul goals out of a possible 214, making his total, for the year, 267 points.

MARCH 3—DUQUESNE, 36; ST. MARY'S, 21.

This was "Duquesne Night" at the splendid new St. Mary's Lyceum, the attraction being two games, the preliminary between St. Mary's Jrs. and the Academics, the former getting revenge for their defeat on the Bluff some weeks previously. Fathers Pearn and Dunn gave the boys a great reception. A record-breaking crowd witnessed the game, and pronounced it one of the best of the season. Although our boys played according to National rules, thereby favoring the home team somewhat, the 'Varsity showed their superiority.

Field goals—Pierotti, 5; Morrissey, 3; Gillis, 3; Madden, 2; D. Kelly, 5; Barry, 4; Collins.

Foul goals—Gillis, 10 out of 12; Blaney, 1 out of 5.

Scorer, Hoffman.

MARCH 11—DUQUESNE, 53; MARIETTA COLLEGE, 14.

This was the last home game of the season. The spectators witnessed one of the best contests of the year, for, in Marietta, the 'Varsity team met a worthy foe, yet last year's score was doubled. Gillis and Howard played the guard position as never seen here before, and the entire Marietta aggregation made only two goals. Morrissey and Gillis had some wonderful shots, whilst the battle between Shortley and the giant Smith was a thriller. Dr. Sexias, between the halves, made a neat little speech, and congratulated the players on their wonderful record. For the visitors, Hinman and Hayes played fine ball.

Pierotti	.	.	Forward	.	.	Hinman
Morrissey	.	.	Forward	.	.	Hayes
Shortley	.	.	Centre	.	.	Smith
Gillis	.	.	Guard	.	.	Whiting
Howard	.	.	Guard	.	.	Meister

Field goals—Gillis, 5; Morrissey, 4; Shortley, 2; Pierotti, Hinman, 2.

Foul goals—Gillis, 21 out of 27; Hinman, 10 out of 20.

Referee, Dr. Sexias, (Columbia). Timekeeper, Heimbuecher. Scorers, Hoffman and McIntyre.

MARCH 13—At Indiana, Pa.

The official score in this game stands 28 to 27 in favor of Indiana. It seems impossible to account for the exceedingly poor form shown by our players in this, the final game of the season. The manifest incompetency of the referee and his undisguised partiality for Indiana played havoc, we may presume, with the nerves of our men. But even this handicap should not have discouraged them: they held their opponents even up to the last moment of play, 27 to 27; the scales of the balance were turned against them by the referee's allowing a foul goal to be thrown after time had been called. This was a most unsatisfactory ending to an otherwise brilliant season.

' VARSITY BASEBALL.

The following clipping from the *Dispatch*, written by its

editor of amateur sports, who has been a frequent visitor to our campus, will give our readers an impartial view of the strength of our team and of its prospects for the season:—

DUQUESNE NOW PREPARED FOR SEASON ON DIAMOND.

The Dukes present for approval this spring a well-oiled and smooth-running baseball machine. Each department is well fortified, and it is doubtful if the locals were ever represented by a stronger combination. To those who closely watched the practice sessions during the past week, the manner in which the candidates behaved made a deep impression. The batting practice brought out the fact that little worry need be entertained on that score.

The offensive play to date has been the one particular bright phase of the preliminary sessions. As Coach Mullaney put it, "it is likely that Duquesne will more than double its expense as far as baseballs are concerned." It's a fact. More than two dozen of the horsehides have been walloped over the fence and the season has not yet begun. Madden, the star outer-gardener, Wednesday drove a ball over the centerfield fence, which cleared the hill and landed on the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. This blow was declared to be one of the longest ever registered on the ground. Madden is not alone, however, as almost every day sees one or more balls clear the wall.

HAVE STRONG DEFENSE.

An almost impregnable defense, is what the Duke infield and outfield might be termed. The infield is well-balanced and can take care of everything that comes its way. The outfield is composed of a trio that can cover acres of ground and handle the fly balls propelled in their direction with ease.

Last Saturday the 'Varsity team faced a strong local independent club, the game being staged behind closed gates. The semi-pros were walloped to a king's taste, the two Duke pitching dependables doing almost all the work, retiring the sides on several occasions via the strikeout route. Harenski worked five innings and was followed by Howard. Both showed that they had control at their command and that their benders worked to perfection.

The first real test is slated for the coming Friday, when Coach Mullaney will take his men to Morgantown to face the West Virginia University nine. The Mountaineers got away to a flying start on their recent Southern trip, and the locals look for

trouble. On Wednesday, April 28, Allegheny College will send its representatives here for one game, and on the following Friday the Mountaineers are scheduled for the Bluff campus.

During the practices last week the 'Varsity lined up against the Academics, with Harenski and Howard taking turns in the box for the Preps, facing their team-mates. This added considerably to the strength of the youngsters, and while the 'Varsity came out on the winning end of the score, the play was by no means one-sided.

THE PROBABLE MAKEUP.

While the makeup of the Dukes has not been definitely decided upon, enough has been learned to permit a good guess. Harenski and Howard are sure bets for the hurling jobs. No other candidates have any chance whatever of nosing out this pair. Hunter seems to have the edge on Johnny Baker for the receiving end. However, there will be plenty of opportunity for both to work. On first, Shortley has the call. He handles himself at the initial sack like a major leaguer, picking them out of the dirt and spearing the pill in the air. His hitting will be a big factor in the success of the team.

Tracy, last season's sensational performer, has the call for second base. He is fast, can scoop them up cleanly and has a good pegging arm. Mulroy at short will work well with Tracy, the two being capable of covering the territory entrusted to their care. He will probably be the lead-off man in the batting order. Sweeney looks like the best bet for third.

The slugging trio, Ringel, Madden and Morrissey, form the outfield, and a better balanced outfield will be difficult to find in this section of the State.

THE ACADEMICS.

The Academics will be represented by a strong combination. A stiff schedule has been arranged, including the strongest Prep school teams in this section. The little fellows got away to an exceptional start, when the Fifth Avenue High School aggregation was taken into camp, 2 to 0.

The following schedule has been arranged by Manager Pierotti:—

- April 14—East Liberty Academy, abroad.
- April 16—Fifth Avenue High, home.
- April 21—E. L. A., home.
- April 23—Coraopolis High, abroad.
- April 26—McKeesport High School (pending).
- April 27—Homestead High School, home.
- April 30—McDonald High School, abroad.
- May 7—McKeesport High School, abroad.
- May 13—St. Thomas High School, Braddock, home.
- May 14—Crafton High School, home.
- May 17—Crafton High School, abroad.
- May 22—Beaver High School, home.
- May 28—Beaver High School, abroad.
- May 31—Rayen High School, Youngstown, O. (pending).
- June 7—Duquesne University Law School, home.

Games are pending with Homestead, Carnegie and Fifth Avenue High School teams.

May 3, 4, 5, 11, 19, 26; June 2 and 4 are dates still open.

J. A. P.

THE INDEPENDENTS and THE JUNIORS will soon be in shape to issue challenges. The former team, made up of the younger boarders, will play cadet teams and high school seconds; the latter, recruited from the first year of the high schools, classical, commercial and scientific, will play 14-year-old teams. It will be their ambition to keep up the record of the invincible Minims, whose successors they are.

THE INTER-CLASS LEAGUES, Senior and Junior, are well on their way to perfect organization. A careful record of the games played will be kept, and some recognition will go to the champions at the end of June. But, of course, those that engage in these stirring noon-hour contests are looking first of all for the sport that is in them.

J. F. MOYE.

Duquesnicula.

NOW that the exams have flitted on their gentle way and you have tucked away your honor cards in the family Bible, album, or auto catalogue, it behooves us to relieve our ponderous cerebral appendage of some weighty suggestions anent those same precious cardboards. If anyone is beginning to wonder what he should do with all the honor cards he has saved up or expects to receive—listen. Why not put them to some practical use?

Six cards will make a pretty shoe-box; five, a dainty work-box for sister; four, a handsome jardiniere for your favorite fern. If you wish, you can paint the backs of the cards with the counterfeit presentment* of the King of Hearts, the Jack of Diamonds, etc., and have a very serviceable and artistic euchre deck. Then, while you are waiting for your partner to discover what's trump, you may gaze with pardonable pride upon your ancient patronymic and your scholarly achievements.

As for the large certificates, they are very useful for decorative purposes. The writer has the walls of his den just covered with—wall paper; but here and there, as a result of some friendly encounters, the figures are not quite as beautiful as they were originally, and those certificates come in very handy to relieve the monotony.

We have not recorded for some time the brilliant answers that are made in certain classes. Here are a few:

In the Prep class, the youngsters were defining the meaning of words. A lad whose name ends in -vich gave "a little nuisance" as an equivalent for "shriek". Some one a while before had called him "a little shrimp".

In the same department was heard the following dialogue

PROF.—What are buffaloes herded for?

BRIGHT BOY—Moving picture shows!

The Stoics and Epicureans were the subject of discussion in the Second High Greek History class. Riley ventured this illuminating information: The Epicureans were a class of philosophers who gave advice like the following, and acted upon it:

"Drink now, while you have time, because you won't have it in Heaven."

* Shak., Hamlet.

Some of our young men seem to be very much preoccupied with extraneous matters when called upon to explain a passage or a term in their English classics. Such must have been the state of mind of those who gave the following definitions:

A counter-revolution is a bargain-day rush.

A post-graduate is a B. A. that's as solemn and stiff as a post.

A poly-syllable is a short word from the vocabulary of a poll-parrot.

A counter-claim is a demand made at the complaint department of a big store.

A puppet-show is a dog and pony act at the circus.

Very absent-minded also must have been the literary genius who, in his weekly theme, penned the phrase we cite below. The subject was, "How I spent the Easter holidays". "I went," he wrote, to a wild part of West Virginia, and spent the time picking flowers, shooting and visiting my cousins. The woods are full of them." Blood-thirsty villain! you should be in Europe now. Or did we perhaps misunderstand your reference to cousins? Are you of those that feel drawn by ties of kinship to the Highland Zoo?

A new boy—well, perhaps his thin hair and serious face did not deserve the appellation—had just registered and made arrangements to enter a certain class. As he turned to go, the registrar asked, deferentially,

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Why, sir, did n't you see me write it there in that big book?"

"I did, indeed," came in still more deferential tones from the official. "That is precisely what makes me curious to know it."

Richert was a bit slow answering the ring of the door-bell. We admit this is very unusual, but it did happen this once. When he opened the door, and asked, "Did you ring, sir," the irate professor who had stood the March breezes from the Monongahela for a little matter of eight minutes, replied, caressingly, "Ring it, boy? Dear me! I was tolling it—thought you had gone into the Great Beyond."

For obvious reasons, we give a fictitious name in the following narrative:

The professor of zoology—or was it biology?—perhaps, after

all, it was neither—startled his class by asking, "Now, boys, will you name some of the lower animals, beginning with Tom Ball."

Some one was evesdropping one day when the late comers were giving their excuses to the Prefect of Discipline. And there were some fearful and wonderful reasons! It was March, remember. Three chivalrous young men—Smith, Strobel and Hildenbrand, to be exact—had rescued a poor foreign woman from drowning in the slushy gutter. Flanagan slid down the steps and had to go back home for (sartorial) repairs. Wagner complained that the car service between Pittsburgh and Sharpsburg is getting "bummer" every day. Four or five boys from the South Hills had to walk, and McCrory, the only one that took a car, met with a wreck on the way down. There was even one young man who was delayed because he had to order a coffin for somebody. Not a word of this is fiction, we protest; and it all happened on the same day.

Athletics, we find, although in the main distasteful to the student, have some points to recommend them. Tired of ponderous lectures and nerve-racking recitations, the brain-weary scholar wends his way to the athletic field. A flying tackle, a misdirected slide or an errant horse-hide—according to the season—and the youth suddenly falls into a deep, peaceful and dreamless slumber, to a wake 70 hours later, happily conscious of the fact that for the next ten weeks he is free—free—free! All, it is true, are not so fortunate. Some receive only a stoved finger, or a skin-rubbed hand, which temporarily releases them from exercises. However, we must be grateful for small favors. Sooner or later, big ones may come.

The budding orator, likewise, will find in athletics, despite their many disagreeable features, opportunities for development of latent talents. The outfielder, cheering on his pitcher; the coacher-on-the-side lines, berating the opponents' hurler, catcher, and the outfit in general; even the rooter, yelling "gally-kin-nack, kin-nack, kin-nack", develop the vocal chords and the respiratory organs to a degree that Billy Bryan might envy. The best pitchers, the fastest pegging catchers, the longest-heaving outfielders, often, behind the footlights, make the most forcible, if not the most graceful, gestures. However, it is the cheer-leader that, as an orator, is destined to out-shine all others.

BAUM-DOBBINS.

Parodies.

The following squibs, culled from Walsh's "Literary Curiosities", will prove interesting to our readers :

Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" has this admirable imitation of "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a sou had he got,—not a guinea or note,—
And he looked most confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

He saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning :
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him,
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his Marshall cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d—l," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow.
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would confoundedly ache on the morrow.

We bore him home and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and daughter
To give him next morning a couple of red
Herrings with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him ;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When beneath the window calling
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room on the uppermost story,
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

ONLY SEVEN.

(A Pastoral Story, after Wordsworth.)

I marvelled why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild
And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I asked her why she cried;
The damsels answered, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside.

I thought it would have sent me mad,
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie."

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maidens answered, with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

Now, if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try,
The little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song
"Lines from Ache-inside."

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A Pentecostal Prayer.

HAIL, Holy Spirit ! Hail, eternal kiss
Of Son and Father ! Fount of life and bliss !
O come, I pray, Thy *Wisdom's* ray impart;
Infuse its warmth into my icy heart.
Give *Understanding* to my darkened mind.
To seek Thee here, bestow Thy *Counsel* kind.
Give *Fortitude* against the tempter's snare.
O store of *Knowledge*, heed my suppliant prayer :
But show God's will, and, meekly as a dove,
I'll follow and obey with joy and love.
Without Thy dart of *Piety* I pine
And wander from my Father's house divine.
Impart, through life, Thy gift of holy *Fear*,
My beacon light in exile, long and drear.
Transform my soul into a Heaven for Thee,
Where holy thoughts like brightest stars shall be.
Come, then, Thou Spirit, Comforter divine,
Adorn this temple, make of it Thy shrine.

J. F. C.



Frank's Felix Culpa.

“**H**ERE comes a freight!” The glad cry rang out with all the vociferous power of the tired, dusty warriors composing the “Beechfield Nine”. Although victory had been theirs on a foreign battlefield, the glory of it was the only remuneration. Hence their promenade along the board-walk of “Weary Willie” and the happy exclamations at the sight of a hobo special.

After the first spontaneous burst of joy, a remarkable change came over one of the players. Frank Coyne, captain and famed hurler of the the team, was that conspicuous one. He remembered a promise contrary to freight hopping given only the night before to his mother—yes, and with equal solemnity to his father; for the latter, although totally deaf, was wonderfully proficient in translating lip movement and facial expression.

What should he do? Was his good resolution to be shattered so soon?

As he stood there wavering under conflicting emotions, the freight train was swiftly approaching. Soon the locomotive passed, its hissing steam taunting, luring, almost compelling him to “hop on”.

Frank's chums sprang forward, and climbed aboard, while he remained on *terra firma* still undecided.

Then the prospects of a long and solitary tramp oppressed him with such dismal vividness, that he, too, sprang forward, and was soon beside his comrades, perched boldly on top of a box-car. Their boldness arose from the fact that every freight crew on this line were, from time to time, recipients of fruit from nearby farms, confiscated by these youthful buccaneers.

For some time the ride on the freight car was uneventful, yet so exhilarating that Frank's conscience neglected to disturb him.

From the brakeman who came upon them in due time, they learned that the train was late; this he added, would necessitate depositing the grain car, on which they happened to be, at the mill by a “flying switch”.

Now a flying switch is one of the most fascinating ma-

noeuvers in railroad life, and requires veteran railroaders to perform it successfully. Frank had often witnessed the feat before, and he had a profound admiration for those who possessed the skill and deftness to do it. He had often pictured to himself the thrill of excitement that would accompany these movements, especially for a spectator on the car being switched, but had hardly dared hope himself to be that spectator.

"Why not ask permission to remain on this car?" was the thought that raced through Frank's brain. Acting upon the impulse, he pressed his claim, supplementing it by arguing his ability to care for himself.

The permission was finally granted, although very reluctantly, and was followed by admonitions of caution. Thus it happened that Frank remained on board when his friends departed on the outskirts of the town.

The train now began to descend a decided grade, and the crew commenced preparations for the switch. The conductor on his way to the engine neglected, for some reason or other, to notice Frank's presence.

Now the forward brakeman—the one who had given the permission—climbed down between the grain car and the one ahead. At a given signal he pulled the coupling-pin, and the locomotive, with its load of cars, sped away while the brakeman hastened up beside Frank. Then the rear brakeman withdrew the other pin, entirely freeing the car.

It ran down the tracks unchecked, gaining speed with every revolution of its stout wheels; the remaining cars followed close behind, but somewhat restrained by the flagman and second brakeman, manipulating the brakes.

Frum his crouching posture on the roof of the car, Frank idly watched the cars ahead. He saw the expected figure of the conductor leap from the cab's step at the place where he knew the switch to be situated; and observed his swift movements in unlocking the lever and—when the cars had passed—throwing the switch.

Frank instinctively braced himself for the sudden lurch that would surely occur when that grain car took the spur.

By this time the car was traveling at a fast clip, and left the main line without any abatement in her speed. Frank dared not look back, yet he knew the conductor had replaced the switch, for he was dimly conscious of the train's coming together again; and the maneuver was thus far a success.

Now the mill was some distance from the main line, and the

spur approaching it was uncommonly steep. A fine country road crossed the tracks near the mill, and at this spot was bordered by tall beech trees with thick shrubbery at their base, forming an almost impenetrable curtain. A truly dangerous crossing, were it not for the scarcity of traffic and the rule barring speed.

It was for these reasons then that the brakeman hastened to wind up the brake the instant they cleared the main line. In his haste to slacken the speed of the car, he violated the chief principle of brake-setting; he took up the slack in a spasmodic fashion, and the usual thing happened,—the chain wrapped wrong, and soon the wheel refused to budge.

The brakeman used his club as a lever, while Frank lent his strength to the wheel; but even their combined efforts made no impression.

Now it is an axiom that if a chain does not take the shaft right at first, in all succeeding attempts, which must necessarily be hurried, it will act in the same way. Nevertheless, the brakeman released the chain and made another effort, but when the chain adhered to its "book of rules", he exclaimed, "No use, kid. Better climb down and jump while the jumpin' 's good."

"What about yourself?" queried Frank.

"Oh, I'll ride a bit farther. Now, git, or mighty soon you'll get a sprawler when you land."

Frank was obeying the command when his attention was arrested by a cry of angry warning from the brakeman. He stopped and cast a questioning glance towards the man. But the shout was not intended for him. The brakeman was looking straight forward, and exercising his tremendous vocal power in loud warning roars.

Turning, Frank detected the cause. Less than seventy yards ahead was the crossing. A horse was leisurely drawing a light vehicle across the tracks. The occupant, with the reins held loosely in his hands, sat gazing into the distance, his thoughts far off, and totally unconscious of impending danger.

It was obvious, that unless the driver instantly awoke to his peril, or the horse took fright, a collision was inevitable; and at the velocity they were traveling—

The thought was unbearable, and Frank uttered a shrill cry of terrified warning.

"The fool must be deaf!" muttered the brakeman, as yet the driver made no move.

That last word struck Frank with paralyzing force. He gave

one piercing glance forward. Yes, it was his father! And he groaned "He is."

For a second after making this horrible discovery, Frank stood as if stupified.

Must he stand here powerless to assist his father in such great peril? Frantically he looked about him, praying that some opportunity might offer itself. In that instant he saw the brakeman, white-faced and resourceless. Then his eyes caught sight of the brake club lying almost under his very feet, and a ray of hope appeared.

Swiftly seizing it, he stood erect. The runaway car, now flying at a fearful rate, was only several lengths from the buggy. Frank raised the club and hurled it with all the speed of his pitching arm straight for the slothful steed. The missile went true, striking Dobbin on the most vulnerable part of the back with a resounding crash. The equine trembled under the terrific blow, then sprang forward in a desperate spurt, dragging the buggy and its most astonished passenger from harm just as the wild car raced by.

In the meantime, seeing the result of Frank's work, the brakeman realized his duty, yet remained. Like the captain of a sinking ship, he must get his passengers off, then himself. So he grasped Frank, who had settled back with an air of satisfaction and relief, and literally carried him to the edge of the car and down the ladder, and ordered him to jump. He himself followed almost immediately.

The brakeman, more experienced in such things, succeeded in landing safe; but not so Frank. His feet had no sooner touched the ground than—he embarked on a fantastic aerial trip ending among the stars.

When Frank awoke, his father was bathing his head with icy water. The brakeman was standing nearby with a smile of admiration overspreading his strong features.

"Where am I?" were Frank's first words. Then, as his gaze wandered to the debris where the bumping-block once stood, he murmured, "Now I remember. I broke my promise and—and was punished."

"By saving your father," returned the old man, fervently. "It was a happy fault, indeed, and you have more than redeemed yourself."



The Earliest Catholic Missions In Pittsburgh.

PART I.

MISSION WORK DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IT was in the summer of 1749 that took place the first definite exploration of the district which now forms the city and neighborhood of Pittsburgh. It was in the nature of an expedition undertaken in that year by Captain Celoron, at the request of the Marquis de Jonquières, Governor General of Canada, who desired Celoron to explore the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers, which were then known, at least to the French, as the "Belle-Rivière", the Beautiful River. The original copy of Celoron's report upon this exploration, was discovered in the Archives of the Colonies in Paris, by the Rev. P. A. McDermott, now of Duquesne University, and then Professor of Philosophy in Paris, in the early part of 1885. He sent an authentic and faithful copy thereof to the Very Rev. Father A. A. Lambing, who published, that same year, a translation of the precious document in his "Catholic Historical Annals of Western Pennsylvania."

Now, in this report we find that Celoron was accompanied by a very distinguished and learned Jesuit priest, who acted not only as chaplain to the members of the party, but as official mathematician, astronomer, hydrographer, and general surveyor of the expedition. His name was Father Louis Ignatius Bonnegamp, S. J., who celebrated Mass and offered divine services for the men under Céloron, at every available landing-place along their route, especially at such places as the mouth of French Creek, (now Franklin, Pa.,) on the Allegheny River—and particularly at the landing which they made, most probably, on the 7th day of August, 1749, at or near the spot where Pittsburgh is now situated.

This, therefore, is about the earliest date of which authentic date is found, as that on which, or about which, religious services of any kind were first performed in this region.

Shortly after this memorable date, a fort was built at the forks of the Ohio, on what is now known as the Point, under the name of Fort Duquesne, so called in honor of the new Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Duquesne de Menneville, who succeeded the Marquis de Jonquières, in the summer of 1752. A company of French soldiers began henceforth to occupy this Fort, whose importance to the French interests was recognized as supreme, not only by the care with which it was guarded and supplied by the French Colonial administration, but, later on, by the solicitude of the English government, which sent a general with a regular army of trained soldiers to wrest it from the French. Hence the disastrous battle of Braddock field, on the 9th of July, 1755.

To the small but efficient company of soldiers that occupied this frontier Fort, was assigned a permanent chaplain, who was frequently accompanied by an assistant, as we learn from the two registers, kept by these chaplains, during those eventful years, of the journey which they made from Presqu'isle, now Erie, and down the Allegheny River, to the Fort, as well as of the period during which they occupied the Fort until it was abandoned and destroyed by the French on the 24th of November, 1758, on the approach of the English and Colonial troops under Forbes and Bouquet. We have, still extant, a faithful copy of at least a part of these two registers, one of interments, and the other of baptisms, whose translation, and preservation in this form, we owe to the forethought and zeal of the same Very Rev. A. A. Lambing, first president of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania. They are called by the chaplains who made therein their official entries "The Register of Fort Duquesne", showing that the latter place was looked upon, not only as the ultimate destination of this military expedition, but as the permanent location of the little band of soldiers who were expected thus to prepare the way for an ultimate settlement of great importance.

The first entry, that is recorded in the "Interment Register of Fort Duquesne", is that of J. B. Texier, who died on July 11th, 1753. It is signed by Father Gabriel Anheuser, a priest of the Recollet (Franciscan) Order of Friars. The very next one is signed by Father Denis Baron, P. R. (Prêtre Recollet), chaplain-in-chief of the regiment. It is dated 31st of July, 1753, and records the death, on that same day, of John Francis Aubert.

But these first interments took place at the Presqu'isle Fort

which corresponds to the present site of Erie. After reading also of several other interments, on the expedition, and especially at French Creek Fort, now Franklin, Pa., we come at last to the first interment recorded of a death that took place at Fort Duquesne itself, namely of Mr. Toussaint Boyer, ("Gentleman"—aged 22) on June 20, 1755, "after having received the Sacraments of Penance, the Viaticum (or Holy Communion), and Extreme Unction", and "*that* (interment), with the customary ceremonies."

Therefore, Father Denis Baron was the first priest, or even minister of any denomination, to perform a public or private act of religious worship (at least in a permanent capacity) on the very spot where Pittsburgh now stands, and of which we have distinct, specific and authentic information.

Now, a very important, additional point in the religious history of Pittsburgh, is also to be found in this same register, namely that, as early as 1754, there was a permanent parish chapel erected at Fort Duquesne, wherein regular services were held, not only for the military residents of the garrison, but also (as we find from the names of baptismal sponsors) for civilians who were traders or travellers up and down the river. The register continually alludes to the fact that the chapel was dedicated under the title of "Assumption of the Blessed Virgin". Now, it was only chapels of a permanent character that were allowed to have a "*title*" of the kind, and to this title, in the formal language of the baptismal register, reference is made with every entry. Even once, that is, in the case of a certain John B. Mason, who died June 3rd, 1756, he is described as "unmarried, an inhabitant of the *parish* of the Assumption".

From 1758 to 1785 there is almost complete silence in regard to the presence, or visits, in Pittsburgh and its immediate vicinity, of any Catholic priest. It is true, that during all this time, at intervals, there were priests coming West, who were destined for the Catholic settlers and traders in Kentucky. But they rarely stayed for any length of time in Pittsburg, except to wait for a rise in the rivers to enable them to go further west or south by boat. They stopped, however, from time to time, somewhere along the Monongahela Valley, especially around Brownsville. We are not, therefore, surprised that about the year 1785, application was made by the Catholics of the Monongahela Valley, under the leadership of a Mr. Felix Hughes, to the Very Rev. Dr. John Carroll, then Superior of the American clergy, and not yet consecrated bishop, to have a Catholic clergyman pay them at

least an annual visit. This he promised to do for them as soon as it would be possible. The first priest, however, who actually came to Pittsburgh about this time, namely in 1786, was the Rev. Peter Huet de la Vilmière, who walked all the way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. No definite account is given of his visit. But it is known that from here he descended the Ohio River to the Illinois country.

Then came a Father Paul, a Carmelite, of whom we have no further knowledge. After him came the Franciscan Friar (priest), Father Charles Whalen, who passed here on his way to the Catholics of Kentucky, to whom he was sent, in 1787, by the Very Rev. Dr. Carroll. But the most noted visitor, at this period, was the Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, afterwards, in 1808, first Bishop of Bardstown (now Louisville), Kentucky. He had set out from Baltimore in a wagon, in May, 1792, and remained in Pittsburgh for a period of six months. During this time he stayed, and said Mass every morning, in the house of a French Huguenot, married to an American Protestant lady. In November of the same year he left Pittsburgh, in a flat boat, for Louisville.

In the autumn of the following year, 1793, arrived, on foot, also from Baltimore, the Rev. Stephen Badin, who has the distinction of being the first priest ordained in the United States. He and a companion, Father Barrières, left Pittsburgh, November 3, '93, on a flat boat, also for Louisville. In 1796, came Rev. Father Fournier, who stayed here 14 weeks, while at the same time, but for a shorter period, there were here two other priests, Fathers Bodkin and Maguire (but not the one whom we are going to speak farther on). At this time, according to the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times* of January 9, 1796, there was in the town a population of 1395 souls.

These brief records will suffice for the first period of half a century, during which we find that, in proportion to its size, population and location, Pittsburgh was pretty well favored with the presence, and occasional visits of some member or other of the Catholic clergy,—and the fact is distinctly established that it was a Catholic clergyman that conducted the first private or public Christian worship within these precincts.

Before thus bringing the 18th Century to a close we may add that we have the record of a Rev. Father John Thayer, a convert from the Congregational church in Boston, who came through Pittsburgh in 1799, on his way to Kentucky, and who, at Brownsville, stayed at the house of a good Catholic gentleman, Mr. Neal Gillespie, Sr., who was the grandfather of the famous James G. Blaine, candidate for President against Cleveland in 1884.

PART II.

PERIOD OF CATHOLIC MISSIONARY WORK FROM THE BEGINNING OF
THE 18th CENTURY TO THE ERECTION OF THE
DIOCESE OF PITTSBURGH.

The first regularly attending priest—and then only for once a year—was the Rev. Peter Heilbron, who came West to Sportsman's Hall, now St. Vincent's, Latrobe, November 17, 1799. He continued on his way to Pittsburgh, and stayed at the house of Colonel James O'Hara, who was nominally a Catholic, and married to a Protestant lady. He was the grandfather of the late Rev. Father Harmar Denny, of the Society of Jesus. The Colonel's house was at the corner of Water and Short Streets. But Father Heilbron said Mass at the house of a Mr. McFall, which was located at the corner of Water and Liberty Streets. Father Heilbron was succeeded by the Rev. Father W. F. X. O'Brien, who came here under the following remarkable circumstances. There was lately residing in Pittsburgh, in 39th Street, a Mr. John O'Brien (grandfather of Mr. J. Vick O'Brien, professor of music, just now, at Carnegie Technical School) who was born in Baltimore, and came with his father, at the age of 14, to Pittsburgh, in 1806, reaching here, after three weeks, on June 23rd. Before leaving Baltimore, they called on the Vicar Apostolic, Bishop John Carroll, who told them that *soon* he would have some students, then in the seminary, ordained priests, and would send one of them on to Pittsburgh, as resident pastor of the Monongahela Valley. Now, in referring to the register of ordinations of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, we find the name of a Rev. William O'Brien as having been ordained April 11, 1808. From a note written by Miss Sarah Brownson, we find the very interesting statement that on November 1, 1808, a visit was made by Rev. William O'Brien to the Rev. Fr. Heilbron, then staying at Sportsman's Hall, in Westmoreland Co.

Almost immediately afterwards he (the Rev. W. O'Brien) set out for Pittsburgh, where his earliest preoccupation and his first undertaking was to erect a church, under the title of St. Patrick's, for which he made several trips on horseback to Baltimore, to solicit subscriptions. Amongst the first and most generous subscribers was the Bishop of Baltimore, Right Rev. Dr. John Carroll. The first entry in the old baptismal register of St. Patrick's was the baptism (or rather the supplying of the ceremonies of baptism) of Ellen Kelly, three months old, daughter of

John and Elizabeth Kelly, the sponsors being Peter and Catherine O'Hara. The signature to this first entry of November 11, 1808, on the register is "G. F. X. O'Brien", indicating that it was Father William F. X. O'Brien, the G. standing for *Gulielmus*, which is the Latin for William. This Father O'Brien was the nephew of the Right Rev. Edward Fenwick, first bishop of Cincinnati.

He rented a frame house on Second Avenue, between Smithfield Street and Grant Street, of which, however, he had only the second floor, the front room of the latter serving for the chapel, and the first floor being occupied by a German tailor.

It is doubtful at what exact date the old (first) St. Patrick's Church was begun,—but it was probably in the latter part of 1808, as this is the date—1808—marked on the corner-stone. It was finished and dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Michael Egan, Bishop of Philadelphia, in the month of August, 1811. The original church was small in size, being only 30 x 50 feet. This, also, was the first visit of a bishop to Pittsburgh.

The ground on which it was built, measuring 60 x 64 ft., was donated (the deed calling for 1 dollar) by Col. James O'Hara, who had purchased it from Mr. Pressly Neville, son of Mr. John Neville. The deed is dated November 6, 1811, and was recorded by Lazarus Stewart, Justice of the Peace, on December 8, 1811. It was situated at the corner of Washington and Liberty Streets, the site of the present Pennsylvania, or old Union Station.

In the beginning of 1814, another priest arrived, in the person of Father Terence McGirr who, on February 14 of that year, bought for \$750 a plot of ground, adjoining the church, for a priest's house. He remained with Father O'Brien only a short time, and was not considered as a permanent assistant.

In March, 1820, Father O'Brien left for St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, from whence he went, later, to Annapolis, Md. He died a holy death on November 1, 1832. Meanwhile he was succeeded, in April, 1820, by Father Charles Bonaventure Maguire, who, according to his own testimony as given along with his first signature on the old baptismal register, for the entry of May 21, 1820, had been professor of theology in the College of St. Isidore in Rome, and had come to the United States in 1812.

About the year 1822 he began to enlarge the church. But wishing to found a monastery of Franciscans (to whose order he himself belonged) he bought for \$1,500 a farm of 113 acres and

8 perches on Sugar Tree Hill, Southside, near the location of the present Passionist Monastery, the deed being dated 1822, April 10.

The first member of the new Monastic Community of Franciscan Brothers, was a young man of the Monongahela Valley, named Anthony Kelly, born in Baltimore, who became, shortly after, although still a layman, the superior of the monastery. He then went on to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he studied theology and was ordained priest, October 6, 1826. The same year, he came back to Pittsburgh, to be assistant to Father Maguire. But he did not long survive, dying a holy death, February 5, 1827.

In that same year, 1827, on August 27th, Father Maguire called a meeting of the little congregation to take measures for the erection of a new and larger church for the English-speaking Catholics of Pittsburgh, meanwhile promising the German Catholics that if they contributed generously to the new church, to be called St. Paul's, he would allow them, when it was finished, to have exclusive use, for those of their own language, of the old St. Patrick's, in whose neighborhood most of them resided and worked. It was in this way that St. Patrick's became for some time a German congregation. But it was restored to the English-speaking Catholics, on the second Sunday of October, 1840, and the Rev. E. F. Garland (up to this, assistant at St. Paul's since his ordination in 1838) was appointed pastor.

Father Maguire selected a plot of ground bounded by 5th Avenue and Grant Street, for the new church, fronting on 5th Avenue, the corner-stone of which was laid, though without any elaborate ceremony, on June 24, 1829.

The following year, took place the passage, through Pittsburgh, of Bishops Conwell of Philadelphia, and Kenrick, his coadjutor, of Baltimore, that is, on June 26, 1830. It was also about this time that Father Maguire received, as assistant, in succession to the young Father Kenny, deceased, the Rev. Patrick Rafferty.

The new Church of St. Paul's was solemnly dedicated on May 4, 1834, by Right Rev. Francis P. Kenrick, then Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, and the sermon for the occasion was preached by Rev. Father John Hughes, afterwards Archbishop of New York.

In November, 1832, Father John O'Reilly came as assistant to Father Maguire. But the latter was then near his end, for he died in Pittsburgh, July 17th, 1833, Father O'Reilly succeeding

him as the second pastor of St. Paul's. The house in which Father Maguire lived, during those first years of his pastorate at St. Patrick's, is still standing in the same exact location in which it then stood, and almost in the same condition, namely, near 10th and Liberty (it was formerly Nos. 340 and 342 Liberty Street) not far from the present Fort Pitt Hotel. Part of it is now used as a tobacco shop. The actual number of the house may be easily ascertained! Before coming to Pittsburgh, Father O'Reilly, had already built three churches, respectively, at Newry, Huntingdon and Bellefonte, according to a letter of Right Rev. F. P. Kenrick, then Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia, written to the annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and dated January 14, 1834. He was assisted (says the same letter) in the functions of the Holy Ministry, by the Abbé Masquelet, an Alsatian, who worked principally among the Germans who were then becoming very numerous in Pittsburgh.

When, on the first of April, 1837, he in turn was transferred to Philadelphia, it was to become pastor of St. Mary's Church, in that city. But in the summer of 1838, he exchanged places with Father P. R. Kenrick, of St. Paul's, Pittsburgh, thus becoming once more pastor of St. Paul's, where he remained until the arrival of the Very Rev. Michael O'Connor, by whom he was replaced, June 17, 1841, and was succeeded as third pastor of St. Paul's, by Father Thomas Heyden, of Bedford, who, in the same year, November 22, 1837, having been nominated to the Episcopal See of Natchez, and having declined, was succeeded, as fourth pastor of St. Paul's, by the Rev. P. R. Kenrick, afterwards Archbishop of St. Louis. The latter remained until the summer of 1838, when Father O'Reilly returned and was again pastor until, in turn, he was succeeded as fifth pastor of St. Paul's by Rev. Michael O'Connor, who was called to be the first bishop of the new diocese of Pittsburgh, on the 7th of August, 1843, at the very time when he was on a visit to Rome, for the purpose of asking the Holy See to allow him to enter the Jesuit Order, and consecrate himself to the missions among Negroes. He was consecrated at Rome, on the feast of the Assumption, of the same year, 1843.

When Father Michael O'Connor arrived in Pittsburgh on the 17th of June, 1841, he found the congregation in charge of the Rev. Joseph F. Deane, as assistant pastor. Father O'Connor was, however, not only pastor of St. Paul's, but, at the same time, Vicar General, for the Bishop of Philadelphia, of the western part of the diocese.

On May 5, 1843, he set out for Rome, after requesting Father Heyden, then at Bedford, to return to Pittsburgh, and take his place as acting pastor of St. Paul's, which the latter did, returning, however, to his old post at Bedford, when the former came back once more to Pittsburgh as the first Bishop.

* P. A. M.

*The greater part of the interesting information presented in brief form in this article has been gathered from personal interviews with the venerable and learned historian, Mgr. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.



Bromine and I—Especially Bromine.

“WELL, as you asked me to tell you about it, here goes! Bromine is a dark red liquid, volatilizing at a low temperature. It has—You say you know all about it? Oh, all right, I'll continue.

“Of course you know how it is prepared? You prepare it by taking Sulphuric acid, Potassium Bromide and Manganese Dioxide. The reaction, as far as I recollect, runs thus: Manganese Dioxide plus Potassium Bromide plus Sulphuric—Oh, hang it! you've been there yourself. You know how it goes. Well as I started out to say, one fine day, when all else was happy, the Hon. Ego, feeling the need of some excitement, started to prepare some Bromine.

“Accordingly, I set up the apparatus. The apparatus consisted of a retort. Queer, it seems to me, I never realized the true worth of a retort until I broke one, and saw its spectre, like Banquo's ghost, on the breakage bill, about a week later. I succeeded in getting the mixture in the retort, without seriously impairing the retort's usefulness—I mean without breaking off more than half the neck. Every time I break something, I am reminded of the fine morning I put too much Potassium Chlorate in a strongly acid solution. I should have known better. I was stirring the mixture when it started to volplane, and I inwardly decided that 'war was hell' as I washed the insoluble residue off my fingers and compared the explosive force of shrapnel to my mixture.

"Well, I started the reaction at 9 o'clock and it was half a day before I succeeded in prying off the Bromine from the mucous lining of my nose. The Bromine distilled over. I certainly have to hand it to Bromine. It's such a loving substance. It has such good sticking qualities. It sticks to you like Death to a dead town like a—excuse me! After I stuck the twenty-five cent Bunsen burner under the seventy-five cent retort, I opened the doors and all the windows I could find. I don't believe I found all of them as the Bromine would persistently travel up my nose and otherwise hinder me.

"Then I thought that the apparatus needed adjusting. It did. I did. Then I went out for some air. After a while I went in and took the burner into my arms, thinking to save all I could for the over-worked Faculty. Then I went out for more air. Air never felt so good as then, even if it was the pure air of Pittsburgh. Finally I went in, poured the Bromine into a bottle of water and went out and had two more helpings of air.

"The professor finally came around and asked me if I had had any trouble with my experiment. I knew the building was protected by insurance and lightning rods, so I had no compunction in answering no. Oh, what a hardened wretch I must have been! The Sable Imp debited me that time for sure.

"You say you have to go? Well let me give you a bit of advice. If ever you have to prepare Bromine, don't prepare it. Buy it at a drug store and tell your professor that all your ancestors were consumptives and that a slight shock to your frame might prove fatal. Good night!"

E. J. SULLIVAN, 4 H.

Greerometers.

THERE is a young man named Harp
Whose wits are exceedingly sharp;
But he oiled them one day
With Greek roots, they say,
And now they began to warp.

So he took an exam in Greek
But alack! he attempted to sneak
A look at his book
(Don't call him a crook!)
And was caught when the book made a creak.

J. S. SMITH, '18.

The Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University.

(By an Eyewitness)

THE celebration, on April 15th, of the Silver Jubilee of the Catholic University of America, will pass down in history as one of the greatest Catholic celebrations of the country. For several days previous to the fifteenth, Alumni, delegates, clergymen and members of the hierarchy were coming to the Capital of the nation, in preparation for the great event. Many of the delegates from sister colleges and universities registered on Wednesday evening at the University Club. The genial Rector of the University, surrounded by many members of the Faculty, was there to welcome them.

Early on Thursday morning, with Washington enjoying ideal spring weather, those about to take part in the celebration, could be seen descending near St. Patrick's Church, and directing their steps to the handsome Rectory or the commodious Carroll Hall, adjoining the Rectory and School.

At a quarter to ten o'clock the procession was formed. It was something well worth seeing, and Washington sent out its thousands to see it. In the procession there were some 300 priests, all the members of the Faculty of the Catholic University, 60 delegates from Catholic and non-Catholic colleges and universities (all in Cap and Gown), 31 monsignori, 30 bishops, 8 archbishops, the apostolic delegate, and the three American cardinals.

The Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung by Cardinal Farley of New York. After the gospel, Cardinal Gibbons ascended the pulpit, and for thirty-five minutes held the attention of the large and distinguished audience which filled St. Patrick's Church. The strength and clearness of "The Cardinal's" voice were truly marvelous, especially when we bear in mind that he is in his eighty-first year. None could fail to notice that his voice grew stronger as he advanced in his address. When Cardinal Gibbons left the pulpit, Bishop Shahan, the rector of the University, read the letter of Pope Benedict XV.

In his letter the Holy Father congratulated the University on its grand work during the past twenty-five years, wished the University a greater success in the future, and sent the Apostolic Benediction to the hierarchy of the country, to the Faculty, the students and benefactors of the University.

At the end of the church services, lunch was served in the new Willard Hotel.

After the luncheon academic exercises were held in the new National Theatre. The chief features of these exercises were an able address, in his usual strong and forcible manner, by Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, on "The Office and Responsibility of the University in American Life"; an interesting paper on "Our Debt to Mediaeval Universities", by G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University; and an eloquent address by Rev. John Cavanagh, C. S. C., president of Notre Dame University, on "The Mission of the University".

After these addresses, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on nine prominent laymen from various parts of the country, and the degree of Doctor of Letters was given to three distinguished *literateurs* from the City of New York.

In the evening, the Alumni of the University held their annual Banquet at the New Willard Hotel.

On Friday, many of the Alumni and delegates visited the University, as the guests of the Faculty, and assisted at the unveiling of a life-size painting of the rector, Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan. The painting was the gift of the Alumni to the present distinguished rector of the Catholic University.



Gift for Gift.

“WOMAN, behold thy Son,”
So spake our Saviour ere His soul had flown;
And John, His loved disciple, from that hour,
Took Mary for his own.

“Mother, behold thy Son,
The Lamb of God for sinners sacrificed.”
And in Communion, John his mother gives
Her holy One, the Christ.

PATRICK RAFFERTY, S. J.

Some English Essayists.

THE word Essay bears but little significance to most people, yet it may embrace the widest of fields. Modern writers have largely abandoned it. True, it is taught in the schools as a means of improving one's literary style; nevertheless, it is a sign of the tendency of the times that the most successful of recent writers have neglected this important vehicle of literary expression. In Europe, the present war has caused literary activities and letter-writing to suffer materially, and the essay has suffered to no mean extent in consequence.

When such crises occur, however, there always arises the genius to surmount the difficulties. One such genius is Mr. Orlo Williams, who is so enthusiastic over his study of Charles Lamb that he infuses into his readers a real affection for that renowned essayist. An agitation like this creates among the reading public a new interest in the literary giants of the past. Such readers may find pleasure in the works of Sir James Fraser, who has spent so many days and nights in the study of Addison, that he is able to bring the thought and feeling of this prince of essayists before us so clearly, that he veritably seems to live and converse with us.

Nevertheless the Essay is not dying out. It was fortunate in having an historian in Mr. Walker, an exponent in Mr. Routh, and a real essayist in Mr. Williams. Professor Walker gives proof of deep scholarship, and deserves credit for the thoroughness with which he handles his subject matter. The fact that he is not able to define an essay does not detract from his ability, but on the contrary, it is commendable that he does not take it upon himself to hazard a definition. The Essay cannot be cornered in a definition. For, what genius could find a common term to embrace the field covered by Locke on the Human Understanding, Lamb on Roast Pig, and others, treating topics as various as do Cornwallis, Chesterton, James I, Pope, Max Beerbohm and Macaulay? Professor Walker's work, as a whole, although to some it may appear too catholic, is a good companion to essay anthologies.

There are three luminaries who stand out prominently in the field of essay writing. They are Montaigne, Addison and Lamb. Montaigne, one of the earliest essayists, began as a collector of apothegms and adages. He was accustomed to quote extracts from authors of antiquity in order to express his own thoughts. Whatever writing he did himself was done merely as a pleasant

variation from so much reading and copying. He used great discretion in his work, selecting for study those authors who contributed to his own development. From this practice of tersely expressing the views of others the idea of self-portraiture emerges. The leisure he had for reading and the travel he indulged in to gather material, caused to develop within him a more acute personal observation and a facility for interesting comment. One peculiarity of the man was a habit of jotting down his own fancies no matter how queer they were. In this way he shows how whimsical a creature man is. Although it was partly through his work that the Essay was established in England during the 18th Century, yet he contributed little more than the name. Concerning his work, Mr. Williams dares to deny it the title of Essay, because he does not turn himself inside out for his reader. This method of computation is poor. According to it, Addison would count for little, despite the fact that he receives universal recognition. Mr. Williams goes on to complain that the essayists of this type are but pall-bearers proceeding at a snail's pace through a dry schedule of Rhetoric, parading on argument of transparent shallowness.

We now come to Addison and Steele who, with their successors, gave to the English language that well-chosen gift of decorative style in essay writing. The essays of the *Spectator* were and still are read with much enthusiasm. They were, as it has been said a civilizing force, in an age of newly acquired comfort. The town needed an introduction to country, of which the society folks of that time knew nothing. Steele, by his homeopathic rather than drastic methods, altered the condition of society and made the distinction between the classes less pronounced than it had previously been.

Addison, perceiving the same necessity, reinforced his friend Steele. His knowledge of what literature had achieved in breaking down social barriers, and his exquisite taste, aided him materially in formulating the essays on which his fame rests. He was conversant with the so-called essayists Montaigne, Bacon, Cowley, Halifax and Temple, and also with the comedy dialogue of such writers as Congreve, Butler and Bruyère. There were none at the time dowered with a clearer conception of what is required for working in the field of essay-writing than Addison. In his delicate and formulative hands the pre-existing types were molded into statues that will stand out prominently for all time, adorning the pedestals of our literary galleries. The repulsive

types of men are portrayed in such a way by this master, as to render them less disagreeable, and sometimes even sources of pleasure.

But that later stage of the Essay, known as the lyrical phase, has found a witty and powerful agent in Mr. Williams. He finds for this form of writing a place very near the top of the literary ladder. He immortalizes Lamb, and to him the model of Lamb is the Essay par excellence. In speaking of some of Hazlitt's works, he says, "How much better Lamb would have handled the subject! Hazlitt's style may have been more nearly perfect than that of Lamb, but in writing the essay Lamb was a genius—a mind incomparably fitted for the essay form."

The concluding paragraphs of the "Dissertation on Roast Pig" is a wonderful rendition and brings from all essay devotees a hearty round of applause. The way in which Lamb brings before us his characters, and almost makes us see and feel as they do, is astounding. It is this faculty of bringing subject and reader into the closest communication which forms the nucleus of success in essay writing.

The Essay, as a lyric of prose, must be quick, intense, finished, a model of economy, and moulded by some central mood,—whimsical, passionate, serious or satirical. Nature is a field for garnering those qualities which tend toward a successful essay. "The world is to the essayist what the mulberry plant is to the silk-worm, and there is never a lack of matter for him to explore. . . . Everything he sees or hears is an essay in bud—the world is everywhere whispering essays." The true essayist believes that he is worth knowing well, and he expounds his feelings, visions and inspirations with the utmost candor. In all this Lamb is pre-eminent.

Stevenson, although he employs vagabondage and "egotizes" to no mean extent, as does also the renowned Macaulay, is, according to Mr. Williams, so far overshadowed by the great Lamb, that both the one and the other seem to sink below the horizon when the master-mind appears.

At the present day essay matter is everywhere at hand. But alas! where is the genius to take up the pen? In the United States the Essay, as a literary form, has largely yielded the place of honor to the novel, the short story, and the political or economic treatise. It survives in the shape of the editorial; and it must be admitted that among our hundreds of magazine and

newspaper editors, many fine essayists might be found or developed.

That America has not been by any means barren of masters in this department, is evident to anyone who is acquainted with the works of Franklin, Irving, Holmes, Emerson, Brownson, Thoreau; and in later times, of John Lancaster Spalding, Brother Azarias and Agnes Repplier—to mention only a few names at hazard. That America is destined to produce still greater names than these, a sweeping glance at contemporary publications and a little attention to the echoes from our busy schools, amply warrant the most sanguine prophecy.

JAMES D. HOWARD, '18.



Mr. Brainless, Or the New Reporter.

THE suspense of those days was over. To-morrow he would go back, back to that old town, where they were wont to call him Brainless, though his real name was Braneley. Ah! he could see himself alighting from the train, a brass band to meet him; the burgess would make a speech and all the burghers would hail him as the greatest newspaper man in the world.

Enter another person on the scene, one with the audacity to interrupt the sweet dream of the greatest reporter in the world.

In his hands he holds the proof-sheets of an obituary. In his eyes there is fire, on his face a picture of complete disgust. He pauses for a short time, and then, with slow deliberation, contrary to his former actions, says to our Hon. Mr. Brainless, who sits quivering like some frightened doe, trying, or rather pretending to write, "Mr. Brainless, it was understood, when you entered the hallowed precincts of these offices some three days ago, that you were to write obituary notices and not funny stories. Is that not correct?"

Mr. Brainless did not answer, but was trying to recall that distant village, where he was first called Brainless.

"Mr. Brainless—er—I mean Braneley," repeated the editor, "with regard to this case, you say you were personally acquainted with the deceased, and that is why we gave you this chance. Now you go to this man's home, ask him some foolish questions and—by the by—Brainless, are you positive of the facts you have put down in Mr. Bean's obituary?"

"Well, not exactly positive. But I can't understand why you should question me on such a point."

"You can't understand?" stormed the editor. "Well, my dear sir, if you will have patience with me, I shall try to convince you—. Now, in describing Mr. Bean's death, you first make it a point to describe his appearance, and in doing so, you represent him as having a long nose and only one eye, and that there was a wart upon it. Do I understand you that the wart was upon the nose or upon the eye? The expression is not perfectly clear."

"The nose, of course."

"You also state that Mr. Bean's nose was injured in the street car accident, at Townville, in consequence of the bridge giving away. Now, I don't catch the drift of this. Do you mean that the street car accident resulted from the breaking of the bridge of Mr. Bean's nose, or that the bridge of his nose gave away after the accident, or that the nose was hurt by the street car bridge giving away, or how? You are not definite enough."

"I refer to the street car bridge," he mildly expostulated.

"The truth is important. I notice that you say, in the fourth paragraph from the bottom, that Mr. Bean went to sea when he was a young man, and that his craft was stove at the Haring Islands. Then immediately afterward you remark that at poker he never had a rival. Now, I can hardly believe you mean it, and yet do you know that a superficial reader, glancing over your article, might easily get the impression, that Mr. Bean went to sea in a stove, and somehow or another managed to row himself ashore on the Haring Islands with a poker. Read it over and see for yourself. I tell you, Mr. Brainless, this kind of indefiniteness won't do for a newspaper. It confuses the people's minds and maddens them, and brings them down here with murder in their hearts.

"Well, I admit that it is not exactly clear," meekly assented the reporter.

"But this is not the worst. What do you mean when you say, in the sixth paragraph, that while Mr. Bean lived in Capsicum township, he was somewhat lame for a few years, and that

he had the largest corn in the country—it was more than seven feet high. Now, do you mean that he had a corn seven feet high, or that he had corn in his field seven feet high, and if the latter, why do you associate the corn with Mr. Bean's lameness? Do you not see for yourself that most persons would get the impression that Mr. Bean's lameness was caused by a corn which grew up through his shoe? Why, Mr. Brainless, if we were to print an article like that I believe this office would be open to all kinds of criticism."

"I see. I must rewrite that," the reporter agreed.

"Right afterward, you remark that 'in nineteen-hundred-four, Mr. Bean was taken with torpidity of the liver, whereupon he joined the Democratic party and voted the Republican ticket regularly.' You see, you fail to make the thing connect. People will want to know how torpidity of the liver drove him over to the Democratic party, and why a Democrat with an ineffective liver should have a propensity to support the Republicans. And no sooner does the bewildered reader give up the problem than you add, respecting Mr. Bean's connection with the church choir, that 'he was a fine singer generally, but on this particular Sunday he rode his favorite horse to church, and, as he had the asthma, he had to stop to take a breath before reaching his destination, so he missed his usual participation in the services.' I pledge my word of honor, Mr. Brainless, as a man who has his finger on the public pulse, there will be a million people around here to-morrow perfectly savage to know whether Mr. Bean had the asthma, or whether the horse had! No, Mr. Brainless, it won't do! It really won't. I want to put in a good obituary of Bean. I know you want to do him justice. I can see your sympathetic feeling running all through this article. It is chuck-full of genuine emotion. You really mourn for Mr. Bean. But hang it, young man, if I would let the billowy tumults of sorrow that rage in your soul boil out in the columns of the *Daily Mail* in this particular form, I should have the whole Bean family after me with a libel suit, and within forty-eight hours all the insane asylums in the State would be so crowded that the patients could not breathe! No, you must correct it; rewrite it; remodel it; put it into shape. I'll give you one more chance."

Mr. Brainless handed in his resignation, and sought a position as conductor of a horse car.

The Art Divine.

*When the soul is heavy laden
And the heart is sad and sore,
Let music be our comforter
And make us glad once more.*

MUSIC is the expression of the soul. It is the manifestation of the feelings, the passions, the desires of a heart too full for expression on words. Be it sadness or joy, oppression or pleasure, music lends utterance when speech is often powerless, and raises the soul above earthly mechanism to soar in the boundless expanse of celestial thought. It is not a mere collection of notes, or a melodious sound set to the accompaniment of verse, but it is the outward expression of the composer's own feeling and experiences.

Music has existed, in some form or other, since history began. Pythagoras taught that God ordained all things according to harmony. The Egyptians "made music a symbol of the Universe." The Hindu believed that music was a gift sent from Heaven. The Greeks used it in all public affairs, and the Romans believed it an essential to the dignity and solemnity of sacred rites. And so, through all ages and generations, music has played an important part in man's activities; and to-day it is considered an essential factor in every station of life. But to determine whether or not music has had a good effect on man, is a more difficult matter. To answer the question, we shall mention a few of the things which may go to make music an agent of morality or immorality.

A man's works are as he is. A moral composer puts forth good music; but if he be immoral, the tendency of his work will be the reverse. Thus the morality of music depends not upon itself, but upon outside forces. Music is a powerful agent of the emotions, and thus can be a potent moral factor. It can bring about emotions of excitement, contentment, fear, patriotism, discomfort or exhaustion. The mother's lullaby quiets and puts to sleep her tired babe. A song of his boyhood days refreshes the weary brain of the man after his day's toil is done. A martial strain can inflame the heart of every patriotic citizen; an operatic selection can enthuse a vast audience; or a sacred hymn may convert a sinner. Now, if music can arouse such emotions as these so easily, must it not possess power for both the evil and the good?

The first agent of good or evil in music to be considered, is the composer. He, like the poet, lives apart from the world. His companions are the recollections of his past, together with the emotions that arise from his surroundings. He gives to the world thoughts and ideas which are part of himself; thoughts sometimes sad, sometimes glad; often full of excitement and horror; and again, mingled with tender sympathy and recollections of past love. But if his works are so full of himself, we can easily comprehend that his moral personality will also be present, and that the public will be affected by it. His nationality and temperament also have their effects. The habit of most Italian composers of interposing a series of violent emotional strains, and of shocking the listener with one outburst after another, is not wholesome. It is not good either, to keep an audience in a state of languor, or to impose upon them, as it were, a melancholy trance. We might show certain corresponding defects in the German music, but it is not our purpose to criticize; we merely cite this one fact to show that composer's training, surroundings, and temperament, all help to make his composition a moral or an immoral one.

Not only the composer, but the executant himself, is a principal factor that must be reckoned with. Not only may he interpret and portray the composer's defects and personalities, but his own individuality also enters into play. The musician being always before the public, his life is generally open to the criticism of everyone. There is a great necessity, therefore, for their leading a good, moral life, if they are to impress their hearers favorably. To do justice to both composers and players, we admit that their lives are generally irreproachable. The stainless character of Beethoven, the industrious life of Scarlatti, the religious temperament of Handel, the integrity of Bach, the generous career of Mendelssohn, all convince us that great men in the musical world led lives unmarred by disgrace or scandal.

A singer's physical condition must also be noted. A performer exposed to a continual strain soon becomes worn out, and, instead of the former vigor, there is displayed a somewhat indifferant tone. And the result is, likewise, a deterioration.

We must now consider the listener. Undoubtedly he is the greatest factor, for he has the threefold privilege of hearing the composer's efforts, noting the performer's interpretation, and attributing to both his own personality. It is in the last that the danger lies; for, if the listener be of a high moral standing, he receives great benefit from the selection, but if his character be

low, the music rendered only hurls him deeper into the abyss of his own moral turpitude. For music pitches high the plane of emotions, and causes us to recall past scenes and past events. Thus, if the mind be accustomed to the higher things of life, music is found to be elevating, but if a man's morals are low, the composition will, as a rule, be proportionately degrading.

A man's education helps him to appreciate music. There are classes of people who actually hate music, who consider Mozart's symphony nothing but noise; and again, there are those who receive more benefit from "Love's Old Sweet Song" than from Beethooven's "Adelaide". Thus we can traverse the planes of the world's inhabitants until we come to those who enjoy nothing but opera, who revel in a heart-throbbing selection from Mendelssohn, and sit enraptured for hours, listening to a production of Wagner.

As to the ability of one composer or performer in comparison with another, we would say that it is a matter of choice. Just as a person may enjoy a musical comedy far more than Marlowe's "Tragedy of Doctor Faustus" or than "Carmen", so in like manner one may appreciate some minor musician as much as they would Bach. To me the musical artist for the halcyon days of youth is Beethooven. His symphonies appeal to the light-hearted youth more than does any other group of compositions. H. R. Hainers says: "In Beethooven, all is restrained; nothing which is not almost instantly corrected, nothing luxurious which is not finally raised into a clear atmosphere of wholesome and fresh activity, or some mood of peaceful self-mastery or even playfulness."

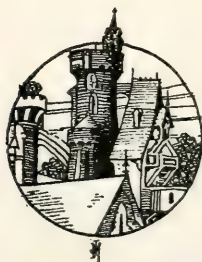
To an elderly person Bach ought to appeal most. His sublimity and perfection, his almost supernatural passion, and unexcelled integrity, alone can satisfy the mature mind. Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, says, in speaking of him: "His inexhaustible wealth of inspiration is a well at which succeeding generations have drank freely and will forever drink, without so much as a suspicion that they are taking what is not their own. And who, indeed, should forbid them to taste the crystal-clear waters of an uncontaminated source that flows perpetually for the whole world alike?" Bach helps the mind to soar above the things of earth, and gives the imagination free scope. On the wings of musical vibrations, we wander over valleys and above mountains, through forests and storms; we feel the warm enthusiasm of love; we behold the sunshine of happiness beam down

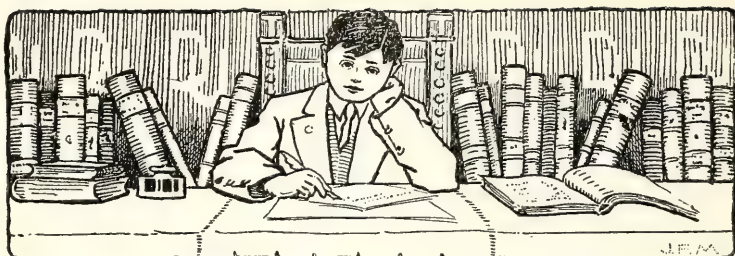
on the noonday of a new life, as we pass through his numerous preludes and fugues in the various keys.

There are some, of course, who may prefer Wagner, but Wagner cannot be appreciated on the piano or organ, as the orchestra is necessary to do him justice. Others may enjoy Mendelssohn's communion with nature, or Mozart's harmony, but "Bach alone is universal, near us at all times and seasons, in all life's vicissitudes."

But no matter whom we choose or what composition we prefer, music is refreshing to the soul. It elevates us to a higher plane of emotions, lifts us up from earthly distractions, and stimulates us with new vigor to meet life's daily cares. A young person who, at the close of day, when twilight shadows fall, lets his fingers ramble over the ivory keys, and pours forth his soul in some favorite song, builds for himself an indestructible barrack on the strong walls of his character, guarding and defending his purity in the time of temptation. He is carried away from the cares of the day to another world, beautiful and refreshing, and is borne through peaceful bliss in the chariot of super-earthly love—music.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16.





SANCTUM

Editorial.

Immigration, a Blessing.

IN considering the great question of Immigration, we cannot avoid remembering the circumstances in which this country of ours has had its birth. Nobody that will calmly look back upon the last 300 years, will question the interposition of Divine Providence in the establishment, the creation, I should say, of this new Home of Liberty, this refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every creed. There has been none formed like it since the beginning of the world. None, in the long course of history has sprung into existence from such a multiplicity of causes—none has been formed out of such a mixture of elements, the most different and opposite that ever made up the composition of any body. They came in scattered groups—in tens and twenties—then by hundreds and by thousands until just six years ago, they reached the flood height of immigration to the number of two million sturdy and willing souls that came to make with us their lasting home! It was they that spread over the smiling valleys of New England—it was they that scaled the impassable barriers of the Alleghenies—it was they that brought with them the sciences, the arts and civilization to this land of desolation, the resort only of the savages, the home, hitherto, of the wild beast!

It was Immigration, therefore, that made us what we are to-day. It gave us the advantages, the fruits of every other modern clime. It gave us the liberty, the intelligence, the language of the Anglo-Saxon; it gave us the daring, the manliness, the bravery of the Celt; it gave us the chivalry, the genius of the Frank; it gave us the sturdy, honest perseverance of the Dutch; it gave us the hardy determination of the Teuton, and

later on, the muscle and the brawn of the Pole, the Hungarian and Scandinavian. Every race, every people has had its hand in the formation of the American people. Every one has been, in one way or another, a factor in its greatness, an element in its prosperity. They came, it is true, many of them, ignorant of our language; but by patience, we overcame this obstacle, because, while we were learning from them the language of industry and art, we were teaching them the language of liberty. Although they came to see—and perhaps not to stay!—yet the innate grandeur of this unique land was itself to them a revelation—it was the harbinger of peace and happiness. It was not long before they felt the irresistible force of the attractions which it held before their eyes. We could trust to their true instincts, as men born to be free—rather than to a mere superficial knowledge of a sentence or two out of our Constitution and Laws. We can well afford to wait for the years, or even centuries, perhaps, that will soften down their untrained manners, and modify their harsh tones, to the easy, natural manners, and the more delicate sounds, of our American society.

Did ignorance of any one language prevent the peoples of the 13 Colonies from uniting in one common bond of unity against oppression? Did ignorance of any one language prevent the peoples of the North from fighting the common battles of the Union? Nor does it prevent them from clearing the forests—from creating our vast farms—and from delving into the bowels of the earth and patiently extracting our abundant fuel—from building up our monstrous mills and forging the steel for our guns and our battleships!

It is enough that they be willing to work and willing to learn. We shall, it is true, have always with us the foreigner who thinks more of the land of his birth than of the land of his adoption. We shall always have with us the poor man who will look to this land of plenty as a temporary haven from the burdens of poverty and of debt—who will look to this generous nation for the humble means to end his days in peace in the home of his ancestors. But are we to let such small circumstances and such exceptional cases weigh in the balance against the mighty odds of the numbers of useful and thrifty and patient and hard-working men that come to us with their labor and with their strength! Already there is provision made against the coming of the insane, or of the paupers, who would be a burden to the country. What else is needed? What other conditions could

ward off imaginary dangers, unless we shut off completely the tide of Immigration, and reverse the noble purposes which Divine Providence seemed to make the end and destiny of this nation—to be ever the refuge of the oppressed—the home of the liberty-loving natives of every land on the face of the earth? It is not from our immigrants that we may expect dangers to our Republic. It is from ourselves—it is from within—it is from those who undermine our Constitution—that the dangers will come, and not from our immigrants.

Let us, therefore, maintain that Immigration to the United States should not be restricted by further provisions and conditions, especially by those that are but superficial, accidental and temporary.



Shrine of Mary Immaculate.

○N Wednesday, April 28, a meeting was held at the home of Duquesne Council K. of C. to arrange for the organization of all the Catholic women of the Pittsburgh diocese. The object of this Society is to raise funds for the erection of the National Shrine in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Some years ago the Fathers of the Council of Baltimore placed the United States under the patronage of the Virgin Mary. In recognition and appreciation of this act a number of prominent Catholic women conceived the plan of erecting a National Shrine in honor of our Patroness, the Immaculate Virgin Mary. The formation of a National Organization of Catholic Women of the United States for the purpose of carrying out this plan soon followed. A site was happily chosen on the grounds of the Catholic University at our National Capital.

In proof of his deep interest in the project and work of these zealous women, the late Pius X. sent a personal contribution towards the fund. Moreover, in his apostolic letter to Cardinal Gibbons, he not only expressed his approval of the work, but urged the people to encourage and support those who had undertaken the enterprise. We quote the following from his letter: "It is most desirable, therefore, that all Catholics should promptly and generously contribute toward the happy completion of this church, which so many praiseworthy Catholic women have undertaken. In this way will arise a masterpiece of religious archi-

ture, which will lift heavenward the mind of every student who enters it, make him thirsty for wisdom from above, fill his heart with the same, and preserve it religiously while he lives."

Those in charge of the work have been successful in collecting a generous sum by private donation and various other means; but the magnitude of their plan calls for nation-wide help. To secure this it is their intention to found chapters of women throughout the country. The preliminary meeting held for the purpose of founding a Chapter in our diocese with Bishop Canevin as Honorary President gave good promise of success. The month of May, devoted to the Virgin Mary, is an auspicious time to inaugurate in the diocese a work that so signally honors her. It is only necessary to support the representative and efficient Catholic women, who have been elected officers, to place our diocese amongst the foremost in furthering this laudable project.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



Exchanges.

THE great number of April exchanges on our table are bubbling over with the spirit of the Easter-tide. These feasts are commemorated by our contemporaries in poetry and in the less fanciful prose. Some have compared the glorious entrance of Spring and the exit of the gloomy Winter Season to Christ's triumph over Death; others emphasize the fact of the final resurrection of all men, while still others have endeavored to exhibit the primary importance of Easter and the Resurrection by showing that the whole Christian Faith depends upon it. Besides this one mark that distinguishes the magazines of the last month, there is also a tendency, principally in verse, to dwell upon the fickleness of April, but the old adage, "April showers bring May flowers," is always added or implied.

We are still anxious to see all of our worthy exchanges adopt a column wherein they may express the views they entertain about the journals of other colleges. We had something to say on

this score in our last issue, but our heart is so set upon the immeasurable value to be gained from such a department, that it will not allow us to pass it by without further comment this month.

The April number of the *Rosary Magazine*, true to the character just described above, opens with a lengthy article, "The Week of Weeks". Within, in an easy, familiar style, are presented the various incidents in the Life of Christ from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday. It then proceeds to describe, in a learned manner, the Church's mode of celebrating them. "Traveler's Joy" is an absorbing treatment of travel among the middle classes of France. Pleasing anecdotes embellish the narrative and enliven the interest of the reader. "A Pawn on the Political Chessboard" suggests how the Allies may dish up the Turk. The author presents in a clear, concise style valuable information concerning conditions in Turkey before and after she joined Germany in the present war, insisting especially upon the historical fact that Constantinople has ever been the bone of contention in European politics. "Drugs in the Last Trenches" is a matter-of-fact essay dealing with the victory of the anti-narcotic forces in the passing of a Federal Narcotic Law. "Poland, The Mother of Sorrows", tells in pathetic numbers of the suffering of the down-trodden Poles. Several short stories worthy of especial mention attract our attention. Of these, "One Who Was Crippled", is the most striking, in that it combines harmoniously a romantic strain with a reverent religious spirit.

The April number of *The Solanian* is unusually interesting. The editorials, in particular, are worthy of commendation. One, entitled "Eastertide" is really prose-poetry. "A Glance At Macbeth", though only a glance, has taken in what is most essential in that tragedy of the wizard poet. There is but one fault that one can find with this review: the introduction is rather far-fetched and, in length, out of proportion with the rest of the article. "Socialism, the Real Menace" is a masterful essay, capably handled. Several pieces of verse have been interposed and all show success in courting the Muse. The most charming and inspiring is "The Resurrection".

We are introduced to the Spring number of *The Loretine*, with a gently flowing poem, "My Dream Barque", in which poetic thought is admirably blended with figurative language. Several other pieces of charming verse show gifted imaginations. Of these, "Villanelle" and "Ecstasy" are the best specimens.

"Keats and Shelley" compares closely the various qualities of those youthful English poets. "The Cloud" is a detailed examination of one of Shelley's most ethereal works.

In *The Mountaineer* for April, "Beowolf, a Criticism" is a delightful review of that old Teutonic masterpiece. The author shows quite conclusively that the various characteristics embodied within it point to its Teutonic origin. "Lobster Salad" is a delicious fantasy, giving free scope to the creative powers of the author. Of the bits of verse scattered throughout the magazine, "A Soldier of God", best holds the reader's attention.

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The Very Rev. President represented the University at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Catholic University of America on April 15th. Of this notable event, we give some impressions elsewhere in our pages.

The members of the Fourth High held their third and last debate for the year, on Sunday evening, April 18th. This is the first year this class has appeared as debaters, and the able manner in which they discussed the various subjects selected for them gives reason to hope that the Fourth High will retain this privilege during the coming year. The subject for the debate was "Are Convicts Eligible for Positions in the Navy?" M. F. Obruba was in the chair; Messrs. Bruchwalski, Slaski and Sullivan spoke for the resolution, and Messrs. Monheim, Riley and Sorce opposed it.

The last of the Sunday evening entertainments for the

1914-15 school year was held by the Sophomore Class on April 25.

Those who attended were very pleasantly entertained with musical numbers, and a hotly-contested debate on the merits of the Statesman and the General, which was won by the supporters of the General, Messrs. Deasy and Drengacz. Their opponents were Messrs. Streiff and Sullivan, and Mr. Fritz was chairman.

An examination in Christian Doctrine for a Gold Medal will be held on June the first. This contest is open to students of the High Schools, Academic, Scientific and Commercial. The questions will be taken from the following subjects: the Marks of the Church, the Incarnation, and the Commandments of God.

The annual oratorical and elocutionary contests were held in the University Hall, April 30th. A large audience composed of relatives and friends of the contestants was present and all voted the boys splendid entertainers. The contestants in the oratorical contest had very interesting themes, and the pieces chosen by those in the elocutionary contest ran the gamut of the emotions—pathos and patriotism having the largest share.

After careful consideration the judges awarded the Gold Medal for Oratory to E. Lawrence O'Connell, and the Silver Medals for Elocution to Michael F. Obruba, Walter T. Hughes, William F. Lynn and Arthur L. Depp. We append the programme :

Overture . . . Battle of the Waves . . . *Hall*
Students' Orchestra

Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis
Vocal Director, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Litt.

ELOCUTIONARY CONTESTS

DIVISION I.—SILVER MEDAL

Lawrence F. White	"Not Guilty"
Raymond A. Etzel	"Pride of Battery B"
Howard F. Murphy	"How He Saved St. Michael's"
Arthur L. Depp	"Nathan Hale"
Vocal Solo	Love's Trinity . . . <i>DeKoven</i>
Vincent S. Burke		

DIVISION II.—SILVER MEDAL

William J. Turley	"The Prisoner's Plea"
Cornelius H. Becker	"Boots"
Stanley P. Balcerzak	"The Benediction"
William F. Lynn	"The Face on the Floor"
Solo for Two Cornets	A Perfect Day Arr. by <i>Alford</i>
Edward J. Sullivan	
Echo	Paul P. Fidel
Accompanist,	Bernard J. Lynch

DIVISION III.—SILVER MEDAL

Walter T. Hughes	"Casey at the Bat"
Anthony M. Gunkle	"Gualberto's Victory"
Patrick J. Sweeney	"The Patriot Brothers"
Robert E. Donovan	"The Revolutionary Rising"
Violin Solo	Thais <i>Massenet</i>
Francis X. Kleye	

DIVISION IV.—SILVER MEDAL

Michael F. Obruba	"The Polish Boy"
Patrick A. Diranna	"The Wine Cup"
James H. Shanahan	"The Song of the Market Place"
Aloysius G. Gloekler	"Legend of Bregenz"
Chorus	Lead, Kindly Light <i>Dudley Buck</i>
Choir	

ORATORICAL CONTEST—SILVER MEDAL

Jerome D. Hannan	"Total Abstinence, a Cure for Alcoholic Excesses"
E. Lawrence O'Connell	"Labor Opens the Gates"
William C. Heimbuecher	"The Evil of Armaments"
Raymond A. Baum	"The Evils of Smoking"
Selections (a)	I'm On Ma Way to Dublin Bay <i>Murphy</i>
(b)	I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier <i>Piantadosi</i>
Students' Orchestra	

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES

Honorable James B. Drew, Judge of County Court of Allegheny County; Rev. Joseph L. Jaworski, C. S. Sp., Assistant Rector, Immaculate Heart Church; William H. Walker, Dean, D. U. School of Higher Accounting.

Finale Under the Grand Old Flag *Brisbin*
Students' Orchestra

JOHN T. LITTLE, 4 H.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

During the month of April, in addition to the regular routine work, which in itself is very interesting, several events of special importance were scheduled.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 9TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK, Mr. H. Pfeffer, general superintendent of Joseph Horne Company, gave an open lecture upon "Department Store Organization and Selling". This proved to be a most practical and interesting talk, and was well attended.

ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 13TH, AT 3 O'CLOCK, a department debate was held in the School of Commerce, upon the subject "Resolved, That the Council of Nine is adequate to the needs of the Government of the City of Pittsburgh". Messrs. Steinkirchner, Larkin, Anton, Gormley and Lappan participated.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 15TH, AT 6 O'CLOCK, Mr. W. H. Walker, Dean of the School of Commerce, gave a special lecture upon "The Powers of the Federal Reserve Board under the New Bank Act".

ATHLETICS

' VARSITY.

THE quiet but efficient student-manager, Jerome D. Hannan, better known by the sobriquet of "Jerry," has completed a long schedule for this season, embracing the fastest college aggregations of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia. Most of these games are at home. This will give the loyal student-body an ample opportunity to display the genuine article of college spirit.

The 'Varsity men, under the painstaking tutelage of Coach Mullaney, have rounded into splendid shape. The infield combination is one to be proud of. The hard-hitting outfielders are also marathon sprinters.

Four games were scheduled for April. Rain prevented the game with W. Va. University, at Morgantown, on April 23rd. The Dukes easily defeated the fast Braddock Collegians, 7 to 2, on April 17.

DUQUESNE 11—ALLEGHENY 5.

The *Pittsburgh Post* gave the following account of the Allegheny game, April 28:

Duquesne University's promising baseball squad administered a severe drubbing to the Allegheny College nine, conqueror of the Pitt team, by the count of 11 to 5 on the Bluff campus yesterday afternoon, playing in an almost continuous downpour of rain that not only would have ruined an ordinary diamond but damp-

ened the enthusiasm of any other but college teams, and bitter rivals at that.

In spite of unfavorable conditions the Bluff fielders got off with three very pretty double plays that compensated in great part for what was otherwise necessarily a slow and one-sided game. At times the visitors fielded and batted in a threatening fashion and completed a fast double play right at the very start, in the first inning. Then, again, in the sixth inning they filled the bases with nobody down, and yet were unable to muster but one run in that chapter.

Harenski handled the sphere in splendid fashion, considering the fearful weather, striking out nine men and giving but one free trip to the first base.

The general impression made by this first real game of the season upon the followers of the Bluffites was a very satisfactory one, and everybody feels that the Dukes have a team which will be away up in the running for the college championship honors in Western Pennsylvania. The score :

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	Allegheny	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
McCloyey, 3.....	2	1	1	2	2	Townsend, 2.....	2	3	2	6	0
Mulroy, s.....	2	2	1	2	1	Robinson, 3.....	0	1	1	2	0
Sweeney, 1.....	2	2	11	0	0	E. Gilb't, m.....	1	2	0	0	0
Ringel, m.....	1	2	1	0	0	Campman, 1.....	0	0	6	0	1
Shortley, l.....	2	0	0	0	1	C. Gilbert, l.....	0	2	2	0	0
Tracey, 2.....	1	0	3	5	1	Schenefe't, s.....	0	0	2	0	2
Hunter, c.....	1	2	10	0	0	Hoffman, r.....	0	0	3	0	1
Morrissey, r.....	0	1	0	0	0	Mellon, c.....	0	0	5	0	0
Harenski, p.....	0	0	0	2	0	Br'kmire, p.....	0	0	0	0	1
Madden, r.....	0	0	0	0	0	Drake, c.....	2	1	3	0	0
Totals	11	10	27	11	5	Totals	5	9	24	8	5

DUQUESNE.....	0	2	6	0	0	3	0	0	*—11
ALLEGHENY.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	2—5

Two-base hits—Sweeney, Ringel. Stolen bases—McCloyey 2, Hunter, Morrissey, Sweeney, Robinson, C. Gilbert, Drake. Bases on balls—Off Harenski 1, off Brookmire 3. Hit by pitched ball—By Harenski 1 (Robinson). Sacrifice bunt—Mulroy. Sacrifice fly—Morrissey. Left on bases—Allegheny 5, Duquesne 5. Struck out—By Harenski 9, by Brookmire 8. Double plays—Tracey to Sweeney 2; Harenski to McCloyey to Sweeney; Robinson to Schenefeldt. Time of game—2:10. Umpire—Delaney.

DUQUESNE 5—WEST VIRGINIA 7.

On April 30, the West Virginia University squad journeyed to Pittsburgh, and took away what, till the very end, looked like Duquesne's game.

Howard pitched his first game for the Dukes, and barring

one inning, the first, had the visitors at his mercy. In the seventh he made way for a pinch hitter and Harenski, who pitched against Allegheny Wednesday, took his place. The visitors liked Harenski's offerings, who went into the game cold, and they greeted him with an array of hits that sewed up the affair.

The eighth was a nightmare for the locals. Dille walked and was forced at second by Fidler. Steeps doubled to left. Ayres singled and Steeps and Fidler scored. Stone grounded out to first and Dougher walked. Chenewest doubled to center and Ayres scored.

Duquesne scored its first run in the second on Shortley's double, Treacy's out and Leatherwood's error on Hunter's hit and a passed ball.

In the third they registered four tallies, jumping into the lead. McClorey singled to left and stole second. On Mulroy's death at first, McClorey moved up to third. Sweeney then got his second double of the game, McClorey scoring. Ringel singled to middle, Sweeney scoring, and on the play at the plate, Ringel went to second. Shortley tripled to left, scoring Ringel. Shortley later scored on a passed ball.

During the time Howard performed on the mound he fanned ten of the Mountaineer batsmen, getting six in two successive innings. The score:

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	W. Va.	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
McClorey, 3.....	1	1	2	3	0	Hersey, m.....	1	0	3	1	0
Mulroy, s.....	0	1	1	0	0	Leather'd, 2.....	1	1	4	2	1
Sweeney, 1.....	1	2	6	1	0	Dille, 3.....	1	0	2	0	0
Ringel, m.....	1	1	2	0	0	Fidler, c.....	1	1	5	3	3
Shortley, l.....	2	1	3	0	0	Stoops, r.....	1	1	3	0	0
Treacy, 2.....	0	0	3	1	0	Ayers, l.....	2	2	2	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	3	10	1	0	Stone, s.....	0	0	0	2	0
Morrissey, r.....	0	0	0	0	0	Dougher, l.....	0	0	8	0	0
Howard, p.....	0	0	0	0	2	Chenew't, p.....	0	2	0	4	0
* Magarrall.....	0	0	0	0	0						
Harenski.....	0	0	0	1	0						
Totals.....	5	9	27	7	2	Totals	7	7	27	12	4
DUQUESNE.....	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	
WEST VIRGINIA.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	7	

Two-base hits—Sweeney 2, Shortley, Stoops, Chenewest. Three-base hit—Shortley. Home run—Ayers. Struck out—By Howard 10, by Chenewest 4. Double plays—West Virginia 2. Hit by pitcher—by Howard 2. First base on balls—Off Harenski 2, off Chenewest 3. Wild pitch—Howard. Umpire—Delaney.

Alumni.

THE SECOND ALUMNI SMOKER OF 1915.

AS was already, in due time, announced in the MONTHLY, the new president of our Alumni is Mr. John P. Egan, whose advent to the leadership has been welcomed especially for the reason that he is known as a real "live wire," of the most practical and strenuous calibre. No sooner, therefore, was he elected than he took active measures to promote and insure a more elaborate system of co-operation on the part of the entire Alumni body with the University. In this view he conceived the idea of proceeding along new lines, at least as a remote preparation for effective work. He picked out from each year, dating back to the early eighties, a few active and energetic, as well as representative graduate members, whom he convoked to a special meeting, held in the University Buildings on the Bluff, on the evening of Wednesday, April 20th. They had not, perhaps, as he told them, heard much of the activities of the Duquesne University Alumni Association during the last few years. They probably would hear more during the next few years, but that would depend upon the interest and co-operation of the members. Those whom he had thus especially marked out were, he felt sure, members whose presence at her meetings and gatherings would give additional stimulus to her undertakings.

A worthy and strenuous effort was now being made to place the Association upon a better working basis, so that she might be of assistance, not only to her *Alma Mater*, but also to the individual members themselves. This meeting was the first step in that work, but its success would be measured by the number and earnestness of those present at the gathering.

In response to this energetic appeal, and realizing that it meant "business," quite a number of class representatives gathered round the President on the aforesaid evening, April 20th, in the University Hall, and although the proceedings were conducted in a most informal fashion, there was not a moment's time lost in getting down to the practical objects and purposes of the meeting. There was a good sprinkling of the old and the young, from the graduates of '83 to those of '14.

The presence of Mr. Joseph Reiman, '84, Supreme President of the Knights of St. George, and well-known throughout the length and breadth of the State, was a most welcome omen of renewed interest among the older Alumni, and his words of deep wisdom and mature judgment emphasizing energetic co-

operation struck the right keynote for the meeting. His suggestions were followed by others of an entirely practical character reflecting the experiences of many past generations of students, on the part of Rev. P. A. McDermott. Attorney Gregory Zsatkovich, '07, followed with excellent recommendations, which after brief remarks from Rev. John F. Malloy, '04; Rev. Joseph A. Pobleschek, '05; Mr. J. I. Brennan, '04; Mr. E. H. Kempf, '02; Mr. John N. Carey, '83; Mr. Charles D. Finney, '99; and Dan J. McFarlin, '10, were resumed in a masterly fashion by President Egan, and adopted enthusiastically by the entire gathering. It was resolved that in future there should be at least four meetings at stated and definite times during the course of each scholastic year, of which one would constitute the annual banquet. In this way the old boys would soon come to meet more regularly, and, knowing in advance, at least approximately the date of the expected meetings, they would be better prepared to attend them. Definite and attractive programmes, chiefly from among their own talent, would be carefully provided. Basketball games, and, occasionally, a lively exhibition of athletic exercises or even of the great old art of self-defence would be the *pièce-de-resistance* of the interesting menu, all to wind up with minor items, including a tasty lunch and the fragrant "pull" at the good old pipe, or the latest brand of El-Roi-Tan.

Another meeting along the same lines was suggested for May 27th; and, in order to have another good representative crowd, filled with a like spirit of enthusiasm and practical ambition, Mr. Egan commissioned Mr. Charles Blundon, '03, to make a complete roster, carefully brought up to date, of the entire membership, from the earliest years.

The meeting was brought to a close with some very encouraging words by the Very Rev. President of the University, who declared that, from what he could see of the temper of the meeting, and the views of the members who had spoken, as well as of the energy of the officers, the Alumni Association was bound to prosper, unto renewed life and activity, not only for its own members, but for the University, its *Alma Mater*.



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June Carol.

(RONDEL)

A SONG unto the rose,
A carol sweet for June!
More softly zephyr blows;
The birds their lyres attune
To chirp, at morn and noon,
And e'en to evening's close,
A song unto the rose,
A carol sweet for June.

Dimmer the twilight grows;
Out comes the silvery moon.
Sing, love, to bring repose,
Soft lullabys that croon,
A song unto the rose,
A carol sweet for June.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



The Uninvited Witness.

HAROLD WHARTON was the youngest son of the Earl of Devonshire. While his two elder brothers were devoted to the gay life of the city,—silk and broadcloth, powdered wigs and sedan chairs—he preferred plain, homespun clothes, and the solitude of his father's vast estate; and it was there he spent his leisure hours, hunting with his two young Irish setters, "Max" and "Sport". But as he grew older, he became restive, and, knowing that he had only a small chance of inheriting the title, he at last resolved to visit the New World, still under British domination.

After exchanging farewell greetings with his family and friends, he went out to the kennels to have a last look at his two faithful dogs, who, by their actions, apparently understood that their master was leaving them forever. Far into the night, and for many days thereafter, their dismal howlings woke the echoes of the countryside.

Harold was not long in America before the Revolutionary War broke out. Influenced by new friends, and deeply impressed by their wrongs, he took up arms against his mother-country. He fought gallantly throughout the entire war, and after peace had been restored, settled on a small farm near Birmingham, on the Monongahela river opposite the village of Pittsburgh, in Western Pennsylvania.

Harold had now been in America eight years. He had grown in stature, was broadened and browned with exposure, and had acquired a strikingly military bearing, so that even his most intimate friends would not have recognized him as the youth who had left England eight years before.

When the old Earl learned that his son had joined the ranks of the Colonial army, he flew into a frightful rage. "Let none of mine ever mention his name again!" he cried, "and let the very record of his birth be erased from the family Bible!" And so it was done.

During these eight years, Lawrence, the oldest son, had died,

and Douglas, the second, had fallen while leading a charge at Saratoga. Neither left any heirs. To keep the property in his immediate family, the old Earl would willingly have found his disinherited son. But, almost before he could take any steps in this direction, he himself fell a victim to apoplexy. His nephew, Percival Wharton, laid claim to the inheritance, on the ground that Harold was only an adopted son and had, furthermore, been killed in the battle of Germantown.

From an old friend who had come to try his fortune in America, Harold learned how matters stood in England. He at once resolved to frustrate the iniquitous designs of his cousin, and immediately set out for his old home.

Arriving in England, and having consulted lawyers, he determined to visit the old Devon manor. The three old servants that remained looked upon him as an impostor. "What!" they said, one to another, "This big brown man with the strange accent, pretending to be our delicate young master, Harold! Preposterous! Absurd!"

Harold made many inquiries about persons and things that pertained to the time when he left home. He learned that, in the extremity of his irritation, the old Earl had disposed of all his belongings. After infinite trouble, he ascertained that his faithful dogs had been sold to a young admirer—Croyden by name—about five years before. It was some comfort, at least, that they were still together, and in good hands.

As the day set by the court for the trial of the case drew near, his lawyers grew very grave; for, while they were convinced that he was the heir, they knew that he did not possess sufficient proofs. The rascally Percival went about boasting that "this pretender's name is not even in the family Bible of my lamented uncle. It is open to inspection, too!" His lawyers were jubilant, and felt as if their case was already won.

At last the day arrived.

One by one the jurors took their seats. The judge, after making a short speech, ordered the chief counsel for Harold to state his claim. He did so, and after he had made a lengthy speech, he took his seat.

Then Mr. Croyden, chief counsel for the defendant, arose. Harold Wharton started at the mention of the lawyer's name. He had no time to analyze his feelings, however. Mr. Croyden was a very young man, but had lately attained great fame in his profession, and, as this case looked so easy, was picked out as a

sure winner. He attacked the arguments of his opponent in a very forcible manner, clearly showing how weak were the statements set forth by him.

A number of prominent persons were called as witnesses. They all agreed that they had never, for upwards of ten years preceding the Earl's demise, heard him speak of a third son of his. Some of them could not recall ever seeing more than two boys at the festivals they had attended at the old Devon manor. The three old servants had been partly wheedled, partly intimidated, into saying that Harold was only an adopted son; but they were quite sincere in their protestations that the man before them could not be the Harold of former days.

And to clinch his chain of proofs, the young barrister pointed triumphantly to the Bible record of births.

As he was closing his argument, a young lord strolled into the court-room. He had just returned from a hunting trip and was followed by a large bird-dog. This young man was a firm friend of the lawyer for the defendant; and Mr. Croyden himself was the owner of the fine dog that followed at the young lord's heels.

The dog, hearing his master's voice, wandered through the crowd, vainly trying to locate him. As he passed Harold, he stopped short, began to sniff and whine.

Harold looked down, and recognized the pet of his boyhood. He simply said "Max".

The dog began to jump and bark and lick the hand of his former master in delight. "Glad to see you back, old playmate," Max said, as plain as words could say it. There could be no doubt of the identification.

When it was explained where the dog had come from, the cousin's clever fabric of "evidence" went to pieces of itself, and the case was unanimously decided in favor of Harold.

He won his estate, and the most valuable possession attached to it was the faithful dog, "Max".

FREDERICK C. MALEY, '17.



A Singer Immortal.

THE life of Robert Burns has employed the pen of many biographers, who pronounce an equitable judgment on a remarkable man, the complex character of whose genius and life demands a calm consideration, equally remote from patriotic idolatry on the one hand and pharisaical severity on the other. They are those who have allowed the poet, both in his verse and in his prose, to be as much as possible his own portrait painter.

There is a fashion, however, of speaking about Burns in Arcadian phrase, as if he were merely a minstrel peasant, an inspired ploughman, flinging his "wood notes wild" about men or mice, fair women or mountain daisies, as the rustic whim might move him. But this is a very inadequate notion of his intellectual position. He was a peasant, certainly, born and bred, but a man of very fair school culture, and, what is more, a man of great intellectual ambition. He was not content with giving shape to a pretty fancy or a genial emotion, as the inspiration might come. He made himself familiar with no small portion of the current literature of the day, and put himself to great pains to acquire a mastery of the English language as it dominated the cultivated society of the British Isles, both in conversation and in books. "When he appeared in the intellectual arena of the metropolis, he was not only recognized as a grand social lion, but forthwith felt to be a great social power, an expert master in that sort of intellectual fence, in which the keen wits of Parliament and the trained intellects of the university delighted to disport themselves." His epistles to persons of all ranks exhibit the greatest force and tact in the use of the English language.

Burns is incomparably the greatest poetic voice of a great and famous people. England has no poet so entirely English as Burns is Scottish. The greatest thing possessed by any nation is its own rendering of the universal heart of man, and Scotland has found its perfect utterance in Burns. "He is for his country the

greatest of all poetic figures, and for all the world, in virtue of that fact and in despite of all the obstacles of dialect, a figure whom no lover of poetry can afford to ignore."

A writer on Burns, distinguished no less by his imaginative sympathy than by his philosophical subtlety, makes the remark that of him more literally perhaps than of any other writer can it be said that his writing lives, that is to say, that "in every line the man is there completely and emphatically alive." And no great writer has more completely and more effectively written out his life in his writings than Robert Burns. One feels that the man is always in the midst of the business, and that "his song is always the direct emphatic utterance of his honest self, moved with the quick pulse of an alert and genial vitality." It may flow out hot as a boiling geyser, or mild as the summer dew, but it is always spontaneous. In whatever style, tenderly pathetic or wildly humorous, the poet is always the man. Reality, the most intense human reality, substantiality of the most solid content, is the stuff of which his verses are made. How vividly is the substance of the following extract pictured in the mind :

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel' ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.

It is now universally admitted that the bard of Ayrshire has gained for himself, by the number, the variety, and the brilliancy of his productions, a place in the first rank of the great lyrists of the world,—Pindar, Chaucer, Horace, Hafiz, Goethe, Béranger, Moore. Whatever qualities are necessary to make a lyric poet, which include not only songs to be sung but idylls, sketches of character and even "satirical sideshots" and other short poems meant to be read,—of these qualities Burns possessed a complete equipment. In song-writing, no master of the English lyre could surpass the purity of his lyrical phrase when he chose to use it. But he knew only too well that systematically to anglicise the Scottish songs would be systematically to spoil them,—to rob them of that "honest directness, pure truthfulness, easy grace,

and playful simplicity] which is their peculiar charm." The Scottish dialect, besides having more of the breath of sentiment about it, is more musical in a technical sense, and richer in vocal sounds than the more highly cultivated sister dialect. The first verse of the beautiful song of *Gala Water*,

"There's braw, braw lads on yarrow braes,
That wander thro' the blooming heather;
But yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Gala Water,"

is in no way peculiar in the frequency with which the most musical of the vowels strikes the ear.

Goethe has remarked, that Burns, with his genius and with his character, had to execute his mission in life, which was to elevate and enlarge Scottish song, to put a classical stamp on it and to give it a world-wide celebrity. This he performed successfully and triumphantly. Any person who looks into a common collection of popular Scottish songs, will be struck with the wonderful richness and various excellence of the repertory, altogether independent of Burns; still it was Burns that, "partly by the striking excellence of his own contributions, partly by the exquisite tact with which he handled and improved traditional materials, gave to Scottish lyrical literature a position in the estimation of intelligent Europe similar to that which Shakespeare holds in the domain of drama."

Such is the success of Burns, and anyone who understands the significance of such a success and the value of such a triumph, will not allow his gratitude for a great public service to be marred by the looming up of an occasional folly or a social indiscretion on the part of the private man. Whatever may have been his personal deflection from the path of social rectitude, as the exponent of national sentiment he was wise and noble, and careful to teach his fellow-citizens to beware of those unreined impulses and unreasoned passions which had pierced his heart with many sorrows, and flung such unseemly blots on the pure lustre of his fame.

Such is Robert Burns, the man who gave to the essential and universal things of the human heart the freest and strongest utterance they have ever found in the English language. His words go straight from his heart to ours in unerring felicity, sincerity and strength. In his field he is a master at whose feet all future masters must sit.

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, '17.

The Light That Is Felt.

A TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly;
"Oh, mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light!"

We, older children, grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord! in Thine, the light is day,
And there is darkness never more.

Ah! downward reach to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—ANON.



The Critic From Mars.

(A policeman in Pittsburgh was recently approached by a disreputable figure in the garb of a tramp. In a hesitating voice this tramp asked that a manuscript which he handed to the officer be sent to the learned savants of the United States. The policeman reluctantly took the paper; upon which the wanderer drew from his pocket a crystal, said a few words in a strange tongue and left this earthly frame. The following was translated by a professor of Greek at a noted University. This man said that the tongue in which the story was written was similar to Greek.)

MY name is Sinye. I have journeyed to the Earth from Mars in a manner which I shall describe later. I was born in a large city on the banks of a Martian Canal. At the tardy age of seven I took up the study of the sciences. I regretted this fault of mine very much in later life, since I was thrown far behind my companions who had taken up their course upon arriving at the age of intelligence. It was ill-health that forced me to defer my studies for a few years. Nevertheless, I steadily worked at the branches of science corresponding to the Earthly sciences of Chemistry, Physics and Astronomy. Although I devoted the greater part of my time to Astronomy, it cannot be said that I neglected the other two sciences, since I had discovered the fourth dimension, divided the element known to you as Radium into two distinct elements, isolated every element known to your scientists and discovered enough to fill your Periodic Table. I had discovered the real cause of Gravity and obtained Electricity as a dry tangible substance. But my principal occupation was in finding a combination of lenses which would further my work along celestial lines.

One day I accidentally hit upon a new form of lens which, when combined with another arrangement of lenses, gave an almost infinite vision to my instrument. I immediately calculated the distance of the Earth, the focus and the angle of inclination necessary for my work. I swung my telescope until it pointed toward the small light glimmering in the distance. It was the Earth. Immediately a large field of vision swung before my eyes. Although at a distance of 35,000,000 miles from the Earth, I saw the race at about one-eighth of an inch in height. For many days and nights I studied the forms of the people presented to my view. These people were dwelling on an angle formed by

two narrow strips of water. From this angle arose a continuous haze of smoke. How, thought I, could these people exist in such an atmosphere? I have since learned that the name of this place was Pittsburgh.

At last I could no longer withstand the desire to be in a foreign world. Applying a feature of the fourth dimension I threw myself into a trance and was rudely awakened in the garb of a tramp, in the place I had so earnestly longed for. The cause of my awakening was Irish, and was dressed in a blue uniform with brass buttons. I could not help remarking how in him brawn had been developed at the expense of brain. But, as I inspected specimen after specimen, I found this process was quite generally followed. The dwelling-places of this race are for the most part mere huts of a few stories. One of the largest was about one-fifth as high as our buildings. On its portal I traced the words, FRICK BUILDING. This inscription gave me no clue to the purpose of the structure; but even after a thorough inspection I was still in the dark on the matter.

From all sides rushed a motley crowd dressed in the most ridiculous fashion, the men with coats too small,—in imitation of the English models, I suppose,—and the women with transparent sleeves and all kinds of head-gear. Some even wore furs on that hot August day. Not content with the gaseous product of their factories, many of these humans were constantly engaged in the intelligent occupation of burning curious odoriferous contrivances of a vegetable origin, in their mouths! I will tell my fellow-workers on Mars that I believe that this race is sadly deficient in mental capacity.

A class of humanity distinct from these is the Students. These Students are noted for their general lassitude, their readiness to utter meaningless words in a loud tone of voice * and their general reluctance to study. Their ideas of work and play are *toto coelo* different from the Martian conceptions of these matters. For instance, when they play a brutal game (I do not know what it is called) twenty-two of them, well-developed specimens, pummel, fondle, push, caress and assault one another. Eleven of them strive to carry an oblate spheroid made of the hide of swine, over a line made of slaked lime and water. The other eleven strain desperately to prevent such a blot on their school honor. Many of these youths are maimed for life. Some

* N. B. Probably college-yells.—EDITOR.

are carried off the field and all are covered with mud, glory and liniment. Some have their facial adornments thrust out of alignment; others have their limbs seriously injured; all are in a state of exhaustion bordering on collapse: but what care they if they have prevented their opponents from registering a so-called touchdown? And they regard this as play! If any of the aforesaid youths were to spend such muscular energy in a steel mill they would put all the 30-ton cranes in the scrap-heap. Play? Bah! This great development of sinews and thews must be attributed to the richness of the atmosphere. Only on the highest mountains do I find an atmosphere as rare as that of Mars. There only, also, can I give myself up completely to the joys of the mind.

To pursue the subject: another game consists in placing a leathern sphere within an iron ring. Many a youth, after spending four terms of school at this game, to the exclusion of all else, becomes so proficient as to be able to propel the sphere through the ring from all sorts of inconceivable postures—in practice. After carefully fostering fifteen charley-horses or bruises, he accepts the resignation of the schol authorities, and graduates, *Summa cum laude*, known ever afterwards to the under-graduates, as the man who shot three goals on the All-American Guard in the Backyard and Jail Game.

In another of their games a youth endeavors by much balling and striking to propel a globe—approximating his cranium in size and hardness—by means of an elongated cylinder, so far as to permit himself with much exertion to run a distance of 360 feet before said ball is applied to his person. If he succeeds in doing this in a crucial game his fame is secured. He will be compared to such illustrious Americans as Noah, Wilhelm der Zweite, Adam the first, Jess Willard, Henry Ford and Charles Chaplin.*

After a sojourn of nearly a year, my longing for the familiar Martian Canals, and for the pale radiance of her twin moons, outweighs every other consideration. As soon as I can place this manuscript in safe hands I will leave this Earth with more regret for having entered it than having left it.

SINYC

J. E. VAN ILLUS.

* Sinye was probably confused as to the geography of the Earth, hence these racial errors.—ED.



Some Natural Scenery.

AT THE ALLEGHENY'S SOURCE.

I HAD eaten my dinner on top of a high ridge covered with dense second-growth timber. The game had been very plentiful, and already having a well-filled bag, I decided not to exert myself for the rest of the afternoon.

With the intention of gratifying this lackadaisical feeling I took note of my surroundings, hoping to find more comfortable quarters.

Seeing an opening in the trees ahead, I sauntered towards the spot, and leisurely made myself comfortable on top of a flat rock nearby.

For a few moments I sat there day-dreaming, unconscious of the beauty of the day, and looking with unappreciative eyes at the expanse of scenery spread out before me.

Then suddenly I realized that I was looking at what was, undoubtedly, the most beautiful stretch of scenery that I had ever beheld.

I was located at the extreme summit of the ridge forming the apex of a huge watershed, whose two arms, like those of a mammoth V, stretched forth in ever-widening distances and were finally enveloped in the purple haze and fog of the October day.

The grandeur of the scene and the immensity of the view were augmented by the mild sunlight, whose benign rays bestowed a touch of solemnity and peacefulness on the valley.

Here and there were hills more prominent than others, jutting forth as though to attract attention, whose bases reached out in undulating curves to join the rest of the scenery.

Just below me I could dimly discern a spring, from which came forth a small stream of water, lost for a distance among the trees, but reappearing farther down the valley, becoming larger and larger as the eye followed its course.

The summits of the ridges were covered with chestnut, oak and an occasional red-leafed maple, while here and there wild grape-vines lent a touch of brilliant color to the scene.

The sides of the valley were lined with majestic pines, whose trunks pointed upward in straight, unswerving lines, as though preaching a silent sermon of restraint to the dancing, frivolous rivulet that flowed at their bases.

Happening to look down at the spring, I saw my two companions of the morning, and as they were anxious to get home we immediately left the vicinity.

However, the memory of the place still haunts me, and I shall count myself fortunate if I am able to visit it again.

MAURICE J. SEARLE, 4 H.



IN THE BOHMERWALD.

IN the midst of a broad meadow that broke the continuity of the forest, stood the wood-keeper's lodge. It was built of fir wood and its roof was thickly thatched with straw. Not far from the lodge was a barn and a woodshed.

In front of his cabin the wood-keeper had fenced off a little space where he had planted an old-fashioned garden. Sunflowers and petunias grew in front of the windows. The petunias were covered with many blossoms of various pretty shades of pink, violet and blue, contrasting with the unvarying golden glory of the sunflowers. Between the heavy stalks of the latter, the red poppy found its abode, as if it were trying to shelter itself under the big leaves of the sunflowers. Sweet-peas twined around the stems of the poppy. A little further away the periwinkle, the marigold, and pale asters, were blooming in riotous profusion.

Apart, in a rectangular space surrounded by a wire fence, the vegetables were growing. Luscious cabbage and fuzzy-topped carrots were nearest the fence. In long rows, blue flax was rocking to and fro in the breeze. A little farther on could be seen the dull-green rows of potato plants, and on the rest of the field, up to the edge of the stream, all sorts of grain were planted.

There were only a few trees around the lodge. The oldest

tree was a birch, and it stood so near that when the wind blew, its broad branches brushed against the roof of the house. The birch was the abode of many sparrows, whose chirping served as an accompaniment to the leaves' soft harmonies.

Around the little farm, as far as the eye could see, a wall of trees stretched out. One opening only in this wall let through it a stream that washed the sides of the meadow, and reflected trees and sky in its placid depths.

This cabin was the home of a poor but contented wood-keeper, who, together with his little daughter, led a happy life in the dense forest.

S. M. ZABOROWSKI, 4 H.



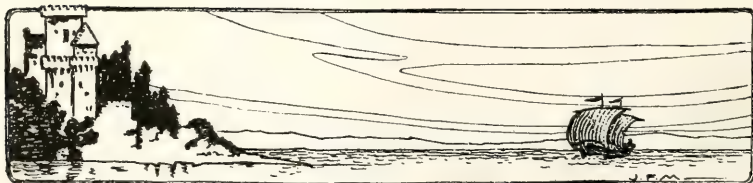
May Nineteenth.

(RONDEAU)

WITH raucous voice acclaim the scene.
 Across the boards, on festive toe,
 She trippeth lightly to and fro;
 Her *coiffure* fit for any queen,
 Her frock *charmeuse* and *crepe-de-chine*.
 Your plaudits gen'rously bestow
 With raucous voice.

Her witching eyes and girlish mien
 My heart into a rapture throw.
 But—when her lines she speaketh, lo!
 The sweet illusion 's spoiled, I ween,
 With raucous voice!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



“Labor Opens the Gate”.*

IN this vicinity, Labor speaks to us on every side. The ceaseless din of traffic, the hoarse warning of steamboats, the noisy riveting of iron beams, the dull roar of the steel mills, the piercing shriek of the trolley car, the deafening signal of the steam engine,—all these are the voices of Labor. The black smoke arising from the various factories, the towering buildings, the expanding bridges, the portals of educational institutions, the steeples of churches, all combine to form the alphabet of Labor; and this Labor which we see and hear on every side is, as I intend to show, our very life; and only by Labor do we enter into the fullness of life. In other words, Labor is the key which opens the gate and introduces us into the material, the mental, and the moral world.

Herbert Spencer tells us that life is the power to enter into relation with other things, and the wider this relation, the greater is the life. The bird that flies in the air has more life than the worm that listlessly buries itself in the earth; and if we explore the whole domain of animal existence, we shall find that life exists more fully only in proportion as the animal enters into relation with a wider circle of beings.

And so it is with man in the material world. He, like the animal, lives in a world of food and clothing; and, as with the animal, so with man, his life becomes more full in proportion as he brings himself into wider relations with the material world.

By cutting the tree in the forest, by driving the harrow into the earth, by plowing the waters of the deep, by piling stone upon stone, by forging the mighty arm of steel, he is ever expanding his relations with the material world; and, even considered as an animal, he is widening the circle of his own life. What a contrast between the cave of our primitive ancestors, and our mighty modern city! and what a corresponding contrast in the lives of the inhabitants of the former, when compared with those of the latter! To what is all this owing but to Labor? Thus, Labor means more life even in the material world, and the commonest laborer and the man in rags and tatters may ever be adding to the fullness of his existence.

Labor, then, opens the gate and ushers man into the material world. But it also opens to him the world of thought and imagination.

* This oration won the Gold Medal at the Oratorical Contest, April 30, 1915.

When he enters into the world of the past, and when, after long and diligent application, he has grasped the achievements of mankind since the advent of history down to the present time, he may, after the toils of the day are complete, open the pages of his history and walk once more among the shady groves and classic porticoes of Athens; he fights by the side of Leonidas, Cincinnatus and Charles Martel; in spirit he sits once again in the stately ranks of the Roman Senate, containing the flower of all that was most august in Roman manhood. As he still turns those pages of history, he breathes again the artistic spirit and poetry of the middle ages, he converses with the merchant philosophers of stately Venice, listens to the glowing words of Dante and Petrarch, escapes from the narrow atmosphere of modern trade unions and enjoys for a time the poetry and brotherhood of the medieval guild.

If he labors at Science, he brings himself into contact with the invisible material forces of nature,—the mysterious gravity that makes the world spin on its axis,—the electric dart that reaches from continent to continent. Nay, in Astronomy he can leave this world of ours and expatiate among those giant worlds of the starry heavens, receding away and away in vast regions of space.

Not even here does Labor stop in widening the mental circle of man's life.

The artist touches the canvas and there is another creation. It is not a mere production of a tenement or a landscape, but there is portrayed the gloom of gloom, or the sunshine of sunshine; that material spirit and splendor that is given only by the mind of man. / He touches the marble with his chisel and there is revealed, not only form, but the mysterious secret of form. He touches the strings of a harp and evokes sounds which, in the words of Cardinal Newman, "are the expression of thoughts, of ideas greater and more profound than any to be found in the visible world." Rising in his strength he will break through the trammels of words, he will scatter human voices, even the sweetest, to the winds; he will be borne upon nothing less than the fullest flood of sounds which art has enabled him to draw from mechanical contrivances; he will go forth as a giant as far as his instrument can reach, starting from its secret depths, fresher and fresher elements of beauty and grandeur as he goes, and pouring them together into still more rapturous combinations.

Thus the expanse of man's mental life is in proportion to the

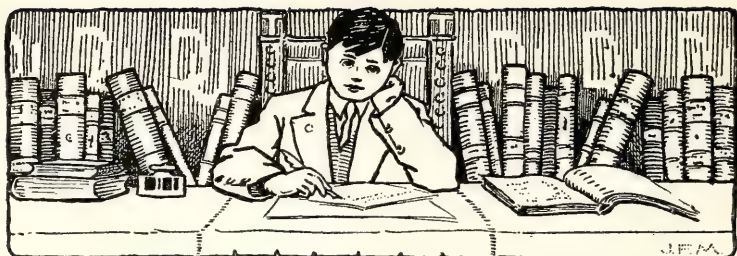
Labor he expends; to use the words of Ruskin, "It is only by Labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that Labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity." The more he labors, the wider the circle of all things, past, present, and future, near and distant, with which he enters into relation.

But besides this material world, in which we eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy physical comfort; and besides the mental world, where the mind of man can live in past and future, and scan the mysteries of nature, there is a great moral world, the world of law and harmony; and even in this world it is only by that wonderful key that we enter the gate and dwell in the infinite, real world of God Himself. The hermit in his cell, the martyr in the arena, the missionary in his far-off field of unrelenting toil, have been introduced into that higher Kingdom which is not of this world.

Who is there that does not know how severe is the Labor which opens for us into the gates of spiritual life, when dark invisible spirits whisper into the ear of man, when the voice of the world struggles with the voice of conscience, and when, at times, our own flesh and blood are our bitterest enemies? And yet it is only constant effort that can keep us within the spiritual world, and open for us the vast horizon of our future blessedness. Truly does Tasso say, "The guard of virtue is labor," and the Master Himself expressed the same truth still more impressively when he affirmed that "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away".—(Matt. XI. 12).

But the day will come when this labor, like the other, will reap its reward. When the twilight begins to envelop our mortal day; when, like the Arab, we have to fold our tents and depart; then we shall realize what Labor will have done for us in the spiritual world. Then shall we deserve to have realized in ourselves the words of the Divine Teacher, "I have come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly." And so we may end where we began, convinced that *labor* and *liber* are really correlative terms, and that Labor opens the gate to the material world, to the mental world, and to the infinite, real world of God's own Kingdom.

E. LAWRENCE O'CONNELL, '16.



SANCTUM

Editorial.

Labor Opens the Gate.

THE end of the school year is hard upon us. Faculty and students can look back with satisfaction to a notably successful year. Those that feel most cause for self-gratulation will also be ready to confess that in their case the proverb, "No excellence without labor," has been verified. And the others, who, to themselves at least, are constrained to avow that the year has been for the most part wasted, must look to the same trite aphorism for the ultimate explanation of their failure.

In the main business of the establishment—if we may be permitted the expression—the tabulated record of the quarterly examinations gives abundant evidence of an eminently satisfactory and serious spirit of study, that augurs well for the future of our boys. At the proclamation of the results of these tests, the President had occasion to single out a score or more whose record was specially praiseworthy. Every one honored with such a mention, is also, among his intimates, known as a "hard student." For him, thus far, Labor has opened the gates of success.

In the other activities—athletic, dramatic, musical—in which all do not feel the same interest, the proverb has been verified no less convincingly. The hours devoted to practice by the teams, big and little, have borne fruit in exact proportion to the labor expended.

The orchestra and glee club in May were certainly a great improvement on their namesakes of September. But, beyond all else, the success of the dramatic club, amounting to a triumph, must be attributed to an amount of labor and an attention to details from which any but the most ambitious would have recoiled.

Perplexing Questions.

ONE of our esteemed contemporaries pleads with its readers to withhold their judgment anent the European war.

"We cannot decide for or against millions of our own flesh and blood and brand them as Cains; such an indictment may be warped by any number of extraneous impressions. . . . Let us wait until the evidence is all in, and then let us carefully consider whether we are competent to judge the motives, hopes and feelings of people living three thousand miles away in an environment totally different from ours."

In all this we are inclined to concur. It is a difficult and unwise and dangerous matter to take sides. But many sincere people have been asking themselves in vain, since the beginning of the conflict, what is it all about? Has anything happened of sufficient importance to plunge millions of men into hopeless, nameless horrors? And are the new and improved methods of wholesale butchery a sign of advanced civilization? And would anything of the kind have happened if the apostasy of the Teutonic peoples in the fifteenth century and that of the Latin peoples in the nineteenth had not taken place? Is not the war their logical sequel? Civilization and Christianity are convertible terms, it seems to us. The abandonment of the latter is bound to be followed by the decadence of the former.



A Nation of Nations.

UNDER the above caption, the *Dispatch* of recent date published the following editorial, which is, we would like to believe, the echo of a sentiment that is growing in the two Americas:

"Mayor Blankenburg of Philadelphia coined a happy phrase in his address welcoming to that city the Pan-American financiers who will arrive in Pittsburgh this evening. He urged upon the American republics a new 'declaration of interdependence.' This is the prime necessity that has been forced upon the attention of the Western Hemisphere by the events in Europe. The mistrust, jealousy and misunderstanding that have kept us apart despite the identity of our ideals and our geographical union, are being dispelled. The vision of a 'nation of nations' on this continent is not beyond realization; in fact it is demanded by the stern logic of events.

"The new declaration of interdependence need not be solemnly promulgated and formally ratified. It will be sufficient if our visitors, their fellow citizens, and ourselves feel it and think it. That mutual understanding between nations is the only solid and enduring base of friendship and co-operation. No 'scrap of paper' will be needed to cement such a union of common ideals and common purposes resting on mutual service."

"Mistrust, jealousy and misunderstanding" are at the bottom of more than half the misery in private and domestic life; when between nations they reach the pitch they have attained of late in Europe, nothing short of havoc can be the outcome.



How Pass the Summer?

TO a very considerable number of our students, the foregoing question seems altogether superfluous. Already for six weeks at least, they have been looking forward to "three months' solid rest"—and, some of them, anticipating it, in the exact sense of that word.

We are all familiar with the proverb, "The devil finds work for idle hands to do;" and this consideration alone should be motive sufficient for us to find some occupation of our own. But work, even summer work, has other advantages. It is a constant reminder of the fact that "life is real, life is earnest," and not "an empty dream." Sometimes, also, it gives us a wholesome knowledge, that we might not otherwise acquire, of the fact that we have limitations. But it may also show us in what direction our talents lie, and thus point out the way to future success. Try it, and see.



To a Six-year-old.

(RONDELET)

A RONDELET I write to greet
Thy birthday's passage, elfin sprite—
A rondelet!

May years that pass with lissom feet
Bring health and wealth and blessings bright!
To wish thee this, to-day I write
A rondelet.

LUKE O'BYRNE.

Exchanges.

THE issues of previous months have contained our criticisms of the various exchanges that have filled our table. In reading these magazines we have noticed our own mentioned quite frequently. These remarks we shall endeavor to transcribe here for the benefit of the student body at large, and that those among the Alumni who, having served on the board of editors, are still following the fortunes of their little paper, may know how it is thought of in the world of college journalism.

In the July number of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, we find very interesting reading. "The Dignity of the Home, the Solution of Social Problems" is a thoughtful paper on a subject of general interest. "The Golden Age of True Philosophy", "Attorney and Client" are well written essays. The editorial is well worth careful reading.

—*The Lorette*.

It may be due to the fact that it is their maiden bow of the year, but whatever the cause, the DUQUESNE MONTHLY suffers from a lack of material. The number possesses two selections in verse, "The Moth" and "The Things of the Waters". Both have lofty and noble thoughts for their themes, but the diction of the latter appears rather prosaic. An article on "The Author of Der Freyschuetz", however, will prove of interest to music lovers. Two short stories appear in this issue. That bearing the title, "A Splinter of Steel", is unique in its plot and highly commendable. Yet we would like to see stories of greater length adorning the pages of this MONTHLY. Surely some fiction should be available from the collegiate ranks. Show us an improvement in this respect, DUQUESNE MONTHLY!

—*The Boston College Stylus*.

And now—and now the fair Ophelia of college journalism, the DUQUESNE MONTHLY comes into our wanton digits. Ah! they are wanton, but oh! they are tender. There is a certain sympathy existing between the monthly and ourselves—and those biscuits and that mush have ceased to bother us. We are pleased with the Pittsburgh publication. We are especially pleased with the editorials of Vin Burke. In past years the MONTHLY has never failed to maintain a rather high standard of editorial work, and, if we are to judge by those in the October number, the coming year is not going to lose by the appointment of Vin Burke to the editorship. Vin is good. True, he is young, he is inclined to be philosophical, at times he is serious,

but withal he is good, very good. Next to Vin Burke's editorials—he wrote only one, but we're too lazy to strike out the "s"—we unhesitatingly place "A Splinter of Steel". It's really humorous in spots, and the spots are as numerous as indeed they are humorous. The narration of the incident in which one Blunder Buss quarrels with his tutor "over the explanation of the fact that when one leg of a man is short the other leg is longer," is clever, quite clever. And when the tutor threatens to steal Blunder Buss' precious cheese—oh! me, oh! my—Lord Bulwer Makepeace Dickens himself couldn't have done better. But enough! We grow weary. The biscuits and the mush—ah! we have almost forgotten them completely! and the Cuckoo clock above us clamors loudly for its bird seed; the Hour Is Twelve; the Good Critic hastens to his victuals. *Nous allons!*
Au Revoir. *—The Collegian.*

Despite the forbidding brown cover in which the October issue of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY appears, once inside we find it a case of, all that does not glitter may be often good metal. The bulk of the magazine is taken up with a good biography of the German dramatist Weber, the author of "Der Freyschuetz". It is the better type of biography, filled with information concerning the private life of Weber and showing us the inner man. Too often biographies in college magazines take on the air of encyclopaedia accounts, from which the article under discussion is entirely free. A review of the European situation in this issue, which is in part a quotation from the "World's Work", serves the useful purpose of keeping those students who lack time to follow the papers closely informed on the large events of the present history-making period. Two fairly good poems, "The Things of the Waters" and "The Moth", and two very short stories make up the whole. The exchange editor has not gotten into action yet, except for his advance press notice, but when he does, things will move. The locals column rejoices in the title "Duquesnicula", which was probably not intended for pronunciation, but may be noted for its originality. The jokes are as new as the name, which is saying considerable.
—The Viatorian.

We are always glad to see the DUQUESNE MONTHLY come in. It is one of our best exchanges and, of course, we are glad our new cover suits you. Women, as perhaps you have heard, are sticklers on looks. We are sorry, though, that our apparent brevity is displeasing to you, more especially since this is the

"only defect which the editresses have failed to remedy." Now, we have taken some pains to compare the length of three of our articles with three of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY for November and, strange to relate, we found quite a balance in favor of our quarterly. Now, we don't blame you. Others were similarly misled; it was all due to our type. Compare Spartan Training with any article in the other college papers and I think it will be almost (?) as long. In fact, we feared its length, not its brevity. But again, we do not complain. We are glad that we are growing in your esteem.

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY has one contributor at least who shows versatility. We refer to the author of "Contrast", a fine bit of verse. From the same pen we find an essay, "Patriotic Poetry", and another choice bit of verse. "Patriotic Poetry" is well written. It is one of the worth-reading kind of papers. The writer does not simply give us some of his opinions, but he buttresses his opinions with evidences from English, French and German sources. This is refreshing. "Proverbs" is a short theme on a subject that might well be expanded. However, it is well written and there is no temptation to sleep in the process of perusal.

—*The Villa Sancta Scholastica.*

"Dickens and Burns: A Parallel", the opening article in the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, shows the writer's familiarity with these authors. The paper is replete with original thoughts, the comparisons are well drawn, and the parallel—not apparent at first—is presented in a clear, striking manner. There are a number of excellent Christmas poems and a well written story, "Bumps of a Genius". From the start, our interest is enlisted in the "budding genius," Bartley Blayson, who has invented an aerial craft, a triplane on a startlingly original plan. He has just added a highly improved propeller when he learns of the "International Aviation Meet" to be held in St. Louis in a few days. A handsome prize is at stake, besides national and personal honor. "The day of the final race dawns bright and clear," and though we are not initiated into the mysterious workings of aeroplanes, we follow the exciting race with unflagging attention until, at its happy ending, we pronounce this a capital piece of fiction.

"Opportunities" is a reproduction of the highly practical address delivered at the University, in September, by Mr. J. Rogers Flannery on the opening of the Department of Finance and Commerce, a department which will "start hundreds of

young men to thinking of the wonderful possibilities in this new field of foreign trade expansion." The speaker would have the ethics of business so carefully taught as "to build up a race of business men that not only will make our country first in the world as far as production and quality of material is concerned, but will make the American business man always stand pre-eminent in the ethics of his calling, honorable to a fault, whose word will be as good as his bond."

—*St. Mary's Messenger.*

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY, hailing from the smoky hills of Pittsburgh, Penna., comes up to its usual high standard in the December number. The first article, entitled "Dickens and Burns; A Parallel", is an excellent essay handled in a masterly way. "Bumps of a Genius" is an interesting lively story, holding the attention of the reader throughout. "Yuletide" is a beautiful piece of verse. "Supplication" and "The Youth and the Babe" also deserve special mention. Quality before quantity must be the motto of the MONTHLY. The editorial column contains several well written and appropriate paragraphs. The other departments are in keeping with the rest of the magazine.

—*The Abbey Student.*

A new arrival in our sanctum is the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, from Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pa. We bid it a hearty welcome. The literary tone of its contents and its simple and neat cover design,—everything about the MONTHLY gives the impression of quiet and unassuming strength, the best guarantee for stability.

Among the several essays we are inclined to favor "A Word for Vivisection" as the best. The author's knowledge of his subject and the propriety of his style are the particularly commendable features. "Germany Under William II." and "Modern Advertising", on account of their appropriateness, rank as close seconds, and deserve honorable mention.

"An Excursion Into the Steel Industry" is an interesting and well written account of a trip through a big Pittsburgh steel plant. It brings out in a clear manner the connection between the theoretical part of economics and the practical end concerning the production, distribution and consumption of wealth.

"The Awakening" is more of a soliloquy than a short story; for the leading character is represented as meditating throughout

the greater part of the composition and is not familiar with any of the other characters. He watches people through an open window as they pass by, and overhears their conversations. All of them seem to be happy. He had thought to find happiness in riches, but does not discover it there. So he naturally reaches the conclusion that wealth is not absolutely necessary for the enjoyment of true happiness. On the whole, "The Awakening" contains a few well-worded descriptions and the moral is nicely brought out.

"Retrospect", the opening poem, is good. The thoughts are ably expressed in suitable language and the meter is well chosen.

In the perusal of this number we have noticed that too much space has been given to articles of a didactic nature. To make your magazine more interesting we would suggest that there be substituted a story and one or two more poems in place of two of the heavier articles.

—*The Gonzaga.*

The DUQUESNE MONTHLY, with its full quota of interesting reading matter, is with us again. "Detective Stories" and "Classical and Ecclesiastical Latin" are efforts that show conscientious effort to produce the best. "The Posthumous Will" holds the reader's attention more by the vivacity of expression than by depth of thought. "Day and Life" is a graceful poem, rich in true poetical worth. We would wish to refer to the delicate ditty, "A February Complaint". But lest the similarity between it and the doggerel entitled "As Usual", by Don Cameron Shafer, presents itself to vividly to our mind, and lest we be tempted again to "arrogate privileges not generally conceded" to exchange editors, we shall not criticize harshly nor rebuke, but give this similarity the "benefit of the doubt" and consider it the "possible chance of coincidence." Is it Plato or Aristophanes or Shakespeare who says: "Coincidences never cease"?

—*The Morning Star.*

JEROME D. HANNAN, '16.



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The devotions held every evening during the month of May in the University chapel were well
May Devotions attended by the boarders, who thereby showed their filial piety to Heaven's bright Queen.

Following a pious custom the members of the Sodality of the Holy Ghost received holy communion in a
Pentecost body on Pentecost Sunday in the University chapel. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. President.

Though it is left to another to recount the success of the annual play, presented on May 19, the chronicler cannot refrain from giving vent to
Play his enthusiastic felicitations to all concerned. Those who took part deserve unbounded credit.

A large number of our students belong to various dramatic clubs in the city. In the "Chocolate Soldier", staged May 26 and 27 by the Duquesne Council of the
Dramatic Clubs Knights of Columbus, Francis P. Anton and Herbert Terheyden, present students, and Walter B. Averman, E. P. Gearing, J. F. Itzel and Joseph P. McAteer, former students, took part, and contributed to the success of a really notable production.

The monthly meeting of the delegates of the Diocesan Union of the C. T. A. U. was held in the University hall on Sunday, May 23. The delegates numbering forty were
C. T. A. U. welcomed by Rev. Patrick McDermott. Father Malloy's report of two hundred and eight signed pledges from the D. U. students was applauded to the echo. The final steps were taken in preparation for the second annual field day at Kennywood park, June 1. Father Malloy is chairman of the sports committee, and a number of our students will compete.

The members of the Alumni held a "get-together" meeting, May 27. Those present were pleasantly entertained with various gymnastic drills by the boarders. The Alumni pyramids, and four three-round bouts, in which the contestants showed some fast and clever boxing, were found especially interesting. The prospective graduates of the classical and commercial departments were the guests of the Alumni.

Many curious spectators have gathered from time to time between 3 and 4 P., M. at the glass doors of the Physics room, to see what they could of the activities of the Biologists class in Biology. At one time, earth-worms were being dissected and drawings were being made of them; at another, frogs were the subject of the "post-mortem examination." More recently, a colony of guinea-pigs furnished both amusement and instruction. All of which goes to show that Professor Simpson's Prep. Medical class means business, and is liable to need larger quarters in '15-'16.

Other curious visitors have stolen into the library out of class hours to inspect the work of Professor Randby's pupils in the Art class. The progress made by some of them Artists is remarkable. Some pastels, showing qualities of atmosphere and a feeling for tones and shades of color, have elicited praise from all sides. Several oil-paintings of undoubted merit have been produced. Numberless large figure-drawings, also, have appeared. A year ago, these budding artists had not advanced beyond outline drawings.

Free days were rather plentiful during May—like daisies sprinkled over May meadows. These days served a double purpose: by most of the students, they were regarded as a foretaste of the vacation which is fast approaching, and they also gave the boys a chance to do something extra in preparation for the coming examinations. There were half-sessions on the day of the play, and whole days on Ascension, Pentecost Monday and Decoration Day.

The members of the Faculty and the students extend their prayerful sympathy to Charles Darragh, of the First High, on the death of his father, May 24; and to Charles Deasy, of the Sophomore class, on the death of his brother, May 21.

JOHN T. LITTLE, 4 H.

SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE

THE Final Examinations of the Second Semester were taken during the week of June 6th. Each day was given to one test. According to the custom of the school, the honor system prevailed, the students even being allowed to go out for lunch without handing in their papers. However, there seems to be little chance of drawing inspiration from a ham sandwich. All, if there are any, who escaped the hidden torpedoes and dum-dums of the examination week unscathed, may consider themselves almost real economists.

Interest is strong in the Evening School over the summer class in Government, which will be coached by Dean Walker.

Co-education for the Department has been suggested (by the students) as an innovation which it is agreed would create a feeling of irresistible competition and ambition on the part of the boys to do good work. It is said that this would help the students in their examinations. But who wants examinations?

A four year commercial course is being organized in the main University building in order to give better preparation to those who desire to enter the Department of Accounts, Finance and Commerce or who wish to leave the Commercial Department better prepared for the responsibilities of a business career.

On June 15th a new course was opened for the summer to prepare senior accountants for the Certified Public Accountant examinations which will be given by the State next November. This new course has the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the United States, and opened its sessions not only filled up, but with a large waiting list. It is conducted by six instructors, including three certified public accountants, two lawyers and Dean Walker, and is limited to twelve students, each of whom has been required to undergo a hard test and broad experience before admission. The new course illustrates in a striking manner the foremost policy of the Department—quality first.

FRANK P. ANTON, '16.

LAW SCHOOL

BY this time the members of Senior Class of Law have been put through their final examinations for the LL. B. degree, and graduation. They certainly have worked hard during this past year, in the hope, and with the earnest determination to rival the splendid record made by the first graduating Class of '14.

The Juniors, also, have had plenty of hard word up to the present moment. They have been studying Evidence under Mr. John C. Bane, as Lecturer; and from the text-book, under the Vice-Dean, Mr. Laughlin, on Fridays, from 5 to 6 P. M. From Mr. McCloskey they have taken "Torts" and "Damages". Mr. McKenna has piloted them through Real Estate, Orphan's Court and Equity.

The Honorable Dean, Judge Joseph M. Swearingen, has long since finished his interesting lectures on Real Property, and is devoting most of his attention to the preparation of the graduating class for the coming State Board examinations.

Hon. Judge Reid has also about finished a complete course of Pleading and Practice for the second year men, while Mr. Lacy has been occupied in bringing them through a kindred subject matter, namely, Common-law Pleading.

The first year students have at last the satisfaction of saying that they have gone completely through old Blackstone, under Mr. Laughlin, for old Common Law, as well as Canon Law, and under Mr. Lacy, for Criminal Law. They have also read Lawson, on Contracts, with Mr. Loeffler; Norton, on Bills and Notes, with Mr. Laughlin; and Schouler, on Domestic Relations, the latter being supplemented with most interesting lectures by Hon. Judge Way, president of the County Court, who is recognized as the great authority on Domestic Relations and Juvenile Court proceedings, in Western Pennsylvania.

Once a week, the Dean gives them a lecture on Real Property, and Mr. McCloskey, on Torts. Mr. Lacey gave lately a pretty stiff examination in Domestic Relations (text). Judge Swearingen also gave an examination, but rather in the form of an Essay, than by mere ordinary questions.

During the last few months, the Moot Court of the "Duquesne Law Club" held very few of its usually interesting sessions. No doubt this was owing to the exacting nature of the studies and class-work at this time of the year.

JOSEPH A. BURNS, '17.

The Play.

"THE RED MASQUERS" were given a very cordial reception at the Lyceum theatre on the evening of May 19 in their revival of that old-time favorite, "My Friend From India"—in fact, the big throng, one of the biggest that any Pittsburgh theatre has seen in many moons, expressed their pleasure with one long crescendo of tumultuous applause. For an old-timer,—one used to the days when "Pittsburgh College" put on heavy dramas like "The Iron Chest", "Virginus", or "Louis XI.",—it was a source of unalloyed pleasure, mingled with considerable surprise, to assist at their well-rounded production of a modern farce. To record these pleasurable impressions is also an agreeable if somewhat delicate task.

Patrick Sweeney, who played the title role of the bogus theosophist, has something more than the touch of brogue, and the "phiz" to match it—he has intuition and personality; and these easily won him a way into hearts already open to receive him. The merry twinkle of his eye, and the constant play of his expressive features, have something about them that is altogether irresistible. With him, however, Ray Baum, playing the retired pork-packer with social aspirations, unquestionably divided first honors. His portrayal is so faithful, in every word and look and gesture, that one must say he really lives the part.

Five young men essayed feminine roles. Carefully corseted, delicately rouged, gowned in the latest mode, presenting the perfect picture of girlish loveliness or maturer grace, they went through their exacting parts with ease and finesse. Each one, too, was a girl of a different type. C. Herbert Dyson had the charming, unaffected simplicity of the youngest daughter; Bernice, her sister, as played by James H. Shanahan, was more statuesque and self-contained. Arthur L. Depp was at once demure and designing in the character of Marion Hayste. A finished piece of acting was Frank Anton's impersonation of the widow, Arabella Beekman-Streete, looking out for "number three." Of the ladies, however, most laughs went to Molly, the housekeeper who is always in the way, played along broad lines by Joseph L. McIntyre.

E. Lawrence O'Connell had the difficult roll of the inebriate son, and gave an interpretation of considerable promise. The part of the missionary who succumbs to the widow's wiles was played with becoming reserve by J. Bernard Lynch. Vincent Steinkirchner was acceptable as the intruding Tom Valentine.

Edward J. Nemmer, Eugene Boyle, and Thomas A. Drengacz made much of the minor roles assigned to them, and filled out an effective stage picture.

The costuming and the dressing of the stage were done with much taste and discrimination. In fact, as far as looks were concerned, the ladies were perfect. Instead of the usual theatrical wigs, they wore "transformations", dressed on their heads by a first-class hair-dresser. Their costumes were up-to-the-minute, and fitted, we are assured, by persons from the store that provided them. Seven gorgeous Japanese kimonas in crepe and satin added to the oriental effect. Evening dress was worn by both male and female characters in the third act. There was a dash and a smoothness about the whole production that reflects the greatest credit on the management. The actors were coached by Professor Clinton E. Lloyd, and Fathers H. J. McDermott and J. F. Malloy looked after the many details that such a performance calls for.

For some years Duquesne University had given as an after-piece a short gymnastic exhibition. But never, we may safely say, have this year's "stunts" been equalled. The audience was in turn delighted, mystified, breathless, and lifted to heights of admiration, as, with perfect ensemble, the maneuvers with wands, dumb-bells, and clubs, succeeded each other. Then came the mass-drill, in which the three divisions combined, in their different uniforms, went through a series of kaleidoscopic movements, whose effect was heightened by the music and the play of colored lights. The crowning triumph of the gymnasts was the pyramids, executed by the boarders at the University. In quick succession the most beautiful figures built themselves up—fan-shape, tower-shape, bell-shape,—resolving themselves into others in the twinkling of an eye. One little mite of a fellow was always at the top, fearless and smiling. Father McGuigan arranged the pyramids, and Professor Carl P. Stein drilled the other gymnasts.

The intermission after the play was agreeably filled in with a masterful piano duet, Baker's "Danse Ecossais", by Reverend J. A. Dewe and Professor F. X. Williams; a delightfully humorous song, "You'd Better Ask Me", by Vincent S. Burke, baritone; and a violin solo, Wieniawski's "Kuiawiak", by Andrew T. Walta, a boy of fifteen, showing a remarkable mastery of technique.

Throughout the evening a large number of selections, varying from classic to popular, was contributed by the University

Orchestra of thirty pieces. A tempo, brilliancy and verve out of the ordinary marked the execution. Professor Charles B. Weis, director, deserves great credit for the high standard attained by this organization.

In the intervals between the acts, when the "house-lights" were on, and after the play, as people filed slowly out of the big play-house, the writer was able to see the pleased faces of many of the old boys. Those with whom he was able to converse voted the "Red Masquers" capital entertainers, and "My Friend From India" the best hit ever.

OLD-TIMER, '04.



Alumni.

GEORGE ROEHRIG, '01, is the oldest of several brothers that have gone to school here at successive periods, within the last twenty years. He has now been for some time past with the S. B. Charter's Grocery Co., in the responsible capacity of superintendent of the Carnegie branch. We are assured from other reliable sources that a marked improvement and a most pronounced extension of trade has characterized this branch ever since it has felt the influence of George's unflagging energy.

Of his other brothers, three are in very good positions, CLINTON R., as chief clerk in the Allegheny office of the B & O.; CLEM, with the freight department of the Pennsylvania Co., and ED with the transportation department of the Homestead Steel Works.

MR. JAMES J. BRENNAN, '03, who paid us a visit lately, is still the same quiet, easy-going James that he was 15 years ago, when in school. But nobody would suspect how much of energy and diplomacy and worldly wisdom is safely tucked beneath that "dome of thought" surmounted, as of old, by an abundant crop of luxurious "auburn" locks and curls.

James is chief engineer of the parent Crucible Steel Co., with offices on the twentieth floor of the Oliver Building. In this capacity he has quite a lot of responsibility on his shoulders, as well as quite a deal of traveling to go through, since his charge comprises the planning, the constructing and the operating plants of the Company in New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

Within this city the largest plants of the Company are the Parke Mill at 30th Street, and the Crescent Mill at 51st Street; while, outside of Pittsburgh, the Atha Mill at Harrison, N. J., is about the largest. When asked about the nature of the work they do, our visitor entered into a most bewildering enumeration of the departments that are kept busy doing huge jobs for the United States Government, especially for the Navy, in the shape of tool and ordnance steels, and gun-forgings, on a vast scale. But the latter, he said, do not go beyond the 6-inch gun for cruisers and battleships. With all the preoccupation which such heavy work entails, James is as genial as ever, and has never abated one jot of the loyalty he always manifested towards his *Alma Mater*.

GEORGE M. McLANE, '02, recently surprised us by dropping in upon his old professors from "somewhere or other" down South. The last we had heard of George was from a "swell" card, announcing his coming marriage to one of the sweet confederate belles of Alabama. That was four or five years ago, and hence we were considerably surprised when we found out one day recently that George's business affiliations had actually brought him up, at least in part, to the Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, where he had, in his capacity of chief accountant, established a branch of the "Willison Audit and System Company," whose headquarters had up to this been at Clarksburg, West Virginia. Surely the old boys of 15 years ago, who remember the great pitching records of his brother Bill, and of Gapen, and who smiled at the temerity of the baseball manager in putting in at second base or short stop the "tiny" George, when an extra player, or a pinch hitter, was needed, admit that George always responded with the goods; and so has he done ever since, being now the chief responsible officer of a very active and trusted company that has ramifications in several States.

Only within the last few months we have received from George as a sample of his work the second annual report of the financial status of the city of Newport, Ky., by a board of

examiners and auditors of whom our alumnus was the chairman. It is a compact little volume of 40 pages filled to the brim with exhibits and schedules of all sorts, and upon all imaginable financial topics that enter into the maintenance and municipal life of a large city, accompanied with comments and criticisms, upon expenditures and methods, that display a wonderful amount of judgment, common sense and practical knowledge, as well as of the more technical points of higher accounting. The work has been submitted to the students of the School of Finance, and has elicited the most favorable commendations from professors and pupils.

GEORGE H. BORN, '06, is a faithful attendant at all our meetings and smokers. He is a good listener, as he was in class, in older days. George holds down the position of chief book-keeper for a large concern at Duquesne.

PAUL J. BURRY, '09-'10, of Beaver Falls, was a recent visitor, having come up to witness one of our late thrilling contests on the local diamond. Paul has developed into a good pitcher, with National League aspirations in the near future. In fact, he has already tried his hand somewhat in the professional ranks, and played for a short time past with the Chillicothe team, of the Ohio State League, and taken his first drilling under the direction of the famous Josh Devore, late of Muggsy McGraw's Giants. In the four games he pitched lately, Paul won three, some of them being very close and exciting. But he is not yet 21, and as his family have entered decided objections against a professional career on the diamond, he has decided to pitch for some one or other of the fast leagues in the centre of our own State. He certainly would make an excellent candidate for the mound position with such teams as Dubois, Reynoldsville or St. Mary's.





' VARSITY

RAIN has interfered to a great extent with the plans of the 'Varsity baseball management during the present season.

While not many tears were wasted over some of the inconsequential games being postponed, it rather hurt when the dispenser of the wet goods spoiled the feature contests scheduled by the management.

Primed for victory over the touring Chinese University team from Hawaii, along came the weatherman and upset the plans. Forbes Field, where the battle was to have been staged, presented a quagmire and the playing of the game was out of question. The second game carded as a feature was to have taken place at Exposition Park, the St. Ignatius College nine being the opponents selected for the Dukes. But if anything, the weather was even worse than that which held up the contest with the Orientals.

Duquesne's record to date has but one game on the defeat side of the ledger, and also there is one tie game. West Virginia got away with a lucky victory and Thiel College managed to hold the Bluffites to a 4-4 no decision affair. All the remaining games on the schedule resulted in lop-sided victories for the locals.

But slight opposition should be encountered in the remaining games of the season. Indiana Normal, with one of the best teams in years, fell an easy victim on the Bluff campus 17 to 5, and the return game at Indiana next Wednesday should add another scalp to the Dukes' collection.

The Alumni game is going to prove the hardest battle of the season. Among the players who have asserted their willingness to oppose the undergraduates are several who were stars on former Duquesne teams and also quite a few who have made good in minor leagues.

There is one man whom the 'Varsity fears, and they hope he will be unable to arrange his business affairs so as to be present. The player in question is none other than Al Mamaux, the

Dormont youngster, who is creating something of a sensation in the National League as a performer for the Pirates. The 'Varsity team is rather worried over the fact that Mamaux might secure a leave of absence from Barney Dreyfuss and work on the mound for the Alumni. Mamaux is a graduate of Duquesne, and during his college days he worked on the mound for his *Alma Mater*. He can really thank Duquesne for his present high rating in the major league baseball circles.

DUQUESNE, 6—CALIFORNIA, 3.

Duquesne University defeated California Normal, on May 5, by the score of 6 to 3. Howard worked on the Bluffites' mound, and allowed only four scattered hits and fanned ten men. Sheridan pitched airtight ball for the visitors. Sweeney took the batting honors for the Dukes.

DUQUESNE, 4—THIEL, 4.

On May 8, the 'Varsity lined up against the strong Thiel College aggregation at Greenville. Duquesne found it necessary to have the game called at the end of the tenth inning with the score standing 4 to 4, in order to catch their train.

A snappy grade of ball was put up by both teams throughout. Two bases on balls and an error netted the visitors two runs in the first inning. In the second they again tallied twice, but throughout the rest of the game they were helpless against the local twirler, Snyder, who pitched good ball.

Ten bingles which the locals gleaned off Harenski gave them the four runs which tied the score. The score:

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E	Thiel	R.	B.	P.	A.	E
Tracy, 3.....	1	1	2	3	0	Kremis, 2.....	0	2	5	1	1
Morrissey, r.....	1	1	0	0	0	Keelen, c.....	2	3	5	3	0
McCloy, s.....	0	0	1	0	0	Rowley, s.....	0	0	1	3	1
Ringel, m.....	0	0	2	0	0	Lynch, l.....	0	2	2	0	0
Sweeney, l.....	0	2	10	0	1	McClurg, l.....	1	0	13	0	0
Shortley, l.....	0	1	1	0	0	Eastlake, 3.....	0	0	0	5	1
Hunter, c.....	0	0	9	0	0	Harrison, m.....	0	1	3	0	0
Mulroy, 2.....	1	0	4	2	1	Williams, r.....	0	0	1	0	0
Harenski, p.....	1	0	1	3	0	Trumpe'r, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
						Snyder, p.....	1	2	0	1	0
Totals.....	4	5	30	8	2	Totals.....	4	10	30	13	3
Duquesne.....	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4	
Thiel.....	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—4	

Two-base hit—Lynch. Struck out—By Snyder 4, by Harenski 8. Three-base hit—Snyder. Bases on balls—Off Snyder 7, off Harenski 4. Double play—Kremis, unassisted. Umpire—Curran.

DUQUESNE, 12—WESTMINSTER, 0.

The 'Varsity were easy winners over Westminster, May 11.

Bunched hits by Duquesne, aided by the weird work in the field by its opponents, gave the former 12 runs, while the masterly mound performance of Howard kept Westminster from scoring a run, the final count being 12 to 0.

Howard is quickly attaining and living up to the sobriquet of collegiate "strikeout king." In the three games this lad has worked to date he mowed down by his own efforts 35 batsmen. Yesterday he fanned 13, against California Normal he whiffed 10, and against West Virginia he struck out 12. Yesterday he permitted but five hits, these being scattered through the nine innings. Two Westminster men reached third base, Cummings on two stolen bases in the fourth and W. Igo in the ninth on a passed ball.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

DUQUESNE, 6—GROVE CITY, 1.

Duquesne University baseball team defeated Grove City College on the Bluff on May 14, 6 to 1. Harenski, pitching for Duquesne, struck out 14 batsmen, issued one base on balls and allowed only four hits. Penman, Grove City's pitcher, was in good form also, striking out seven and allowing nine hits.

Four home runs were registered, three by Duquesne and one by Grove City. Tracy was the batting star of the day with a home run and two singles. Piatt was Grove City's individual star player. Catcher Hunter of Duquesne had 15 putouts. The score:

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	Grove City	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Tracy, 3	1	3	1	1	0	Wallace, 2.....	0	0	1	3	1
Morrissey, r.....	0	1	0	0	0	Penman, p.....	0	1	0	3	0
Hunter, c.....	0	0	15	1	0	Glenn, l.....	0	0	12	1	0
Sweeney, 1-s.....	1	1	5	0	0	Veach, l.....	1	1	1	0	0
Shortley, l.....	1	1	1	0	0	Hecha'rn, m.....	0	0	2	0	0
Ringel, m.....	1	1	1	0	0	Whitehill, 3.....	0	0	1	4	0
Obruba, l.....	0	1	2	0	1	Platt, c.....	0	2	7	0	0
Mulroy, 2.....	0	0	0	2	0	Kelly, s.....	0	0	0	0	3
Harenski, p.....	1	1	0	1	0	McGregor, r.....	0	0	0	0	0
McCloy, s.....	1	0	2	1	0						
Totals.....	6	9	27	6	1	Totals.....	1	4	24	11	4
Duquesne.....	0	1	1	2	0	1	0	1	*	—	6
Grove City.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	1

Home runs—Veach, Tracy, Sweeney, Ringel. Stolen bases—Tracy, Morrissey, Shortley, McCloy. Struck out—By Harenski 14, by Penman 7. First base on balls—Off Penman 2. Left on bases—Duquesne 8, Grove

City 4. Hit by pitched ball—By Penman 1 (Hunter). Time of game—1:50. Umpire—Delaney.

DUQUESNE, 17—INDIANA, 5.

After winning their first seven games, the Indiana Normal baseball team, which has been traveling at a fast clip this season, met its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Duquesne University nine on the Bluff campus May 17; and it was an overwhelming beating, too, the final score being 17 to 5. The Dukes had on their slugging togs and garnered 15 hits off the delivery of Levine.

The pitching of Captain Harenski and Howard was air-tight, the former striking out five and allowing but one hit in three innings. As Captain Harenski's arm was not entirely in shape, Howard, the husky youth from Duquesne, relieved him. This promising slab artist had the Normal lads guessing; 12 fanned and only two nicked his offerings.

Coach Mullaney put nearly all his available men in the game so as to have them in first-class shape for the Chinese University game the following Monday. Sweeney, Hunter and Mulroy starred for Duquesne, while Trainor and Zener did effective work for the visitors.

DUQUESNE, 5—PITTSBURGH INDEPENDENTS, 3.

Andy Harenski, the younger brother of Joe Harenski, Duquesne University's star twirler, made his debut with the 'Varsity team, May 28, by defeating the Pittsburgh Independents, 5-3. He struck out six men and allowed only nine hits. Too much cannot be said for Ramsey, who had everything until he blew up in the fifth, when a base on balls, three hits and a sacrifice netted three runs for the University. The score:

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E	Pitts. Indep'ts	R.	B.	P.	A.	E
Tracy, 3.....	2	1	3	0	0	Collins, 2.....	0	0	0	3	1
Ringel, r.....	0	2	1	0	0	West, 3.....	0	1	1	0	0
McClorey, s.....	0	1	3	2	1	Walters, s.....	0	1	0	2	1
Sweeney, m.....	0	0	1	0	0	Keller, r.....	1	1	3	0	0
Shortley, l.....	0	0	3	0	0	Jones, m.....	2	2	3	0	0
Obruba, 1.....	0	1	9	0	0	Lyman, 1.....	0	3	8	0	0
Hunter, c.....	0	0	6	0	0	Lapowitz, l.....	0	1	2	0	0
Mulroy, 2.....	2	2	0	5	0	Harris, c.....	0	0	2	0	0
A. Harenski, p.....	1	0	1	3	0	Lynch, c.....	0	0	5	0	0
						Ramsey, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
						Miles, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	5	7	27	10	1	Totals.....	3	9	24	5	2
Duquesne.....	0	0	0	0	3	0	2	0	*—5		
Pittsburgh Independents.....	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—3		

Two-base hits—Jones 2, Obruba. First base on balls—Off Harenski 1, off Ramsey 1, off Miles 1. Struck out—By Harenski 6, by Ramsey 6, by Miles 2. Umpire—Delaney.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors have made quite a record so far, under the able and efficient management of Father Mehler, who finds time to give his youthful charges an insight into all the workings of the game. The boys have responded very well. From a superabundance of candidates a winning combination has been selected, and the games played so far demonstrate that the Juniors, in their own class, are practically invincible. Captain White and Sheran, two strong and heady players, are showing great form as catchers. Cooper, Mareski and Krantz form a dependable trio of twirlers, and so far have overcome all opposition. With Kronz on first, Davies at second, Vitkauskas at short, and Rob McGuigan on the hot corner, the team has an efficient combination of infielders. They work together like veterans, and show quite a grasp of the fine points of the game. Power, as substitute infielder, has been of great assistance to the team. Vitkauskas has the makings of a star player. In the outfield Eddie Murphy, Butch, Gujsky and Krantz are capable men. They size up the situation at a glance, and few are the mistakes they make. The strongest point about the Juniors is their batting. Vitkauskas, Sheran, White, Kronz, Davies and McGuigan are batting around .350, followed very closely by the others. The Juniors have plenty of that indispensable asset, "pep," and are in the game at every moment. The record so far:

Juniors, 21; St. John's Reserves, 4
Juniors, 10; Resurrection, 8
Juniors, 14; Alerts, 12
Juniors, 15; Newman Club, 3
Juniors, 19; St. Mary's, Homestead, 10
Juniors, 11; Valley Stars, 10
Juniors, 18; Central Eagles, 3
Juniors, 12; Keystone A. C. of Duquesne, 1.

Father Mehler took the boys to Duquesne for the last game mentioned, and they had a great outing. The game was played at D. D. A. C. grounds near Kennywood Park. The boys allowed their opponents one run, while Mareski held them to three hits. The infield performed cleverly, ably aided by Murphy and White in the outfield. After the game, the boys were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cairns of Duquesne, Pa., where their kind friends surprised them with a banquet in honor of the occasion. The boys appreciated their kindness very much, and their sentiments were voiced by Captain White, in a neat speech of thanks.

A. B. M.

Duquesnicula.

A CERTAIN class was invited to contribute some poetry to the MONTHLY. Some one hinted that Limericks were very easily composed. We opine that this colyume is the only proper setting for such gems.

Francis Streiff wrote this:

There was a young man named Feiff,
Who had no success with a fife:
He blowed very hard
And greased it with lard
But at last it exploded—this fife!

Charles Deasy did not mean this for publication:

A feather to tickle a mule
Was borrowed by "Smarty" O'Toole:
A double-quick boost—
"Smarty" gave up the ghost—
Now let's say a prayer for O'Toole.

Sullivan, alias "Red", entitled the subjoined effusion "Limeric"; he probably reasoned to the spelling *a pari* from iambic, dactylic, etceteric.

There was a young fellow named Rook
Who always believed he could cook:
He once made a cake
Which none dared to take;
So it joined other rocks in the brook.

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An Educated Man.

This essay won the prize of ten dollars offered by the
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THE process of education is universal. On every hand we see the vital operations: molding, training, developing, of body, mind and will. They are not only influential factors in individual and in social life, but they are the active forces that determine history; a nation, like an individual, is that to which it has been trained, that to which its inner life has developed. This is no mere philosophic formula; it is a cogent fact, the realization of which has given birth to our system of schools and colleges and universities. The day is long past when it became commonly known that we all act according to our lights, that there is no exaggerating the importance of properly trimming these lights, and the necessity of supplying them with the proper fuel; of storing the mind with the right information, and of subjecting the will to the right discipline. In spite of conflicting notions on the subject, the value and the moment of correctly fostering the mental powers stand in the "serene regions" above differences of opinion; they are a common meeting-ground, the general conclusions many independent intellects have reached on the subject of education. But obviously a more definite solution is required.

One of the vexed questions of our day is, who is an educated man? By what signs shall we know him? Much thought has been devoted to the question, but few have given a satisfactory answer. The debate is still on among the advocates of different kinds of education: Should it be theoretical or practical? Classical or scientific? professional or general? Such are some of the controverted points, and the reason for them is not far to

seek. The provinces of education are so numerous, and yet so interdependent, that it is difficult to keep within limits and maintain distinctions. Add to this the fact that each separate province has its separate ideal—not infrequently *in concreto*—and we have come considerably nearer to determining the *casus belli*. Confusion of ideals, to say nothing of purely subjective and arbitrary criteria, augments the controversy. To avoid the one is to obviate the other, and for this reason we feel justified in confining our attention to the ideal product of a college education.

The first thing that strikes us on entering a modern college is the absolute bustle and stir in the athletic world. Physical activity has, to all appearance, detracted from mental vigor, and moral training must needs cede its rightful place to muscular development. Athletics has caused an alarm entirely out of proportion with its importance in education. For a student to give it his exclusive attention, or even an equal share of interest, is woefully to misdirect his education and neglect essentials, to value the transient above the permanent. He cannot be well educated who has not learned to pursue and occupy himself with the things that perfect the intellect and the will, and are a real advantage, rather than those which excite and satisfy idle pleasure, or bring a material gain. And it is just here that the college athlete falls short of the true ideal. We do not mean to "decree an eternal divorce" between development of body and knowledge; such a purport might, indeed, challenge contradiction and call forth a clash of ideas. But surely, the acquirement of lusty sinews and mechanical skill on the college campus is no positive indication of mental acuteness! Brain is far from being a necessary concomitant of brawn: the strongest bodies seldom harbor the most instructed minds. Despair waits upon us if we seriously intend to find a thoroughly educated man among those who hammered their way through college with a baseball cudgel or rushed through the halls of learning with a "pig-skin" under their arm. They do not appreciate the end in education and but partially feel its civilizing influence.

Where, then, shall we find a man that has inbided the real significance of a college education? Is he in the marathon for wealth, or in the dash to glory? "among the sunny crowded paths of profit, or among the rosy bowers of pleasure?" Indeed, no! His studies must have brought it emphatically to his notice

that riches are not the end of life; that to be a dull, money-making automaton is not equivalent to being an educated man; that Fame is at best a fickle lady, "dazzling the eyes of the vulgar by casual, extrinsic splendor;" that, whereas she is represented bearing a trumpet, the picture were truer if she held a handful of dust. Ingeniously to court Fortune is as little the office of an educated man as to regard life as the only and best occasion for having a good time. Our ideal cultivates a taste for higher pleasures. A healthy mind enables him to distinguish true brightness from false glare. He does not spend his manhood in dreamy idealism, but in the constant search for wisdom and betterment. He is no pessimist, who regards men deficient and wicked by their very nature. He knows, on the contrary, that our natural resources are superabundant, and we are poor in reason because we have been the prodigal sons of a too opulent mother. He does not skeptically quit the ways of "vulgar" men, "without light to guide him on a better way." He is no "Epicurean deity" beholding the vicissitudes of life, "without interest and without emotion," he is a partaker of human nature with quick sympathies in all the actions of men. He has heard of the Fall of Adam; hence it is no secret to him that we are all full of inconsistencies and shortcomings, and he makes this knowledge the soul of his conduct; he is our advocate and not our judge.

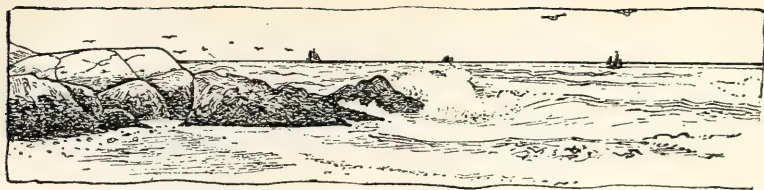
To enumerate the sum total of the evidences of a good college education, though not outside the range of physical possibility, is scarcely within the scope of the present discussion. And yet to say that his characteristics have been sufficiently defined, would be doing our ideal an injustice. He is infinitely more than has already been claimed for him. It is he that strikes the bugle note of progress; he is the architect in the process of world-building; it is he that marks the exclamation point in the magical story of man's achievement! He is not isolated and self-centered. He lends an effective hand in raising the social status, and lives as an able rebuke to those whose knowledge or use of conjugation is limited to the first person. He does not fix upon science "as the great desideratum of human nature;" faith is not put aside "under the nickname of opinion." Mere acquaintance with textbooks is not his all; morality finds a place in his scheme of training and God is represented in his curriculum. He has been educated for manly character, not for accidental cleverness. Though the advocates of a liberal education hardly receive a hearing, though industrial efficiency is now in demand

and culture seems to be under sentence of death, he still does not discard the classics, he can still reconcile the *utile* with the *honestum*, and does not make the cultivation of the one an excuse for the neglect of the other.

A complete education always includes character and morality. Acquire knowledge at the expense of character, or sacrifice principle to the practice of a profession, and you part company with a really educated man. You need not addle your brains with the intricacies of higher mathematics in order to conform to the ideal; he first rows up and down the great stream of learning and only then turns into one or two capillaries for minute investigation. What he inwardly gains on his long voyage, he outwardly shows in all his actions. He has solid standards of truth and integrity; courtesy and magnanimity; purity and refinement; broad views and deep insights; knowledge united with tolerance. His mind has not reached a dead level, but is capable of further expansion. Unless he is liberal in his judgments, he has not yet cast aside the trammels of ignorance: "to *see* a man before *overseeing* him,"—in this he finds the uses of a good education. He neither passes a sarcastic verdict on alien opinions, nor battles noisily for his own to foist them on his fellow-men. He does not measure all things by his own small preference; "universal humanity" is the ground on which he takes his stand. He passes through the assaying house of man, because he wields his resources in the service of what is good. Morality keeps pace with his intellectual culture, and a vivid sense of personal responsibility ministers to his ethical principles. He obtains dominion over himself, and is at all times, and in all circumstances, a man and gentleman.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15





Our Nation's Test.

FROM time to time the current of the world's life is quickened by some new stream that is poured into it. Today civilization stands aghast at the contemplation of its own disruption and disintegration. All the highest achievements of the Old World, all the things that make for progress, freedom and justice, the works and hopes of two thousand years,—all have been rushed headlong into the whirlpool of brutal war.

But it is with some measure of hope that we turn from this spectacle of material and moral havoc to our own land—America, the one great civilized Nation which now stands peaceful, strong and hopeful for the future. Although we are isolated by our geographical position from dangerous proximity to aggressive adversaries, still we must take heed lest we be drawn into the far-sweeping tide of false ambition and national pride.

Even now some civilian and military factions are insistent that we go in for increased armament and a larger navy; they argue that we should take money needed for educational and internal improvements and spend it on fighting machines. But the danger from national "preparedness" lies not so much in armament as in national temptations and national ambition. True "preparedness" is simply a common-sense adjustment of a nation to its international environment, and it consists not so much in material strength as in the right manipulation and grouping of certain diplomatic and ethical forces.

It is the office of diplomacy to make an unjustifiable war impossible. It is the office of diplomacy to make a nation intelligent and responsible in its uses of patriotism. It is the office of diplomacy to school the State in the principles of international morality. Behind this diplomacy there must be a strong moral and social force. When individuals are willing to sink their selfish gain for the welfare of the whole nation; when the social bonds of unity and affection are firmly locked; when men look primarily to the advantage of society and subordinate the accidental elements of wealth and power to the things that make for the essential welfare of society; then, indeed, is a nation prepared.

But if national gain be the only goal of society ; if individuals think more of amassing great wealth than of the welfare of their neighbors ; if politicians think exclusively of their own preferment : then indeed the Nation is unprepared, not only morally and ethically but even materially. Imagine two Nations, the one materially prepared, and the other morally prepared. The latter will emerge glorious and triumphant. Material power comes and goes. Time and Eternity are on the side of justice and moral good. When the iron helmet of physical strength collides with the silken tiara of moral courage in the tide of time, the helmet must sink to the bottom while the silken tiara floats victoriously on.

Herein, then, lies the supreme test of our Nation. Shall America, considering only the material aspect, give way to the mad frenzy of other nations, or shall she, with all her old and freshly ignited passion, exercise self-control and moral courage in this trying moment? There is one grand thing to fall back upon, and that is that our Nation was bred aright ; she was founded upon the principles of Liberty and service to the distressed, upon the principle of giving, not getting.

America is destined to become one of the most powerful and influential nations of the world. Her supremacy, more than in the case of any other nation, will not be maintained by material force, for the traditions of our country are against it. It will be maintained by the strong ethical forces of pacific measures, fair treatment and dignified peace. The hour is at hand when the soul of America shall be revealed. Already the white fire of the human soul is breaking through the flesh of America. Then indeed will the peoples of the earth understand that ours is the warfare of Peace, the warfare for Freedom and the rights of men ; and when the hour shall strike, they shall trust us, and know that America stands for human rights, and that the Banner of the Stars and Stripes is not only the American banner, but the emblem of humanity, freedom and justice.

LEO A. MCCRORY, '15.



Eraltation.

OUT of the earth fair blossoms rise
Where humble seed was sown;
Out of a life some truth is gleaned
When the tomb has claimed its own.

Out of the storm-cloud's threatening pall
Smiles the victorious sun;
Out of despair, a clarion voice
Tells us the day is won!

After the hours of nervous strain
Sleep brings a sweet surcease;
After the racking pain of doubt
Certainty comes, and peace.

Out of the olive-bowered cave
He that was dead arose.
Out of the Tabernacle's deeps
Love in my heart o'erflows!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



The Police Power.

AS a student making a commencement address, it should be incumbent upon me to go back into history for the origin of my subject matter. That is the first field that is usually examined by one who has just completed a college or university course. The general result of his search for matter, if he be purely a book student, will almost invariably lead him into the pages of history. With its aid he is able to begin the preparation of his work not entirely dependent upon his own immature theories. He can hold up prior conditions and circumstances for the purpose of relation and comparison with his own subject. This is true in discussing an institution of government, or a theory of law which is peculiar to our modern authorities. We like to go back to the common law of England, back to the days of those masters of logic and reason, to those men whose principles of law and justice are still important factors in its administration in our country and are most peculiar to our own State of Pennsylvania which still adheres most strongly to common law principles.

When the jurists of our state are about to advocate a principle of law hitherto unexplained, it is universally characteristic of them to search the statutes and decisions of England in order to discover whether or not her judges have decided the same question, and if so, to ascertain whether that decision can stand according to the administration of law with our republican form of government under a written constitution. That does not mean to say that the laws of England will be productive upon every new question, because there are hundreds of controversies arising, upon which the common law can throw absolutely no light, for the very simple reason that they were never even imagined in those days, being problems measured by the rapid strides of our modern progress and civilization. And that is the situation which confronts us when we come to consider and discuss the police power.

A perusal of the common law writers throws very little light upon this subject which now occupies such a leading part in the affairs of legislation in our country. Blackstone, the great English jurist and the bosom friend of every student of law in Pennsylvania, disposes of the question in about seven lines in his fourth book. It is true that at that time the people were governed by laws similar to ours upon the same subjects, but they did not rest upon the foundation of the police power, and that is the reason why the police power as a separate branch of legislation received so little attention from the writers of other ages.

Now, before going any further, let us understand just exactly what is meant by the term, "police power." First we eliminate from our consideration those admirable groups of men maintained by the municipalities for the purpose of preserving peace and order within their precincts. We are not going to discuss the police force, but the police power, that is, the power of the legislature of every state to "make, ordain and establish all manner of wholesome and reasonable laws, which shall be for the good and welfare of the Commonwealth, and of the subjects of the same." "This police power of the State," says Chief Justice Redfield of Vermont, "extends to the protection of the lives, limbs, health, comfort and quiet of all persons, and the protection of all property within the state."

It is an inherent power, then, to pass certain laws existing only in the legislatures of the individual states. No other body or institution can exercise it, except when necessary to give effect to its designated powers, nor can Congress in any manner

limit or take away from the State this power. Controversies frequently arise, however, between the Federal and State governments to determine the status of a law claimed by the State to be an exercise of the police power, but which in many instances has turned out to be an encroachment upon the powers limited to Congress. Thus, the Louisiana Legislature passed an act requiring carriers to make no discrimination among passengers on account of color, restraining the railroads from having cars for blacks and whites. The Supreme Court of the United States very promptly decided that this was not a proper exercise of the police power, but was, in fact, nothing more than an attempt to regulate interstate commerce which is exclusively within the jurisdiction of Congress. But a law of Alabama requiring engineers of all trains to be examined for color blindness, even though engaged in interstate commerce, was held by the Supreme Court of United States not to be a regulation of commerce, but a valid exercise of the State's power to protect the safety of its citizens. This line of distinction between state and Federal authority is often very shadowy, and the cases seem to contradict one another as to what is a regulation of interstate commerce and what is a law under the police power. The courts will not advocate any hard and fast principle but examine each case according to its own peculiar facts and circumstances, working along the theory that whatever is national in character, requires one uniform system or rule which can be properly carried out only by Congress, but if the subject matter of the law to be enacted is local in character, pertaining to the special needs of a particular territory, the State may exercise jurisdiction even though a seeming encroachment upon the regulation of interstate commerce be effected.

Does the legislature have to point to a specific clause in the Constitution in order to pass a police regulation? No. Does the legislature have to conform to the provisions of the Constitution in making law under this power? Sometimes, apparently not. For instance, the Supreme Court of the United States in the celebrated *Dartmouth College Case*, decided that a charter granted to a corporation by the State was a contract between the state and the corporation. There is a clause in the United States Constitution which prohibits the States from passing any law impairing the obligation of contracts. Yet a railroad company operating under a charter not subject to amendment or repeal, can be required by a state law to fence its tracks in or-

der to protect the cattle of the people of the state. Is that an impairment of the contract which mentioned nothing about fencing the tracks? No. that is an exercise of the police power inherent in the legislature. So also, to ring a bell at crossings, to maintain a certain speed through towns, to station a flagman at steets, are all police regulations, and the courts hold that they do not impair the obligation of the contract under which the railroad operates, so long as the regulation does not deprive the company of some substantial right or property, and so long as the regulation "has reference to the comfort, safety or welfare of society."

To what extent can the legislature go in passing laws under this power? Is there any limit at all to which they must subject themselves? In Pennsylvania it has been held "that its exercise lies within the discretion of the legislature," and the only rule that can be laid down as providing a check upon this almost sovereign power is that it must be reasonable and must be absolutely necessary to the public health or safety.

There are many examples under this power in seeming derogation of our rights as free citizens, such as the regulation of the hours of labor; the usury laws and laws requiring compulsory vaccination; but they are upheld as valid enactments under the police power, because they are reasonable and because they provide for the health, safety and protection of the public.

As I said before, the legislature may proceed to great lengths in enacting laws under this power. This is not a source of danger to the people, though certain well-meaning problemaniacs would wish to impress upon you that the governmental craft will certainly come to ruin upon this rock of unlimited authority. The wealth of the people depends upon the free exercise of this discretionary power by the legislature, and any extensive Constitutional curtailment of it will produce some reason to worry over conditions in the future; but even a consideration of such an impossible contingency would be giving some strength to the problemaniac's dream. Exactly the opposite is the requisite to provide against any future unforeseen conditions. The check of the appellate courts is entirely adequate to keep the legislature within proper bounds in the exercise of this power. Let us not be swayed by the importunities of these governmental and constitutional fanatics who would restrict the law-making body in the use of this discretionary power. It has stood there for years, and we are no less free and independent people now than we

were when its exercise first began to make itself felt. It has been the bulwark between us and those who have threatened to encroach upon our rights. It has yielded from its vast, unbounded field, laws which have thrown themselves about our happiness and safety and preserved them in their pristine state, laws whose creation and existence depended upon the unlimited and pliable exercise of this power, laws which have stood the test of the Courts, not only because they had the approbation of the legislature and the chief executive, but because they sprang out of the fruitful soil of the police power in a proper manner and therefore were right and just. And when we leave this earth the most valuable heritage that we can give to posterity is the right which we possess—a legislature, free and untrammelled in the exercise of the police power.

JOHN P. EGAN, LL.B., '15.



Enduring Wisdom.

THE hoary locks of age deck not thy brow;
In eager youth's full vigor thou art now :

And yet, to spread thy fame, no need of strain;
Thy glorious deeds have made thee known, Duquesne !

The thirst for knowledge thou dost amply sate;
The noblest lives inspirest to emulate.

The hosts of darkness flee before thy ray,
And thou to Light Eternal show'st the way.

Not merely earthly science dost thou teach
But, led by thee, the Truth Himself we'll reach.

On rock immutable thy precepts rest;
Of coming tempests they shall stand the test.

JOSEPH S. SZEPE, '15.

The University and the City.

COMPLETE equipment for public life and warm zeal for civic progress have an intimate dependence upon right education, the guiding principle and safeguard of man. The character of universities has been largely determined by the dominant thought and problems of the people. On all sides there is an attempt to adapt education to the needs of the city and the demands of society. The question whether the people shall enjoy the genuine happiness that proceeds from good government, will have its answer in the adoption of a theory of education derived from principles and opinions in full accord with man's nature and destiny. Herein consists the necessity of having a philosophy of education embracing God, man, and nature in their relations; herein also lies the influence, for good or ill, of the university upon the city.

Universities owe their existence directly or indirectly to the people who have bountifully given the fruits of their toil and self-denial. It is, therefore, one of the chief functions of a university to make compensation for the resources received from them. In moulding the principles of politics and finance, in making and executing laws, in applying science and art to progress and improvement, in disseminating true thought along with high and noble ideals, the university should be a factor in the city of which it forms a part. At the present day we hear many voices seeking to proclaim righteousness and betterment, but they are crying out from a wilderness of error. A university is a lamp that sheds around it the rays of true philosophy; and towards it the misguided must bend their gaze for the light that leads them on to wisdom, to the truth that shall make them free.

In a large city we are confronted with numerous and complex problems whose solution hinges upon the truth or falsehood of the principle by which our municipal legislators are guided. Nowhere are such examples more apparent than in the science of politics, a noble science, yes "nobler even than astronomy," said James Russell Lowell, "for it deals with mutual repulsions and attractions, not of inert masses, but of bodies endowed with thought and will, calculates moral forces, and reckons the orbits of God's purposes toward mankind." It is not an optional study; we are obliged to perform the duties that democracy involves. Once more we look to the university to supply minds that have been moulded to sympathize deeply with the people and to lead them in government; for, in the words of Browning,

“’Tis in the advance of individual minds,
That the slow crowd should ground their expectation,
Eventually to follow.”

The ideal product of a university is a good citizen, a man of the nation as well as a man of his time; who knows that scholarship is not merely a means of abstract investigation, but an instrument of life; whose object is to direct the search for proper rule that makes a nation strong and majestic, glorious and enduring.

The university, moreover, as the symbol of science and learning, has the important function of reminding the people of the deceitfulness of mere material gain. Undoubtedly, a sound political condition is the first requisite of municipal welfare; but a great city—alike in what it encourages and in what it suppresses—ought also to be a guide of the people in the appreciation of art and aesthetic beauty, and in the adoption of ennobling ideals that produce that true culture which is its own reward. The man of education has a liberality of mind that makes him scorn the calculating opportunism that measures success by the standard of gold and silver. Neither does such a man wish to demolish workshops and chimneys as Ruskin did; for, the more ample vision of the scholar, which is the inheritance of genuine university training, enables him to see the necessity of modern conditions of life and to discover their poetic beauty,—in a word, to be “fruitful and friendly to all mankind.”

In this way, then, the university creates a city of beauty that has its root in the truth of intellectual culture. Although Greece was scourged with numerous wars and revolutions, yet Athens remained, “the city of mind—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.” Why should not our city, then, be as well ordered as Athens in ancient times? Why should not our citizens, under the benign and salutary influence of the university, resemble the cultured merchants of Venice and other stately cities of mediaeval times, not mere tradesmen or commercial agents, but men who can appreciate the things that pertain to humanity, who can say with the poet Terence, “*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*” Then indeed the university will be to the city an inexhaustible source of inspiration, a throne of truth and intellectual glory, a home of the nobility of genius, where all minds may pay sincerest homage.

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.

Higher Business Education.

WHEN Joseph Wharton, thirty-five years ago, gave to the University of Pennsylvania a large sum to endow a new department known as the "Wharton School of Finance and Commerce", few people realized that a new educational movement had been inaugurated which would develop with unexampled rapidity and result in bringing the influence of the universities into the very heart of the business world. Business men have long been accustomed to depend upon the universities for leaders in science and invention. But they had come to believe that the cultured graduate, except in this special scientific field, was of little service in the world of practical affairs. There are men to-day, oftentimes successful men of the older type, who echo the old thought that they would rather engage a young man without university training than one with it. These men are twenty years behind the times, unconsciously perhaps, and their belief is based upon an ignorance of modern educational methods that is difficult to understand.

The fact is that the influence of the universities is rapidly extending to all phases of business, and many firms endeavor to place none but university graduates in responsible executive positions. The average salary of the high school graduate in New York City at the age of thirty-three is only half that of the graduate from the New York University School of Commerce at the same age. And this in spite of the fact that those who did not attend the University have been engaged in business three or four years longer than the University graduates. Furthermore, the divergence in salary between them increases as time passes. The splendid culture and foundation in business principles which these young men have attained in the universities necessarily give them a tremendous handicap over the poorly educated man who goes into the unsympathetic world of business to compete for his living. The untrained man is at a constant and growing disadvantage. He is compelled to spend years acquiring by bitter experience what the university business graduate has been able to learn in advance from the experience of his predecessors.

Where is the business man that desires his employe to experiment at his expense? How can one be expected to learn business methods and acquire good business judgment unless he experiments with the property of others or draws from their experience? And how can he draw from the experience of the successful men who have gone before him unless he has the

opportunity of studying their ways, unless someone will take the time to explain and point out to him the mistakes others have made and how to correct them?

Certainly the boy who begins his career as a ledger clerk, a book-keeper, a cashier, or a stenographer, will never learn from his daily routine work how the business is managed. Business is so highly specialized, and competition for good positions so severe, that the worker of to-day dares not divert his attention during business hours from the routine before him. If he is to study business methods thoroughly he *must* attend a university or else in a fragmentary way acquire information by bits here and there during the course of a long business career.

The schools of commerce in seventeen universities have opened a way for the ambitious man to acquire a knowledge of business principles and practices, by which he may save himself years of mis-spent energy in reaching an executive position. I refer to such schools of commerce as the Wharton school of the University of Pennsylvania, the school of commerce of the University of New York, and the SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY.

For twenty years after the earlier schools of commerce were founded, the old prejudice against "University trained men in business" impaired the recognition of their efforts. Fewer than 200 students were receiving instruction from them twenty years ago. Then the earlier graduates began to show the effects of their expert training. Industrial concerns began to ask for the trained men from these schools faster than they could be graduated. To-day there are thousands of students studying accounting, finance and commerce in the universities, fifty times as many as in 1900, and the movement is still in its infancy.

No one these days would think of studying law outside the University, no one would think of studying medicine, the sciences, engineering, pharmacy or dentistry except in the universities. Why, then, should not business be taught there?

Not many years ago, within the memory of some still living, the people of this country lived principally on farms. There were few cities and most of them were small. Transportation facilities and means of communication were limited and expensive. With the exception of a few minor articles, each community and each family produced solely for its own consumption and bought nothing. Communities and families were independent of other communities and families. Practically nothing was shipped and

sold at a distance. No one worried over problems of transportation, credits, scientific management, large scale production and the hundred and one things that characterize modern commerce and industry. The need of scientifically trained men in business was not felt because practically everything was done in a local, small and simple way.

Then came our great Civil War, followed by an era of reconstruction and tremendous industrial development. Railroad systems were stretched from coast to coast. The telegraph and telephone developed wide commercial usage. Fast trains and free mail delivery were introduced. Communication became cheap and quick. In the city large plants sprang up to supply the rails and other equipment needed in this development. The inevitable movement of labor to the cities increased rapidly. Merchants began to buy and sell in other cities because competition with other communities was made possible by the cheaper communication. Markets became state-wide, then nation-wide, and now have become international. The expansion of transportation and industrial competition called for more efficient machinery, this in turn requiring still larger industrial plants.

The concentration of population continued more and more rapidly, until now we have 40 per cent. of our people in the cities depending for the necessities of life upon the other 60 per cent. who are on the farms. It was soon found that large combinations had many advantages in competition over the smaller concerns, and the modern trust era came in, still further concentrating population and complicating business procedure.

All this happened so rapidly that our legislatures and courts could not keep up. In fact the law relating to many of our newer business activities is still hazy and uncertain and will require many years to reach the justice and precision which characterize the American law on other subjects. The severe competition between these large business concerns has led to a degree of competitive efficiency of which men never before dreamed, and has resulted in such minute subdivision and specialization of employment that the modern worker has become but a small cog in a very large wheel, doing his mechanical routine work and having time for little else.

The young business man of to-day, therefore, finds himself in a position far different from that of the business man of sixty, forty, or even twenty years ago. It was possible then to begin at the bottom and work through a small business within reasonable

time because such was the usual order of things and the worker was not expected to specialize closely. It took but one man to buy a steer, slaughter and cut him up and sell the meat to the consumer. Now it takes twenty men just to kill and cut up the steer, each one having his own special operations to perform. It takes scores of other men to pack, store, ship, truck, handle and sell this meat before it reaches the consumer. Each is a specialist in his own line, and none of them are business men, perhaps, in the sense that they understand a whole business which they themselves could successfully manage.

Andrew Carnegie may have worked himself through the departments of the steel business in his day, but under present conditions no man could work his way through all the departments of the United States Steel Company in two hundred years. Most of us produce nothing that we consume and consume nothing that we produce. We are each dependent upon the other, and this complicated industrial web requires expert workers and expert management at every step.

The untrained man has a smaller and smaller chance of reaching the top. The manager of a modern business must have knowledge of a thousand and one technical details at his finger's tips of which the uninformed know little or nothing. He must have a knowledge of business conditions throughout the whole land, the production of, and the markets for, his raw materials, the activities of his competitors, the problems of transportation and the distribution of products. He must understand credits and collections, the law of contracts and agency. He must know when records of his concern are properly kept; how to measure accurately and employ scientifically the efficiency of his employees; how to advertise and sell the product; how to conduct the director's meetings, and manage the financial affairs of his company.

The highest priced thing on the market to-day is "good business judgment"—hard common sense based upon a knowledge of the methods and mistakes of others. As business grows more complicated and is combined into larger units it becomes increasingly more difficult for one to reach an executive position. The time is fast approaching when it will be practically impossible to obtain such a position in a large concern without a university education; just as the doctor, lawyer, or anyone else requiring thorough professional training, now must turn to the

universities. Experience is the best school in the world, but the most expensive because it takes a life-time to graduate.

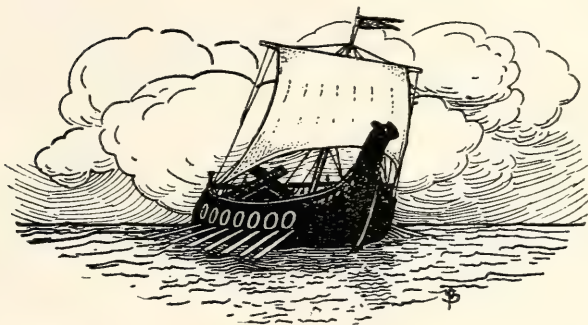
The universities can teach business principles and practices just as readily as they can teach legal principles and practices. There is no more sense in the business man struggling with these extraordinary problems alone and without guidance, than there is in the law or engineering student burning midnight oil over his books without the guidance of a university. The university with its corps of expert instructors, each a specialist in his own line, can teach more business in a week than a man can learn outside by his own efforts in three months. Indiscriminate reading crams into the student's head a jumbled mass of useless information at the expense of really important facts. That is why a correspondence course, or home reading, requires many times more energy and time than a university training. University preparation overcomes this difficulty through the guidance of experienced instructors, who know what to emphasize and what to pass over lightly, who answer questions and illustrate from practical experience as they go along. A correspondence course is a waste of time and money for those who are fortunate enough to live in a university city.

This applies not only to the beginner, but equally well to the man already engaged in business who finds himself in a rut and not making adequate progress. All men cannot be business executives—only the better equipped ones can govern, others must do the routine work. That is why we have in our University Evening Schools hundreds of business men who are studying the business principles which close devotion to routine work denies them, and which they need to fill executive positions. We have in the SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS, FINANCE AND COMMERCE OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY, business men ranging from twenty to sixty years of age, many of them successful and with ample income. Their presence is the strongest testimonial that can be given to the practical efficiency of higher business education.

After all is said and done—what does "Education" stand for? One of its chief purposes is to give culture and a higher standard of civilization as well as to improve our economic condition. But the happiness and culture of a family often depend upon the earning power of the bread-winner. In this case, the education most needed is that which will most increase the earning power. For this purpose no other form of higher learning is more pro-

ductive, or more conducive to the welfare of the industrial population, than the education in practical business now being given by American universities.

WILLIAM H. WALKER, LL. D., '15.



The Vesper Hour.

GOLDEN rain and the late sun shining;
Crystal drops on the lush, green leaves;
Purple clouds, with a silver lining,
Bending low o'er the burden'd eaves.

Silver streams to the far sea wending,
Rainbow tints in each dancing wave;
Purple clouds, with the sunlight blending,
Lend rich tones to the woodland nave.

Graying mist and a far bell ringing;
Long green aisles growing faint and dim;
Drowsy birds in the tall trees singing,
Joining low, in the vesper hymn.

—EXCHANGE.

Poland's Present Position.

ONE of the most sensational and far-reaching incidents of the great war is the promise of the Czar of Russia to restore the Kingdom of Poland under autonomous government. Should the promise be fulfilled, it will afford the realization of Polish aims of the past 142 years.

The Poles have been oppressed, their empire has vanished; but what remains unforgotten is their imperial tradition.

The history of Poland begins with the reign of Miecyslaus between 962 and 992, under whom the Poles were christianized. Miecyslaus was succeeded by his son Boleslaus, surnamed the Great; and after him came a long series of kings, who upheld the fortunes of Poland on an equal level with the constantly warring peoples that surrounded her.

From the very beginning Russia was her enemy. Relations with the Germanic nations were in the main peaceable, interrupted by occasional wars. Austria's name however does not make its entrance into Polish history until comparatively late, and then Austria showed herself an enemy.

We pass rapidly over the dark days of Boleslaus, the more prosperous times of Casimir III and his successors, the overthrow of the Turks by John Sobieski, and the weak rule of the elective kings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the middle of the eighteenth century Poland's destinies were in the hands of a king who was a mere puppet at the beck and call of Russia. He presented the people with a document called the "Constitution of the Third of May", which was upheld by an innumerable and turbulent class of nobles, that composed the National Diet. In 1768 a few patriots met in the town of Bar, and formed the Confederation of Bar, whose main object was to unyoke the Poles from the influence of Russia. It looked at first as if they would throw off the foreign influence, but finally Russia prevailed and the Confederation broke up. Very little could be expected of a parliament which every free man or noble had the right to attend in person, and whose acts could be nullified by the veto of any single one of its members.

The miserable circumstances in which Poland found herself invited aggression. Hence we have the partition of the country which had already been secretly agreed upon between Russia, Prussia and Austria, the idea having been suggested apparently by Frederick the Great.

In 1772 the partition was put into effect. Poland lost one-

fourth of her territory to Russia, Prussia and Austria. The Poles were obliged to sanction this plunder of their country by a diet held in 1778. They were aroused to the necessity for a reform of their constitution, but after many years of struggle among the nobles, Russia determined to intervene, by this act extending her boundary line to the center of Lithuania and Volhynia.

Through the diplomacy of Catherine II of Russia the second partition took place in 1793, which reduced Poland to a third of its former size. An insurrection broke out under the leadership of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, but was finally quelled at the battle of Maciejowice in 1794. Shortly afterwards Warsaw was taken, and the kingdom of Poland came to an end in the final partition of 1796.

Napoleon gave to a fragment of the nation an illusory independence in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, carved mainly out of Russia's share of spoils. For this he was rewarded by the most fervent support of the Poles, up to and including the campaign of 1812. As a result of this memorable campaign it was expected that Poland would again be hard pressed; but the Poles had an ardent friend in Czar Alexander I of Russia. At the Congress of Vienna Alexander revealed his true mind which was to uplift Poland, by offering himself as king, and giving them a fairly liberal constitution, while Prussia received Saxony as its share.

This temporary "Congress Kingdom", was of little avail, not only to Russia, but also to the Poles; for, being still imbued with the free patriotic spirit, under no circumstances would they agree upon partial freedom; hence Alexander I was advised either to give Poland total freedom or to make it part of Russia. But the Czar thought differently, for he expected only gratitude in return for his exhibition of friendliness. Scarcely three years had elapsed before Alexander himself was complaining of the ingratitude of the Poles, who dared to use their constitutional liberties to give voice to inconvenient aspirations; and, with the aid of Grand Duke Constantine, whom he had put in command of the Polish army, he was soon curtailing the liberties he had previously granted them.

The consequent discontent continued and naturally increased under the unsympathetic reign of Czar Nicholas I, and finally the revolution of 1830 broke out. The result was the end of the Polish constitution. From now on, the heavy hand of the Czar was unceasingly pressing on the Poles, and not even the Russian reverses during the Crimean War could awaken them from their lethargy of despair.

During the reign of Alexander II, a reform was introduced lightening somewhat the Russian burden. But all were not satisfied and discontent gave impulse to the second insurrection of 1863, which cost the Poles the official loss of their language in Russia; for it was ordered that thereafter Russian should be used in all official documents instead of Polish, while the University of Warsaw was Russified. The instigators of the disturbance were exiled to Siberia—an act of the Russian government that cannot be forgotten by the Poles to this day. In Prussian-Poland similar steps were taken.

Let us now consider the present attitude of the Poles in the Great War. It is both their desire and their hope that the outcome of the European war may be a war similar to the American revolution,—a war for the liberation of the Slavic nations, including, besides 25 million Poles, also 30 million Ruthenians, as well as Czechs, Servians, Croats, and Bulgarians. If such a war were as successful as our War for Independence, it would be followed by a coalition of the Slavic nations, each with its own government, which would constitute the possible security of universal peace and lead to the ultimate disarmament of Europe.

Only in time of peril to his empire does the Czar hold out such a promise to the Poles. But the novelty lies in the unprecedented scope of this new promise, due mainly to the fact that, for the first time since the partition of Poland, Russia is the enemy of both Austria and Prussia. Hence at present she uses her utmost influence over the Poles to strengthen her military position. As a body, they cannot believe in the promise which was recently proclaimed by Grand Duke Nicholas—a promise of granting in addition to territorial integrity local autonomy, guarantees of religious freedom, and the official use of their own tongue—all under the guardianship of Russia. As we are aware the Poles have been oppressed, and time and again sent to Siberia for minor offences; hence the present promise is received with considerable incredulity. Yet some are of the opinion that a ray of hope of the Czar's keeping the promise still exists. Some are willing to forget former abuses if the promise be kept, as in it they see the peace of Europe lying on the half shut grave of Poland. They are willing to be loyal if Czar Nicholas II releases his heavy hand from the bowed heads, and lifts them from their misery.

Such a promise, as proclaimed, would be sanctioned by almost all the monarchs of Europe, and would at the same time immortalize the name of Czar Nicholas II of Russia.

V. V. STANCELEWSKI, '15.



Valedictory.

"O sorrow-tinged, solemn hour
When parting hearts with feeling swell,
When *Alma Mater's* peaceful bower
Fore'er we leave, in sad farewell!"

This hour has at length arrived, laden with joy and sorrow. We are standing on the acropolis of our college careers. We have climbed the heights we have been striving for, and now we seem to hear a voice bidding us out into the world. We hesitate and pause on the threshold, and "cast one longing, lingering look behind." And there, in the triumphant splendor that this day casts into the long corridor of our memories, those years of struggle and hardship pass in review before our eyes. To our youth and to our labors, we return.

"We linger with love o'er each corner and room—
A thousand bright memories spring into bloom. . . ."

The sunshine of this day casts no shadows on the past; we see the brightness, not the darkness. The road we have traversed stretches long yet fair behind us. We do not see the sharp stones; we dwell only by the roses on the wayside, "and the strong briars that stung us are, to our distant eyes, but gentle tendrils waving in the wind." We see again those friends with whom we played and quarreled, who shared our joys and our sorrows, our thoughts and hopes and aims, whose hands we so often clasped, "till it seemed our very hearts had joined in a grip that would defy the puny powers of Death." We see ourselves laboring along the way with our eyes ever cast on the goal, which was like a trumpet call to the fainting. And when our hearts misgave us because of the trouble and darkness of the way, then Hope, like a gleaming star, shed her beacon-light on our path, and Darkness journeyed on; then Hope buoyed us up and we plodded on in expectation of this our graduation day.

But alas! "the sable robe of Night is slowly drawn," and this day, too, will soon be but a memory. Vain, indeed, were regrets and longings for the days that never shall be ours again. We must journey along the world's high road and cannot tarry with our memories. "Forward!" is our motto, and forward are we drawn. Our cruel ships *will* sail away across wide seas, and we must speak the saddest of all words—farewell.

The feeling that sweeps over us as we pronounce the word is not one that clamors for utterance. Natural satisfaction at the honor conferred on us tonight gives way to gratitude and sorrow. Though our call has sounded, we are loath to turn away without thanking our parents and paying a just tribute to our *Alma Mater*. They have spared no effort to instil in us a quality of which the world stands most in need, that one and only quality in which men have faith, the quality that is the stamp and birth-mark of a man—character. In this they have given us something to hold to, something to build on; and, secure in its possession, we need no longer stand timid and shrinking; we can bid them a fond adieu, and confidently face the world.

"Know'st thou Yesterday, its aim and reason;
Work'st thou well Today for worthy things?
Calmly wait the Morrow's hidden season,
Need'st not fear what hap soe'er it brings."

And now, my comrades, before we part to take the field for ourselves, let us tauten the gentle bonds that join us to our *Alma Mater* and to one another. Let us not lose sight of one another in life's mist. May it not be said of us that

"We twain have met, like the ships upon the seas,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour, and then away they speed
On lonely paths—to meet no more. . . ."

Let tonight suggest only the fickleness of circumstances, the continual change and climax that occurs in life, and let our heart-bonds of union continue to the end.

And so, to all must we speak the "word which makes us linger;—yet, farewell!" Our hearts beat faster at the sound,—yet, farewell. "The sad old world keeps echoing to sob of long good-byes,"—yet, farewell—farewell!



SANCTUM

Editorial.

The Close of the Year.

THIS is especially a time of parting. Every day of a person's existence has its task, the accomplishment of which serves to produce the comforting assurance that one is contributing a mite, however small, to the common welfare. But a graduate has the very distasteful task of saying farewell, doubly unpleasant because it is neither agreeable to himself nor beneficial to society. At this particular period in the lives of many who now stand timidly at the threshold of a new condition, a doubt arises whether to cast lingering glances toward the past or hopeful ones toward the future. College graduates stand in a dubious position. They do not know whether they have done anything really worth while in the past; and they have scarce an inkling of what the future has in store. When the current of life is young we are blissfully oblivious of the seriousness of life and even more unconscious of its fret and fever.

Commencement day is no gentle reminder that the things of youth are as fugitive as a wind-swept cloud or a spiral of smoke on the horizon. Hence, although it is a time of rejoicing yet it involves also an ill-defined sadness.

This day of joy and regret also makes it necessary for the editor to make his exit from the sanctum. It is a very natural thing to look forward to worlds that the mind unconsciously takes pleasure in creating, and it is inevitable that these same worlds must be left behind. The past scholastic year is an example of this. At its beginning we created visions of the future—hopeful, golden visions. Whether they have been productive of results is to a great extent unknown to those retiring

from the staff. The decision is in the hands of those who watched our attempts to realize them during the year. Certainly it is difficult to attain ideals, and regrets only enfeeble. Let us, therefore, remember that "the ceaseless striving after better things makes us men."

This time of bidding farewell to the MONTHLY affords an opportunity to thank all subscribers and contributors who have made possible its publication during the past year. Especially worthy of thanks are those who worked so willingly and earnestly to maintain the high standard and literary dignity which many readers and exchanges have assured us we have attained.

The closing of the year, like the beginning, affects the staff of every college periodical. New names will appear on the staff next year, and, judging from the ability of the undergraduates who have done so much in contributing to the MONTHLY during the past, the retiring graduates can leave, secure in the hope that its destinies will be capably and successfully directed. If we have been criticised at times we can console ourselves with the thought that "consciousness of defect is the evolutionary principle which urges us toward completeness." In parting, perhaps no better encouragement could be offered to our successors than that voiced in the following lines:

Press on! If fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs. Press on! press on!

VINCENT S. BURKE, '15.



That Trip of Yours.

SOME of us will work most of the summer,—which is a good thing from many points of view. All of us will do some traveling. Now, whether we go fifty miles or five thousand, the benefit we get from travel will depend altogether on how we do it. The process of our education is not suspended

from Commencement Day until the reopening. The traveling we do ought to contribute very much to that process. It is a mistaken idea, held, however, by a large percentage of students, that education is a matter of much puckering of brows, burning of midnight oil, and scratching of note-books. What we learn with pleasure lodges better in our brain-cells and puts a nicer polish on our character. In view of all this, it is nothing short of deplorable that students, asked to write, in early September, their impressions of vacation, should perpetrate squibs like the following:

"We stopped off for three days at Niagara Falls, where we saw some of the funniest movies we ever saw. . . . We took a ride on a big Lake Ontario steamer; it is more fun when you have to row. . . . Went to Quebec. Had the hardest time to get an ice-cream soda. Met a lot of stupid people that couldn't talk English."

It is our honest opinion that good money was squandered on the fellow that wrote this. But he has legions of brothers. A person with a little interest in his surroundings, a little power of observation, would get more benefit from a trip to a nearby town than he did from an extended voyage up the St. Lawrence. The neighboring borough has its own topography, its own set of people, its own peculiar traditions and usages—its own atmosphere, in a word; and traveling is worth while only to such as are able to appreciate this atmosphere, and, in a way, sympathize with it.

LUKE O'BYRNE.



Love's Sacrifice.

| KNOW a rose that in a garden grows,
 | A holy rose of God. Its blush of morn
 Bespeaks the hour to pluck it from its stem;
 But fie the thought! tho' love of thee o'erflows
 Thy lover's heart, Sweet Rose. Grow on! No thorn
 Can pierce thee whilst thou grow'st alone for Him.

J. J. K.

Commencement Day.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY OF THE HOLY GHOST held its thirty-seventh annual commencement on June 22nd. At the Solemn High Mass, Very Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., was celebrant. The entire student body received holy communion. Very Rev. Edward C. Dohan, O. S. A., President of Villanova College, Philadelphia, delivered the baccalaureate sermon, a scholarly and illuminating development of the text: "Teach me goodness and discipline and knowledge". Dr. Dohan had many useful things to say, both to the young men that were about to fare forth into the world, and to those that would return to pursue their courses in the University.

To the undergraduates an unprecedented number of honor certificates were distributed at ten o'clock in the University Hall, when the results of the final examinations were proclaimed. One hundred and sixty-nine students of the high schools and the college received certificates attesting honorable passage of the four examinations, and sixty-eight others who either had not been present or had failed in one of these tests received honor cards proclaiming their successful passage of the finals. The following were the winners of first places: Junior Class, Jerome D. Hannan; Sophomore, Philip N. Buchmann; Freshman, Lawrence Urban; Special Class, Norman Miller; Fourth High, James M. McCarthy; Third High, Frank Krone; Second High A, Stanley A. Witkowski; Second High B, John C. Kronz; First High A, William C. Dotterweich; Second High B, Leo Malinski; Third Scientific, E. C. Bechtold; Second Scientific, William Falkenstein; First Scientific, Herbert G. Burgman; Third Commercial, John Hohman; Second Commercial, Patrick Sweeney; First Commercial, Francis J. Toole; Second Preparatory, Ernest Wassel; First Preparatory, Henry R. Teese. Prizes were awarded to students that had been instrumental in bringing others to the University, or had otherwise shown exceptional loyalty. Joseph S. Szepe, honor man of the graduating class, was announced as the winner in the \$10 prize-essay contest given by the Duquesne University Club, composed of alumni holding the B. A. degree. His subject was "An Educated Man". Twelve others had competed.

The Graduating Exercises proper took place in the evening in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Oakland. A very large and select audience filled the immense auditorium. The Graduates' gowns, the Bachelors and Masters of Arts, in their robes of black, and

hoods lined with the Duquesne red and blue, the honorary degree men and officials of the University in a great variety of costumes; and in the centre the Right Rev. Bishop in his episcopal purple,—all this made a very pleasing picture on the stage. A programme, in which intellectual and musical morsels were appropriately arranged, preceded the awarding of the diplomas and honors. Joseph S. Szepe was Valedictorian, and received the gold medal for general excellence in the College Department. Henry J. Berny was awarded highest honors in the Commercial Department, and John P. Egan had the distinction of speaking for the graduating class of the Law Department. Notable among those receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws were Very Rev. John T. Murphy, former president of Duquesne University and an orator known on both sides of the Atlantic; and former Mayor William A. Magee of Pittsburgh. Others receiving this degree were Very Rev. Father Dohan; Very Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., President of Holy Ghost College, Cornwells, Philadelphia; Dean William H. Walker of the Duquesne University School of Economics; and Hon. William A. Way, President Judge of the County Court.

Other degrees conferred were: Master of commercial science, Rev. Joseph P. Danner, C. S. Sp., Rev. Albert Bernard Mehler, C. S. Sp.; bachelor of arts, Sister M. Electa Boyle, Vincent Stanton Burke, William Craig Fielding, Henry Marcellus Gardiser, William Charles Heimbuecher, Sister Mary John Keenan, James Leo Lavelle, Leo A. McCrory, Joseph John Sonnefeld and Joseph Stephen Szepe; master of arts, Leo Patrick Gallagher, Francis Xavier Williams; bachelor of laws, Henry Stewart Dunn, John Paul Egan, Edward John McGinness, Meyer Morris, Leo Frederick Sossong, Kosto Unkovich, Vincent Paul Walsh. Father Murphy, who was given a doctor of law degree, was not present, as he is now in Ireland, engaged in his work as provincial of Catholic institutions of higher education there.

Diplomas for accounting were awarded to George John Bauer, Henry John Berny, Joseph Charles Butler, Paul John Durkay, Leonard Joseph Drozynski, Thomas Oliver Fleming, Anthony Joseph Funk, James Joseph Gianni, James Regis Hague, Joseph Patrick McClain, Victor Henry McCollum, James Joseph Madden, Paul Francis Madden, Murril Charles Maffei, Edward Thomas Moorey, Elmer James Murphy, Gilbert Givvin O'Brien, Joseph Brendan O'Shea, John Eugene Thomas, Eugene Thomas White.

Diplomas for stenography were awarded to George John Bauer, Henry John Berny, Michael James Bopp, John Charles Clifford, Paul John Durkay, Walter Francis Fuchs, James Joseph Gianni, Martin Lawrence Greene, Joseph Anthony Lackner, Victor Henry McCollum, Murril Charles Maffei, William Francis Malone, Andrew William Marsula, Elmer James Murphy, John Joseph O'Connor, Henry Alfred Ringel.

Special certificates were awarded to Vincent Valentine Stan-celewski and John Anthony Urlakis. Joseph Szepe was given the gold medal for general excellence, and others to whom medals were given were:

UNDERGRADUATE MEDALISTS:

Silver medals for elocution, Arthur L. Depp, William F. Lynn, Walter T. Hughes, Michael F. Obruba; gold medal for christian doctrine in the high school classes, John L. Dobbins; gold medal for oratory in the college department, E. Lawrence O'Connell.

GRADUATE MEDALISTS:

Gold medals for English in the commercial department, W. Francis Malone; for accounting, James J. Gianni; for stenography, Andrew W. Marsula; for excellence in the commercial department, Henry J. Berny; for mathematics and science, William C. Fielding; for languages, Vincent S. Burke; for philosophy and classics, Leo A. McCrory; for general excellence, Joseph S. Szepe.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

Overture	Emblem of Peace	<i>Reeg</i>	Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory		William C. Heimbuecher
Four-Part Song	A Life Builder	<i>Geibel</i>	Students' Choir
Oration	The University, and the City	.	Vincent S. Burke
Violin Solo	Ballade et Polonaise, Op. 38		<i>Vieuxtemps</i> .
	Francis X. Kleye		
Oration	Our Nation's Test	Leo A. McCrory
Selections	(a) Barcarolle, from "Tales of Hoffmann"		<i>Offenbach</i>
	(b) Bubbles, from "High Jinks"		<i>Friml</i> . . .
	Students' Orchestra		
Oration	The Police Power of the State	.	John P. Egan
Vocal Solo	Paradise Lost	<i>Rubinstein</i>	Francis X. Williams
Doctor's Oration	Higher Business Education	
	William H. Walker		
Four-Part Song	Men of Harlech	<i>Salisbury</i>	Students' Choir
Conferring of Diplomas and Class Medals.			

Address Rt. Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh
Valedictory Joseph S. Szepe
Exit March Down Among the Sheltering Palms
Olman . . . Students' Orchestra
Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis
Vocal Director, Rev. Joseph A. Dewe, M. A., D. Litt.

THE BISHOP'S ADDRESS.

Right Rev. Bishop Canevin spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen:—I had intended to speak at some length of the work that is being done by Duquesne University in the city of Pittsburgh. As the hour is growing late I feel that I should be as brief as possible. I wish to congratulate the faculty of the University and the gentlemen who have received the honors of the evening and the parents and friends of all the students who are pursuing their studies in this institution.

We all feel and appreciate that there is something which differentiates an institution like Duquesne University from many other universities in this country. If you will permit me to detain you just for a few moments I shall read for you the expression of appreciation of one who is not a Catholic, an eminent lawyer and a scholar of renown, Mr. Dudley G. Wooten. This appreciation was written not of Duquesne University but of a similar establishment, and every word of it applies as much to Duquesne as to the University for which it was written. Coming from one who is not a Catholic, I consider it very remarkable. The writer says:

The incalculable value of an institution like a Catholic University in a country situated and conditioned as is ours at this time cannot be ignored, quite apart from its particular relations to the mission of the Church. Such an establishment has an importance and an influence for good that reach far beyond the mere utility of its service in upholding the faith and promoting the teachings of Catholicism: its significance is nation-wide and its contribution to the Christian civilization of the age in the foremost country of the globe is inestimable and must prove illimitable. At no time in the history of the world and in no other land on earth was ever greater need for just such influence as it embodies and perpetuates.

It represents Catholic culture, which is to say Christian education. Christianity, unlike any other system of belief and conduct the world has ever known, bases its claim to superiority

upon the fundamentals of true education, personal and social, and it predicates its entire system of culture upon two essential propositions: first, that education seeks the elevation and development of the individual in all of its faculties, spiritual, intellectual and physical, not according to the model of some ideal perfectibility of the economic man, but according to the actual perfection of the only Perfect Person the world has ever seen, who was not the product of social evolution or artificial nurture, but the practical and living exemplification of Divinity made Man; and second, that organized society, to reach its proper and ultimate perfection, must be composed of individuals thus educated and perfected, living together in their human relations according to the precepts and principles of the only Perfect Life in history. It repudiates the doctrine that social existence can reach its perfect stage by arbitrary methods of human regulation and compulsion, and it denies that scheme of life that predicates its claims to success upon sociological theories and economic ideals. It rejects the authority of the State as the source and arbiter of all rights and interests, and it contravenes that social and political philosophy that proclaims the "public weal" as the supreme standard and ultimate aim of civilized humanity. It regards human happiness and progress, in their highest realization, as only possible under the rule of those personal and associated virtues that are inculcated by Christian teachings and were actually incarnated in the Founder of Christian faith and morals, and it contends that the recognition, development and perfection of these virtues of soul, mind and body are the end of education and the consummation of earthly existence.

It puts a limit to all speculations, theories and plans for social justice and individual improvement by accepting Christ as the model of personal perfection and the authoritative teachings of His Church as the standard of social advancement. Under its inflexible and universal canons of conduct and intercourse, there is no room and no necessity for the absurdities and indecencies of eugenics, hygienics and all the other vagaries of socialistic paternalism. This, in brief, is what Christian culture as expounded in the Catholic institutions of the country stands for; and it is the supreme exhibition of this kind of culture that the Catholic University is seeking to attain.

In the serene and self-sufficient atmosphere of a great Catholic university, where truth is revered and taught for its own redeeming qualities, where the standards of Divine authority

upon all the problems of personal and social life are recognized and enforced, where the lessons of history and experience are not despised but cherished and analyzed, where the calm spirit of scholarship and the clear light of wisdom dominate the purpose and crown the achievements of true education, we do not find the ruthless iconoclasm and feverish radicalism that threaten all that is venerable and valuable in the past records of human effort, as well as all that is hopeful and sustaining in the future development of the race. From the tumult and the shouting and the desolating doctrines of modern materialism we turn to such an institution, as to "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."



CHRONICLE

COLLEGE

The first of June meant the beginning of the end. In the class-rooms, thanks to the mild and even balmy weather, every one was intent on finishing the allotted programme of studies, and making a thorough review of the term's work. The final ex-

June Exams aminations, compressed into three days, June 16, 17 and 18, gave ample proof of the studious spirit existing in all the departments of the main building. The "reporter" of the events of Commencement Day gives the names of the leaders of the various classes. He has not made mention, we notice, of the very close rivalry for first honors in a number of classes. For instance, although Norman Miller secured first place in the Prep.-Law class by the handsome total of 726 out of 800, he came near being beaten by Walter Donovan, who scored 724 points. William L. Dotterweich led the big First High by 920 points out of a possible 1000; Francis Kleyle, taking one subject less, totaled 833. In the Second Commercial, Patrick Sweeney and Walter Hughes reached the very commendable figures of 1160 and 1155 respectively. Ernest Wassel, of the Second Preparatory, secured first place in all the subjects; and in the First Preparatory, only one point prevented Alexander Kohary from being ex-aequo with Harry Teese for the capital position. In nearly all the other classes, rivalry was almost as keen.

Corpus Christi, occurring this year on June 3, was celebrated with the wonted devotion of former years. Solemn High Mass was offered up at 8:30, at which Rev. P. A.

Feasts McDermott was celebrant, and the members of the Senior class performed the minor functions. A solemn procession, with the singing of the *Pange Lingua*, brought the school-day to a fitting close.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart was another occasion for the students to display their devotion. Holy Mass and Benediction gathered them together at the opening and the closing hours.

Honor to whom honor is due! We think it eminently fitting to append here the names of those students who showed their loyalty by selling the largest number of tickets for the play. They were rewarded on **Loyalty** Commencement Day by handsome Duquesne **Recognized** rings, fobs, and other jewelry. In the order of merit, they are Joseph Mueller, Arthur L. Depp, Stanislaus Zaborowski, Albert Boehm, Leo A. McCrory, John K. Culgan, Ray Baum, Sylvester Wagner, Thomas J. McDermott, John Hohmann, Leonard Kane, Paul Kaylor, Thomas A. Drengacz, John Gustin, Cyril Kronz. In this connection we may mention that the graduate and undergraduate medals awarded on June 22 are new seal medals, struck from dies designed by a member of the Faculty.

Three important prize winners were announced, or became known, on Commencement Day. John L. Dobbins, of the Third High, won the Gold Medal for the best paper

Prize Winners in the Christian Doctrine contest held June 1. A large roomful of High School students took the examination, which consisted of ten rather knotty questions drawn from Apologetics, Dogma and Moral. It is no small achievement to have passed such an examination successfully; to have outdistanced all competitors is subject for sincere congratulation.

A contest that aroused still greater interest was that inaugurated by the Duquesne University Club, composed of Alumni of the University holding the B. A. degree. The subject assigned was "An Educated Man". All students of the College Department could compete, and a baker's dozen handed in their essays before the closing day, March 31. Only Mr. John P. Egan, president of the Club, knew the contestants' names. The judges, Messrs. Edward J. Misklow, '12, John R. McKavney, '13, and

Frank J. Mueller, '14, rendered their verdict in favor of the essay of Joseph S. Szepe, '15, to whom, in consequence, the prize of \$10.00 was handed on the morning of his graduation day after the proclamation of the examination results. The editors of the MONTHLY are happy to be able to reproduce the prize-winning essay for its readers' delectation.

The Chronicler has another prize-winning essayist to announce, and he has a very special reason for taking pride in the announcement in his own column.

The contest, in which a student of Duquesne University won first honors, was open to Catholic young men of the whole country belonging to clubs affiliated with the Catholic Young Men's National Union. The prize was a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia. The essay was "The Attributes of Good Citizenship". The judges were Rev. Leo L. Dubois, S. M., of the Marist College, Brookland, D. C.; Hon. William M. De Lacy and William Henry Bennis, Esq., members of the bar of the District of Columbia. And the winner was the modest editor-in-chief of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY, Vincent S. Burke, '15. The second award was made to George Wanamaker of Buffalo, the third to James A. Bennett of Philadelphia. Minor prizes went to contestants living in Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Michigan and California. The judges, in rendering their decision, wrote in the most glowing terms of the high standard of all the papers submitted, and gave unstinted praise to all those that had taken part. "We can say without fear of contradiction," they add, "that this contest brought together the finest set of papers ever entered in one competition. In this age of religious bigotry," they continue, "this contest has shown how well our Catholic young men are prepared to meet the situation." After such praise from the judges, we need scarcely add our congratulations to theirs.

As we are about to go to press, we learn of the death of the father of two recent graduates and a present student, Frank J.

Mueller, B. A., '14, Clement J. Mueller,
Bereavement Coml., '14, and Joseph A. Mueller of the
Second Scientific. At his funeral, Rev. Mr.
George Angel, '12, was deacon, Clarence Sanderbeck, '12, sub-
deacon, Harry Carlin, '14, Master of Ceremonies, and the follow-
ing were also present: Messrs. Hegerich, Connolly, Drelak,
Burns, of the class of '14; Yunker and Leo Lavelle, of the class
of '13; Burke, McCrory, Fielding, and James Lavelle, of the class
of '15; T. J. McDermott, '16. Rev. E. N. McGuigan, '07, repre-
sented the Faculty. God console the bereaved family, and grant
eternal rest to the departed!



THE 'VARSITY.

Five games were played in June, of which we give a brief record below.

DUQUESNE 9—WESTMINSTER 1.

At New Wilmington, Pa., on June 4, the 'Varsity landed on Forney in the ninth inning for six runs, making a total of nine for the day, while the best the locals could do was to get one run in their half of the ninth. Howard held the locals to four hits. The score:

Westminster.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Duquesne.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	6—9

Two-base hits—D. Igo, McClorey, Sweeney. Three-base hit—Tracey. Stolen bases—D. Igo, Tracey, McClorey 2, Shortley 3, Mulroy, Ringel 3, Hunter. Bases on balls—Off Forney 3, off Howard 2. Struck out—By Forney 6, by Howard 9. Umpire—Cummings.

DUQUESNE 4—INDIANA 7.

The Dukes were defeated by Indiana Normal at Indiana, Pa., on June 9. The grass infield hampered the 'Varsity's fielding to a great extent. Brickley starred for Indiana, while McClorey and Hunter shone in the camp of the visitors. The score:

Indiana	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	0	*—7
Duquesne.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—4

Two-base hits—Hunter, Brickley. Home runs—Brickley, McClorey. Sacrifice hits—Morrissey, F. Harrick, J. Harrick. Stolen bases—McClorey, Shortley. Double plays—F. Harrick to Pettler; Dewey to Pettler. Bases on balls—Off Harrick 1, off Howard 1, off Harenski 1. Struck out—By Harrick 3, by Howard 6, by Harenski 1. Umpire—Daugherty.

' VARSITY 9—ALUMNI 4.

The Alumni of Duquesne University met the present 'Varsity on the Bluff on June 11, losing 9-4. Shortley was the batting hero of the game, garnering three hits, for a total of seven bases. His home run in the seventh was a beauty. Captain Harenski

made good at third base as a substitute for Tracey. Too much cannot be said for Marsula, the young second-string pitcher, who struck out eight men and allowed only five hits. Dr. Murphy was the star for the Alumni, with four putouts and one hit to his credit. Dr. Duffy, O'Connor and Creighton also put up a good game for the Alumni. The score:

Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	Alumni	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Harenski, 3.....	1	1	1	2	0	Muldowney, 2.....	0	0	1	1	0
Morrissey, r.....	0	1	0	0	0	Hannigan, s.....	2	1	2	0	1
McCloy, s.....	2	2	3	5	1	Murphy, m.....	0	1	4	0	0
Hunter, c.....	1	1	3	3	0	McGuigan, 3.....	0	0	3	3	0
Shortley, l.....	3	3	3	1	0	Duffy, l.....	1	0	8	0	1
Ringel, m.....	0	1	2	0	0	Dompka, l-c.....	0	1	2	0	0
Obruba, l.....	1	2	10	0	1	Snyder, r.....	1	1	2	1	0
Mulroy, 2.....	1	1	1	1	0	O'Connor, c.....	0	0	2	3	1
Marsula, p.....	0	0	0	1	0	Creighton, p.....	0	1	0	1	0
						Kane, l.....	0	0	0	0	0
						Gallagher, s.....	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.....	9	12	27	13	2	Totals.....	4	5	24	9	4
Duquesne.....	0	0	0	1	4	0	2	2	*—9		
Alumni.....	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	1—4		

Two-base hits—Snyder, Shortley, McCloy, Morrissey. Home run—Shortley. Double play—Shortley, McCloy and Obruba. Bases on Balls—Off Marsula 3, off Creighton 1. Struck out—By Marsula 8, by Creighton 6. Hit by pitcher—By Creighton 1 (Harenski). Stolen bases—Harenski 3, McCloy 2, Ringel, Obruba, Mulroy. Umpires—Simpson and McCabe.

DUQUESNE 7—CALIFORNIA 4.

The 'Varsity journeyed to California on the 12th, and repeated their performance on the Bluff campus earlier in the season. The score:

California	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	0	0—4
Duquesne.....	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2—7

Two-base hits—McCreary, Sharadin. Sacrifice hits—Dunn, Hunter, Shortley. Struck out—By Harenski 3, by Howard 8, by Sharadin 10. Bases on balls—Off Harenski 1, off Howard 1, off Sharadin 2. Umpire—Coatsworth.

DUQUESNE 1—GROVE CITY 2.

The final game, though the best of the season, was only saved from being a shutout by Morrissey's run. Veach, pitching for the local team, was in fine form and allowed the visitors but four hits. His home run in the eighth with one on won the game. Howard also pitched a star game for Duquesne, but the visitors lacked hitting ability. The score:

Grove City	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.	Duquesne	R.	B.	P.	A.	E.
Thorne, 1.....	0	0	13	0	0	Tracey, 3.....	0	1	0	2	0
Wallace, 2.....	1	1	4	2	0	Morrissey, r.....	1	1	1	0	0
Piatt, c.....	0	0	9	4	0	McClorey, s.....	0	0	3	0	3
Veach, p.....	1	1	0	2	0	Hunter, c.....	0	2	11	2	0
Heckman, m.....	0	1	1	0	0	Shortley, l.....	0	0	2	0	0
Glenn, l.....	0	1	0	0	0	Ringel, m.....	0	0	1	1	0
Whitehill, 3.....	0	2	0	3	0	Obruba, l.....	0	0	6	0	0
Marshall, r.....	0	1	0	0	0	Mulroy, 2.....	0	0	0	2	0
Kelly, s.	0	0	0	3	0	Howard, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	2	7	27	14	0	Totals.....	1	4	24	9	3

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

With eleven victories, one tie game, and three defeats as the sum total of its accomplishment for the season on the diamond, the 'Varsity has just brought to a close one of the most successful baseball seasons in the history of the institution. From every angle of the game did the Bluffites show to advantage, and the work of the team in general throughout the spring was for the greater part consistent and worthy of the support tendered it by the large student body and faculty.

West Virginia University, Indiana Normal School and Grove City College were the three opponents who succeeded in lowering the colors of the Bluffites and marred an otherwise perfect record. In each case the locals were considered the favorites and as being superior, but the outcome was a sad surprise to the followers of the team. The victory gained by the Mountaineers was due to the wildness of Pitcher Howard. This was the first college game in which Howard ever participated, and an attack of stage fright in the first inning gave the West Virginians an early lead, which proved big enough to win the game. Indiana Normal, after falling an easy victim to Duquesne on the Bluff campus, turned the trick on its home grounds. The locals found considerable difficulty in fielding on a grass diamond, and as a result errors aided the home team. The Grove City game was marked by the absence of three of its stars who failed to catch the train in time for the up-State institution. A lucky home run brought across the run which defeated the Dukes, 2 to 1.

The players were in excellent mettle all season. The playing of the infield was of gilt-edged variety. As Ray Baum, the cheer leader, says: "The infield is a 'Duke's mixture' but not a Duke's confusion." Sam Hunter, the ever-reliable backstop, was a target for the Paw-Paw bullets of Captain Harenski and Howard. These two "strike-out kings" assuredly rank high in

collegiate twirling circles. The following is the pitching record:—

Pitcher	Inn.	W.	L.	T.	R.	H.	S. O.	B. B.	Per Ct.
J. Harenski.....	43	5	1	1	18	31	49	11	.833
Howard	68	3	2	0	21	41	71	11	.600
A. Harenski	14	2	0	0	7	16	9	2	1,000
Marsula.....	9	1	0	0	4	6	8	3	1,000
	<hr/> 134	<hr/> 11	<hr/> 3	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 50	<hr/> 94	<hr/> 137	<hr/> 27	<hr/> .786

Marsula and A. Harenski broke into the limelight towards the end of the season. The lynx-eyed manager has been watching the Academic team and the inter-class league for recruits for next year, and decided to give the two Academic twirlers a chance to make their debut this season. The stage-fright process of these two young twirlers is over; and their real value will be fully appreciated next year.

Sweeney and his under-study, Obruba, have put up a clever game at the initial sack. "Andy", alias "Rabbit", Mulroy, is an able guardian of second; Eddie McClorey, at short, can cover acres of territory; "Pat" Tracey, at third, accepts the hardest hit ball with the experience of a veteran; Shortley, Ringel, Morrissey and Madden, the marathon fly-chasers, have unerring eyes and accurate arms.

Sweeney, Ringel, Obruba, Hunter and Morrissey were the leading batsmen; their timely clouts to the outer garden often brought unexpected victories. Hunter, Sweeney, Mulroy, McClorey and Tracey were the leading base stealers.

Two of this year's contests deserve special mention. The final game at Grove City was undoubtedly the banner game of the year. It was a nip and tuck battle—an admirable twirling duel—until the eighth inning. There the unexpected happened. With two out and a man on second, Veach, the Grove City slab-artist, reached, without the use of a step-ladder, a very high and close bender of Howard, making a circuit clout. With their usual gameness, the Dukes with clean hitting managed to send one run across the plate—but only one, as the sharp-shooting of Veach was too much for them.

One of the most interesting contests of the season was the Alumni game. The undergraduates looked forward to this game with great enthusiasm, as they had read and heard much of the diamond prowess of the "Old Boys" who upheld the honor of the Red and Blue in the halcyon days of yore. The Alumni body also was present to cheer on their old class-mates and contemporaries. The Alumni who participated in the game repre-

sented all the professions. From the professorial chair to the smiling campus was quite a step, but Rev. Frs. McGuigan and Hannigan and Messrs. O'Connor and Gallagher were equal to the occasion. The medical profession lent its quota of ball tossers. Dr. Charles Duffy of Oakland, and Dr. Harry Murphy of Sheraden, both of whom captained the Dukes for three years, and piloted Georgetown for two seasons, were seen cavorting on the Bluff on Alumni day. Creighton and Muldowney, the minor leaguers, were very much in evidence. Messrs. Dompka, Snyder, Kane, Lew and McGuire—all business men—forgot for a few hours their interests in stocks and bonds and endeavored to raise their betting average above par value. The Alumni put up a good game against the 'Varsity, but could not solve the benders of Marsula, a promising young pitcher of no mean ability.

The "Dukes" have laid aside their diamond garments, and on Commencement Day, June 22nd, bade their books farewell.

The record for the season is as follows:

Duquesne 7, Braddock Collegians 2; Duquesne 11, Allegheny 5; Duquesne 5, West Virginia 7; Duquesne 6, California Normal 3; Duquesne 4, Thiel 4; Duquesne 12, Westminster 0; Duquesne 6, Grove City 1; Duquesne 17, Indiana Normal 5; Duquesne 5, Pittsburgh Independents 3; Duquesne 5, Butler K. of C. 2; Duquesne 9, Westminster 1; Duquesne 4, Indiana Normal 7; Duquesne 9, Alumni 4; Duquesne 7, California Normal 4; Duquesne 1, Grove City 2.

Totals—Duquesne 108; Opponents 50.

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